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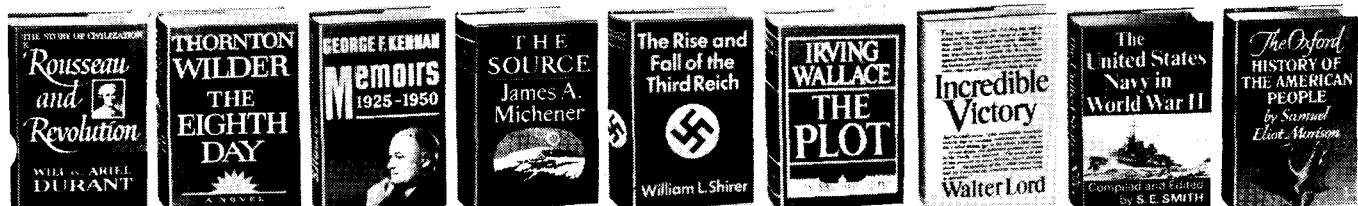
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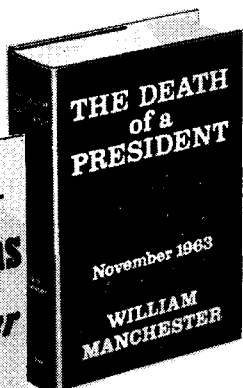
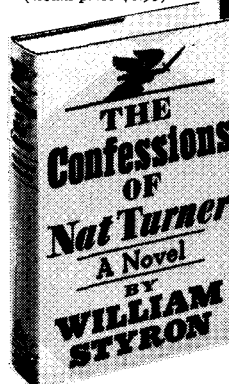
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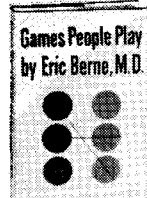
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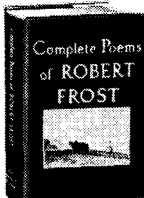
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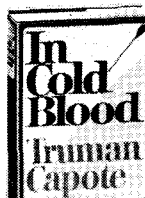
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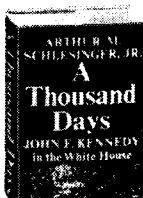
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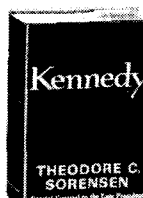
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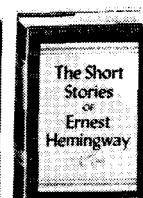
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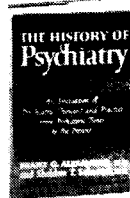
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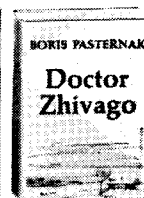
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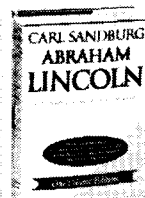
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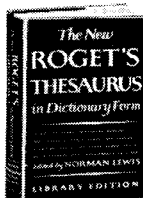
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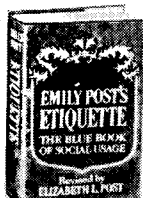
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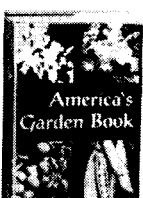
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a year elsewhere.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, February, 1968, Vol. 221, No. 2. Published monthly at The Rumford Press, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N.H., 03302. Editorial and business offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass., 02116. Second-class postage paid at Concord, N.H. Printed in the U.S.A. Copyright © 1968, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. This issue published in national and special editions. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage.
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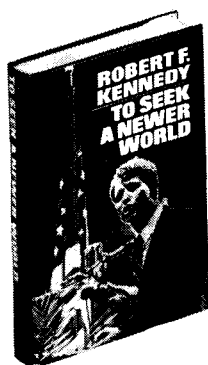
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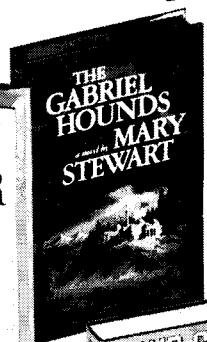
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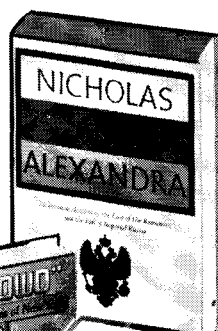
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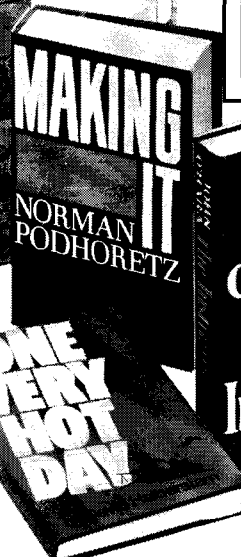
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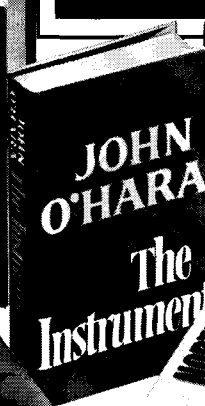
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reports

Washington



The victims of the wave of negativism engulfing Washington are many; they include the Administration's efforts to insert more reason and order into the way that the government does its business. This is no minor setback, for what is at stake is not simply the smooth flow of memoranda or the efficiency of the machinery but the capacity of the government to be relevant.

A sort of creeping nihilism has been developing that reflects the national erosion of confidence. Yet because of the hothouse nature of this town the feeling is more intense here than it is elsewhere. One of the most surprising aspects of this erosion is that it has developed so quickly. About a year ago the word was that Washington can't do it all; these days it's that Washington can't do anything. The search for alterna-

tives to government-as-usual is healthy, but sometimes it leads to chic simplicities and fashion in thought. The current rage, then, is decentralizations of decentralizations. Formerly it was just about everybody's opinion that control must be transferred from Washington to state and city governments; people who have taken a closer look at those governments are now insisting on "community control." The tendency to write Washington off is born of disenchantment, of impatience, of wishful thinking. It stems also from the political disarray that is the result of the Vietnam War, the Johnson style, and the conservative resurgence in Congress.

Fiscal ritual

Yet it can reasonably be predicted that the federal government will not be dismantled in the near future. The question, then, is, what have been some of the effects — on policies and people — of the recent political battering?

One place to focus for insights into what has been happening here is the battle over the budget which took place during the last session of Congress, and which is likely to be repeated in some form this year.

There is, to be sure, a certain ritual to the uncorking of fiscal oratory that marks the annual submission of the President's budget message to Congress. From Capitol Hill we hear about the economic ruin that is about to befall us if government spending is not curbed, and from the Administration (not just this Administration) we hear somber proclamations of fiscal virtue and faithful attention to restoring efficiency in government.

The problem now is that Congress

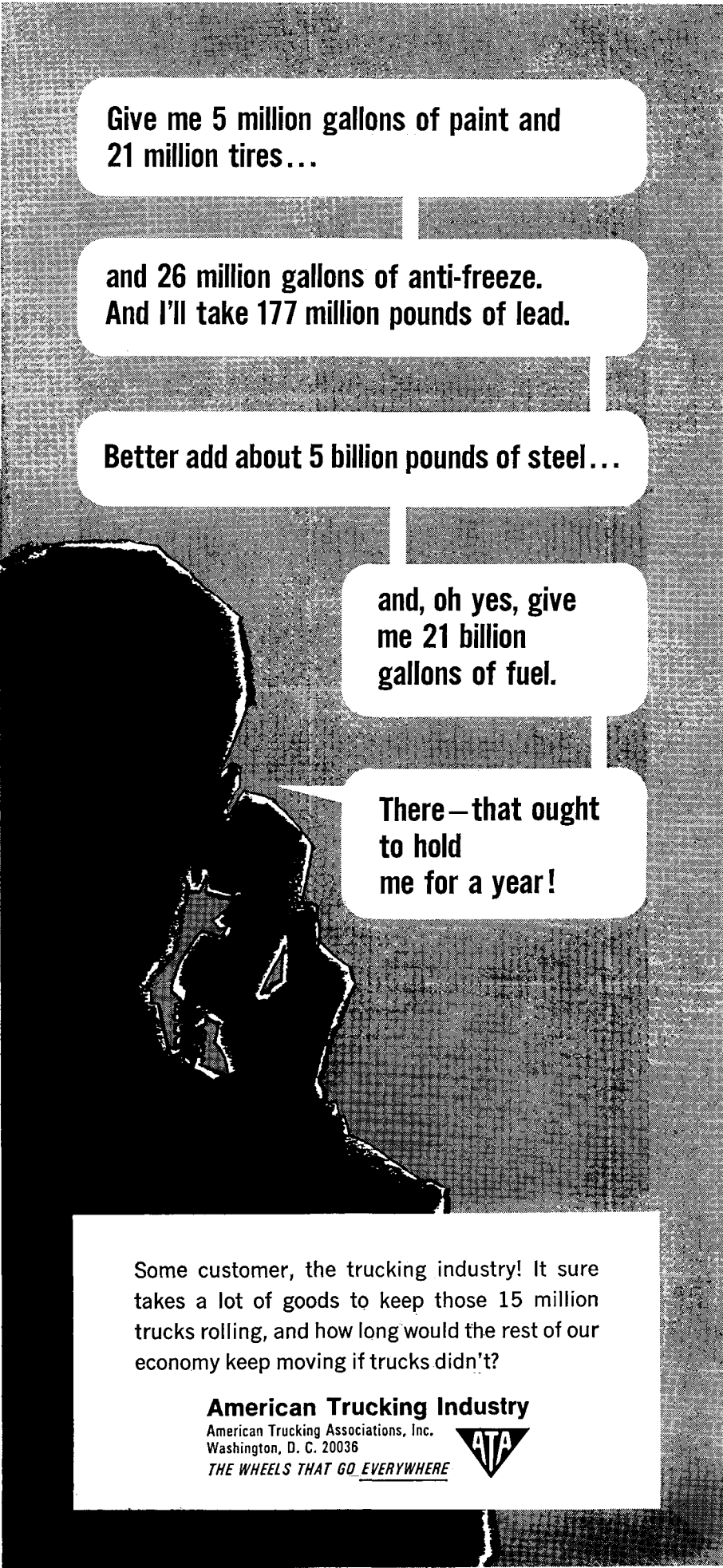
has declared all-out war on total government expenditures, but opposes specific reforms in government spending. This need not have been such a sticking point in the old days. Under normal circumstances there is about a \$7 billion to \$8 billion increment in the government's revenues each year through progressive income taxes on a growing economy. This "fiscal dividend" is enough to keep old programs going, start new ones, and even cut taxes from time to time. It is, in fact, where the idea of "block grants" to state governments all began; the thought was that some of these incremental revenues could be handed over to the states without interference to ongoing programs. But these are not normal times. The cost of the Vietnam War now absorbs in one year the equivalent of three years' fiscal dividend. There simply isn't any spare cash around to pacify proponents of old programs as a *quid pro quo* for starting more relevant ones.

Administration officials become understandably cynical about the budget fights. For while the public thinks that there is just one Congress, the officials know that there are two. There is the Congress which makes impassioned public utterances on the traditional canons of thrift; and there is the other one that the executive branch hears day after day after day demanding more spending for peanut research laboratories or airplanes or cotton prices or highways. The members of the Congress, on the other hand, know that the Administration for its part is not above a bit of budget flimflammy. They remember how in 1963 President Johnson was saying that it would be impossible to keep the budget below \$100 billion;

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THE WHEELS THAT GO EVERYWHERE



Washington

then he huffed and he puffed and he came up with a \$97.9 billion budget—a tactic which won him his 1964 tax cut. That particular budget was, says one participant in the process, “a piece of dramatic invention that would have done credit to our greatest playwrights.” It gets around that sometimes when we have been offered yuletide scenes of our President down at the ranch, with officials flying in and out, straining for all his might to make last-minute cuts in the budget, the budget was already at the printer's.

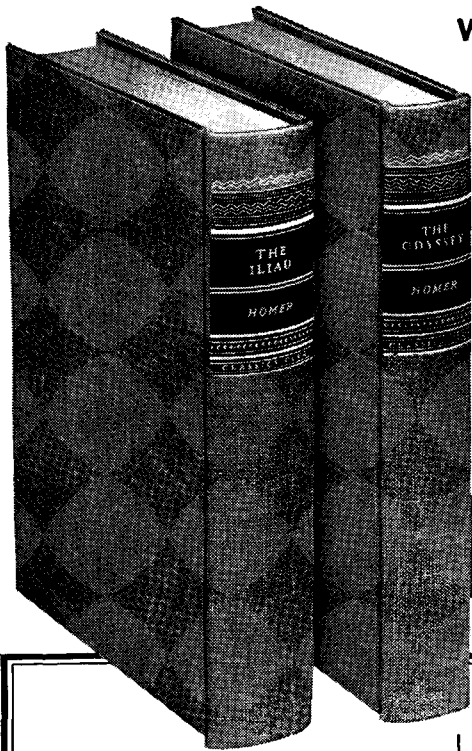
Spreading the pain

It is hard to imagine any more difficult circumstances that might have been imposed on those who had to produce this year's budget and pretend that it represented any sort of plan. They do not know whether Congress will raise taxes; they did not know until the end of December what last year's spending levels for a number of programs would be. Just about everything that could go wrong with the economy—prices, gold, interest rates—was going wrong. This on top of the fact that the evident damage around Washington indicates that last year's was no routine budget fight, nor is this year's likely to be.

When the Administration found itself in midsummer with (taking its word for it) a possible \$28 billion budget deficit, it was faced with a set of unattractive choices: a great debt, a substantial tax rise, a severe cut in federal programs. Inevitably, it decided upon a combination of all three. Everyone knows what happened to the tax increase. (It is not quite accurate, it should be noted, to make Ways and Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills the goat in the tax fight. Students of the House of Representatives, which presumably include the President, have long known that Wilbur Mills is no dogmatist. He does have a highly sensitized allergy, based on a humiliating defeat early in his House career, against bringing bills to the House floor if he does not believe that they will pass.)

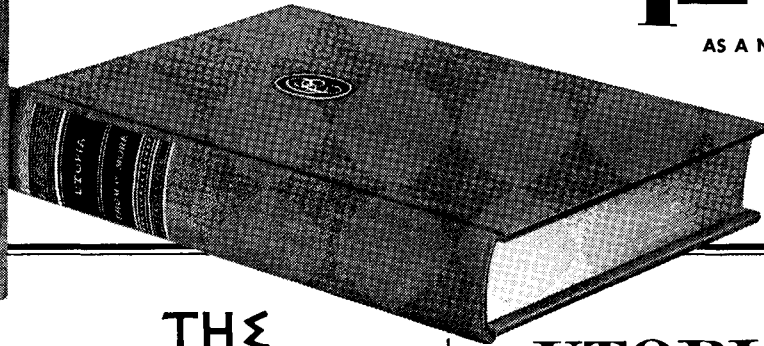
The Administration offered, as a swap for the tax bill, government-wide reduction in spending. Having once indicated that such cuts were possible, however, and faced with

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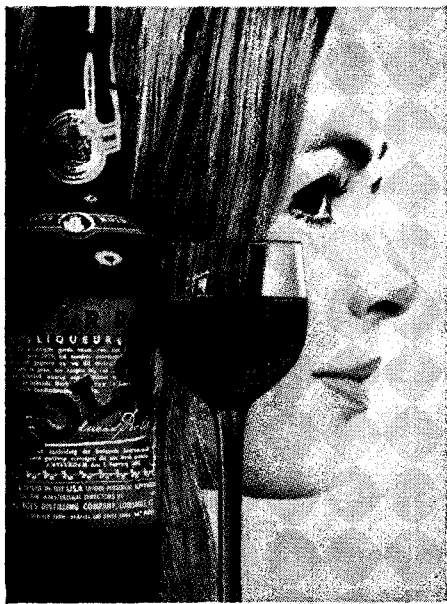
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Washington

an outsize deficit, the cuts had to be made, tax bill or no. The congressmen took the opportunity to go on record for the economies the Administration had already pledged it was going to make, and as one of their last acts of the season wrote the across-the-board spending reductions into an appropriations bill. True to their Al Capp image, however, the congressmen exempted themselves from the requirement for government-wide economizing; they specifically noted that the legislative budget was not to come under the ax.

The trouble is that for both institutional and political reasons it is not easy to cut spending, and when across-the-board cuts are made, the pain is not evenly spread. Priorities get out of kilter, and rational choice-making is seriously undermined. Almost one third of the military spending this year is for Vietnam, and making a cut there isn't even mentionable. Nearly one half of government spending in the civilian sector is "uncontrollable" — either because the programs operate according to an automatic formula, or because the expenditures have been obligated in previous years. That leaves intact the spending for such institutions as farm price supports, merchant marine subsidies, welfare, veterans' benefits, and on-going public works projects. The spending for highways, which this year will amount to nearly \$4 billion, was similarly immune to the cuts because the highway program operates outside the appropriations process, through a trust fund. Every so often the White House lets it be known that it might curb spending by delaying highway construction projects; just as often, after the full wrath of the governors and the road-building lobby has been unleashed, the Administration lets it be known that really, fellows, we were just kidding.

So across-the-board cuts put the knife deeply into such "controllable" programs as education, poverty, and housing, the tattered remnants of the Great Society. (Even the term "Great Society" mysteriously appears and disappears in White House pronouncements. Government servants, like good apparatchiks, note this in their morning

papers and follow suit.) The dispirited curators of the Great Society programs say that the damage, in terms of disruption of people, plans, and momentum, is more serious than the simple monetary decrease would indicate. When a new program is getting off to a shaky start — as just about all new programs do — it is one thing to say, as is often true, that more money will not buy a lot more progress. But it is quite another thing to say that with less money not that much is lost.

The President's aides explain that an across-the-board cut was the only option. Had they singled out for cuts those programs which buy hardware but not social change, the President's attempt would have been rebuffed and the powers on Capitol Hill would have taken revenge by inflicting still greater damage on the Great Society. In the House, the conservatives were in the saddle. Even the more liberal Senate was a problem. Western senators who could make or break the model cities and rent supplement programs, for example, have more than a glancing interest in spending for hardware, not necessarily military hardware, in connection with programs which bring federal money to their states. The space and Supersonic Transport programs are particular cases in point. (There is an anti-SST underground in the government, but it has not yet found a way to shoot the project down.) This is why there was the anomaly during the year of the President both insisting on his money for the cities and expressing the hope, so as to share the blame for both the deficit and the cuts, that Congress would reduce spending. He was trapped.

Tilting at sacred cows

Every so often some bright new officials pull into town, and set forth to straighten out the mess. Then they learn how hard it is to kill sacred cows, or to nurture what one Cabinet officer refers to as "my little ewe lambs." The tragedy of what is happening here is that there have been in this government of late some men of unusual talent and the will to rationalize government business, and their efforts had the interest and support of the President. They know that their mission is absolutely necessary. They are aware that the budget is bloated by

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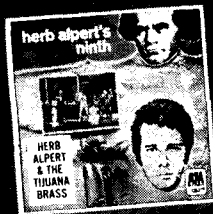
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programs that are of little use. They understand that not only is this a drain on national resources, but also on their own; their energies, as well as our money, are frittered on too many things at once. One of the ablest and most liberal men in the government once admitted privately to having to fight the propensity to blot out the morass of messy old programs and focus attention on "clean" new ones. It is more "fun," he said, to think about the artificial heart or the anti-ballistic missile than about urban renewal. The men who evolved urban renewal probably felt the same way.

The drive to root out, or even substantially pare, senseless old programs has just about been given up. But not for want of its having been tried. When in 1965 President Johnson tried to close eleven veterans' hospitals, the ensuing uproar, it is said, nearly rivaled Vietnam for his attention over a period of months. In the end he was permitted by Congress to close six.

Recollections of this and similar setos, plus the knowledge that the President has, as it were, other wars to fight, have led to new caution before suggesting program reforms. It is difficult for rational men to blink at costly federal subsidies to support middle and upper classes — subsidies for air travel, Coast Guard protection of private boating, the low fees cattlemen pay for the use of public lands. But they eventually learn that the middle class is more extensive than the articulate intellectuals who get upset over this sort of thing, and more articulate than the poor.

The Johnson Administration has had better luck at straightening out the government through structural overhaul — as in the new Housing and Transportation Departments — but lately has been running into trouble here, too. The creation, after much effort, of a new form of government for the District of Columbia was a significant achievement, all the more so because the rest of the country could not care less. But the President's proposal last year for combining the Departments of Commerce and Labor, a

sound way of releasing both from the grip of their constituencies, was sacked by the labor unions. The President has had before him a number of other proposals for overhauling the domestic agencies and the State Department, but it is clear that the time is out of joint.

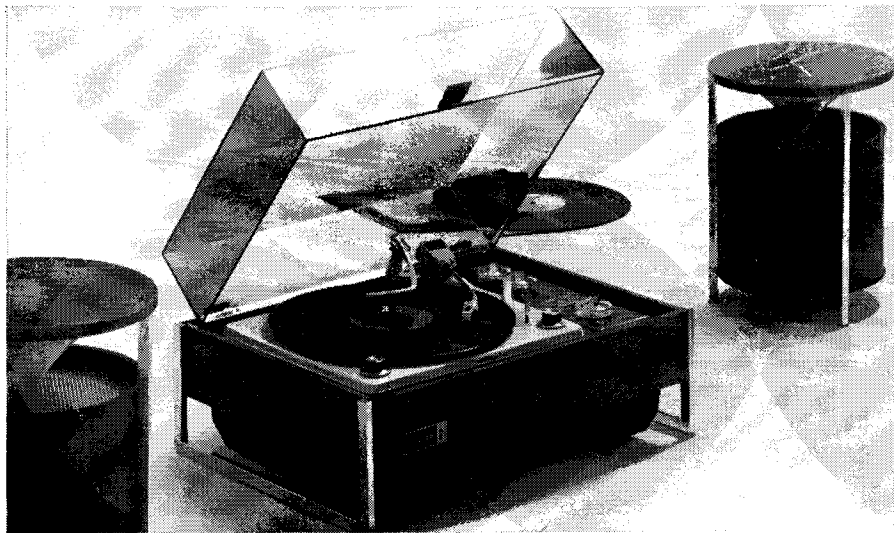


It is also clear that the government will never be neat and tidy, for no amount of rearranging the organizational boxes can keep up with the complexities and the changing nature of the problems the government has taken on. It simply is not feasible to keep setting up departments having everything to do with poverty or jobs or cities each time that conventional wisdom tells us that that is the problem. There will always be overlap and underlap. One important step for dealing with this has been taken within the White House, where Joseph Califano, the President's top assistant for domestic matters, has built a staff of bright young men whose responsibility is to deal with issues on a broad problem-oriented or program-oriented basis instead of on a bureaucratic, or agency, basis. Just across the street the Bureau of the Budget, the policy arm of the White House, has recently been reorganized under its remarkable director, Charles Schultze, to provide similar breadth of view. "Califano and Schultze," said one high Administration official, "are holding the whole rickety business together. Without them it would be a shambles." Whether this glue will outlast these two able men's government careers and become institutionalized is a question.

Sobering up

Another sufferer from what has been happening in Washington has been the system of planning-programming-budgeting (PPB) introduced throughout the government a little over two years ago to provide a

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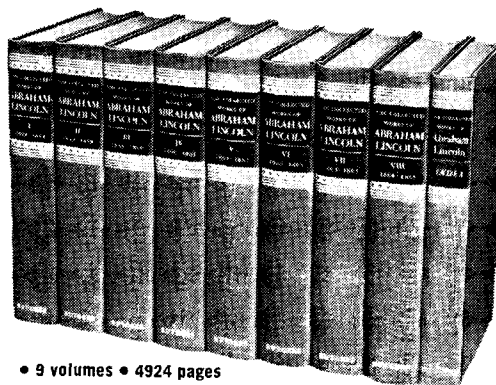
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Washington

more rational way of making decisions. PPB, out of the RAND Corporation via the Pentagon, is essentially a method of measuring programs in terms of their costs and their results, and of comparing alternatives in those terms. The idea was that since there will always be a limited number of federal dollars, it would be useful, if not conclusive, to know which dollar expenditure yielded the most results. PPB is still here, and likely to remain so, and has been of some help; but it is being embraced with diminished expectations.

The men from RAND who were dispatched about the government to install PPB now admit with engaging candor to their own naïveté. It used to be thought that PPB would offer the President information about the comparative worth of building dams or training dentists or improving Indian reservations. It can do no such thing. The RAND men underestimated the extent to which the bureaucracies would resist any measurement of their performance, and they overestimated the knowledge the bureaucracies would have about what they were doing. They were stunned to find, for example, that the Office of Education could not tell them how many people had learned to read and write under an adult education program designed to teach people to read and write. They have a heightened comprehension of the difficulties of comparing dams and dentists, and a sobered awareness, based on recent experience, that reason will never supplant politics. No matter what their calculations tell them about which programs make more or less sense, Congress will have the last word.

Tag end

All of this has caused a sharp downturn in the Capital's morale. It is difficult to sort out all of the factors in the demoralization. The war, of course, is overriding. There is also the constant presence of the uneasy feeling that things in general are out of control. There is the awareness that the good people in government are not being replaced at the rate at which they are leaving, and that the depletion will intensify significantly in the coming year.

This is true throughout the ranks. In the case of the Cabinet, in fact, the issue of personnel was turned on its head by the McNamara affair. Thereafter, it was a matter of the White House reacting defensively to reporters' questions whether so-and-so was leaving; the real question is why more members of a tired seven-year-old Cabinet had not left, or been replaced, before.

A good bit of the demoralization had to do with a facing up to reality. Things look rosier at the beginning, and governments are no exception. This town is now in the tag end of a term of a President who seems immobilized and whom the polls tell us the country does not like. Another wave of able men has tried to improve the government, and though they cannot be said to have failed, they have found out how hard it is. It is virtually un-American to suggest that with reason and willpower, even in better times, we cannot solve all of our problems, and in fairly quick order. But we cannot, and that is a lesson that Washington, like the rest of the country, is taking very hard. — Elizabeth B. Drew

India

The availability of food is the central issue of Indian life and politics. And since there will be something like 15 million tons more of food grains available this year than last, it should be possible to be optimistic. But those who cling to hope of what is possible for India in the face of the country's overwhelming probabilities are again being disabused.

For the moment the disappointment isn't in what the farmers are managing to accomplish but in what the politicians are able to make of these gains. The increases in production haven't begun to be big enough to stimulate a mood of confidence in New Delhi that is anything more than rhetorical. And that kind of confidence doesn't carry far. Indian political rhetoric is stale and ritualistic — confident only because it is supposed to be, rather than because of any new idea or development.

Thus a limited but real agricultural success isn't producing a climate of success. New Delhi remains as despondent as it has been ever

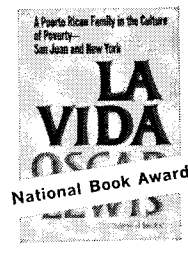
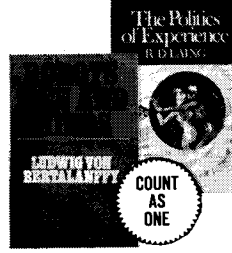
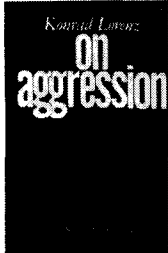
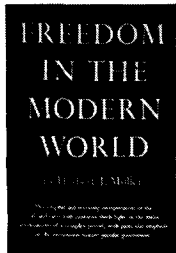
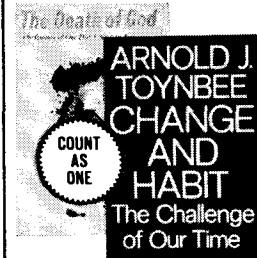
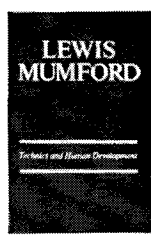
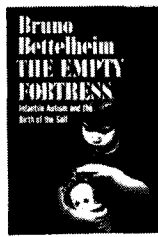
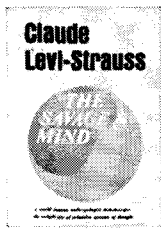
since Jawaharlal Nehru's powers began to fail visibly in the early sixties. If anything, the sense of frustration has been rising at the same time as the production figures.

Nowhere but up

To accentuate the positive some observers have resorted to terms like "agricultural revolution" and "breakthrough." That is obvious public relations; what they are really talking about is the beginning of modern agricultural entrepreneurship, signified by the vastly increased demand for new high-yielding seeds, fertilizer, pesticide, and basic farm machinery. The phenomenon is both widespread and spreading. But it has a painfully long way to go. If India's food production is to outpace its relentless production of new Indians, new "breakthroughs" will be required every season — when the monsoon rains disappoint (as they did during the disastrous drought years of 1965 and 1966) as well as when they surpass expectation, as they did, luckily enough, last summer.

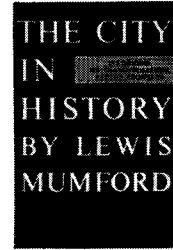
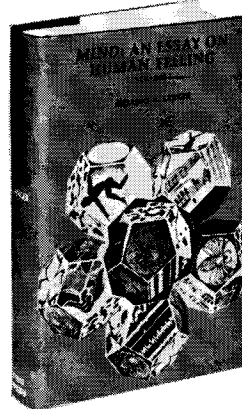
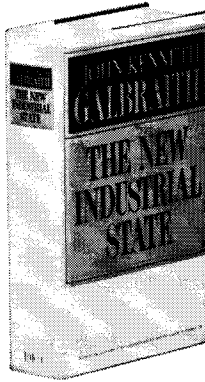
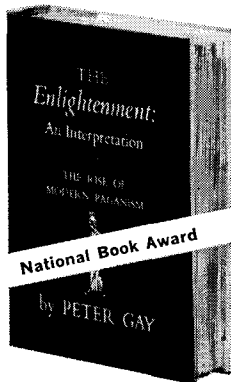
Famine in India need not be inevitable, despite the growing number of Jeremiahs in the West who warn that it cannot be evaded. Even if population growth is not arrested — the only prudent speculation based on the evidence available — there is still ample reason to believe that India will be able to feed itself in a marginal way in the years ahead. It is important to remember, though, that when it is said that India has "enough" food, that means little more than that mass starvation will be averted. It says nothing about the kind of food or the level of nutrition of those whose lives have been spared.

From a strictly nutritional point of view, there is no prospect of India's having "enough" food in the foreseeable future. In several regards, India's food situation has nowhere to go but up: its agricultural yields have been so extremely low in the past that any moderately correct application of existing technology is bound to have dramatic results. And the technology itself is also bound to get better, in the sense of being better adapted to Indian conditions. The Indian farmer has shown he is not impervious to the profit motive, that he is eager to grasp the possibility of change when the odds look favorable. Therefore,



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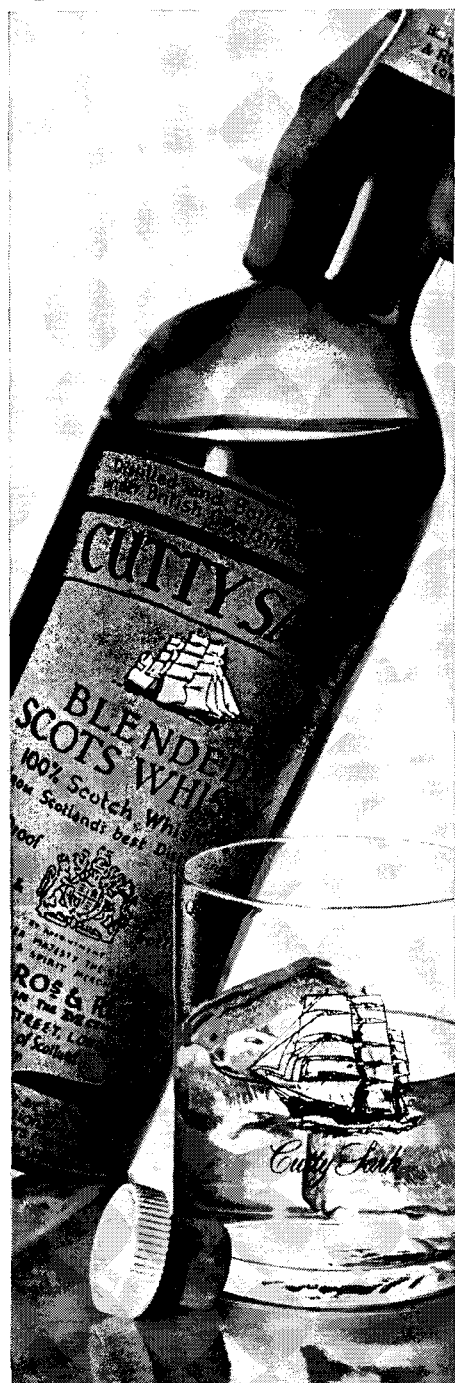
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India

the race with the country's human numbers (now more than 510 million) need not be lost.

"They've seen more of it"

But taking what is of immediate concern, overall production figures don't yet add up to any kind of "breakthrough." The indicated production for the past year of 95 million tons, which may prove to be a conservative estimate, is more than 20 percent larger than the previous year's crops. But that was a drought year. The increase over 1964, the last good year, barely keeps pace with the demands of a population growing at the rate of one million a month (roughly 36 million, then, in the three years, more than the combined populations of North and South Vietnam).

Thus the government is not being irrational when it remains cautious about its food prospects. "They believe more in scarcity than plenty," one of the less impatient American officials here commented. "They've seen more of it."

But the fact remains that even before India receives a ton of food aid this year, it will be sure of having nearly 10 million tons of food grains more than it had last year after all the food aid it received then had been counted. It is possible to imagine a political leadership that might try to make something of that fact, one that might even think of challenging the farmers or appealing to nationalistic sentiments by trying to do without further food assistance. From a statistical or a developmental standpoint, that kind of posturing would be misguided. But a country that is tired of being stigmatized as an international beggar might respond to other compulsions. Or so one would think. This is a matter, it must be emphasized, of Indian psychology, not American; even though both sides now recognize that food assistance in the past helped make India complacent about agriculture, there is still something irritating and worse about any American contending that India gets too much food. But, keeping that caveat in mind, it is striking that no Indian party — not the Communists on the left nor the chauvinistic Jan Sangh on the right — appears to have considered the theoretical possibility

that food aid this year could be suspended. The irony cuts two ways: the United States has also had a bumper crop, so there is more interest in Washington in "Food for Freedom" and food for India than there was last year when the need was really urgent.

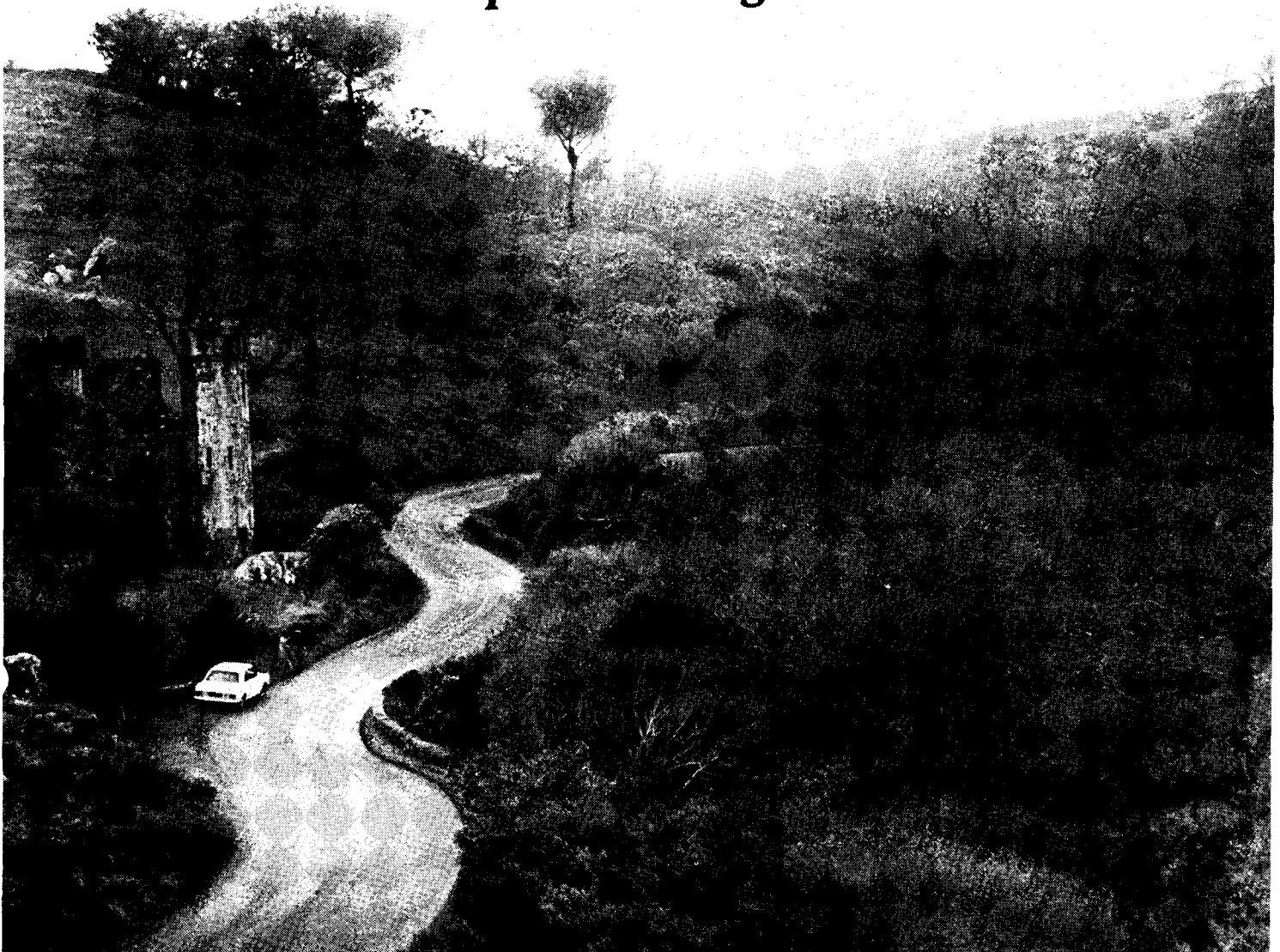
For whatever reasons, India seems content to have the United States remain very much an interested party in its agricultural planning. The American mission has a prepared position on every subtle facet of agricultural pricing and distribution in India. Often the politicians grow restive under American pressure. It is too close a relationship to be invariably a happy one. Indian leaders never go out of their way to recognize the American effort, let alone to express gratitude for it, perhaps because that would mean acknowledging the extent of their dependence. That could also be why they are so remarkably slow to anger when Washington slows up the aid, as it seems to have done on several occasions in the past year, to express dissatisfaction with Indian positions on Vietnam or the Middle East. Yet, institutions and administrators being what they are, it is doubtful that either side is in a hurry to see that dependence reduced.

States' rights

From the political point of view, the crux of the food problem is in the difficult negotiations between New Delhi and the state governments on what is called "procurement." Essentially, it is up to the states to decide how much grain they will purchase or allow to be purchased for government ration shops and stocks, and at what price. In the end the issue becomes one of compulsion. Precisely because India is democratic, it becomes impossible to demand too much of local interests — a restraint Americans should respect. But democratic leaders should have resources other than crude force. They should find it possible to make a convincing case for urgent national interests. The short wars with China and Pakistan brought that kind of patriotic fervor to India, but the threat of famine hasn't. Last year when Bihar faced starvation, it soon became more an American problem than one of concern to the other Indian states. Indian officials on the scene performed exceptionally well during the crisis. But had it not

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India

been for the emergency assistance the United States provided, mass starvation deaths would certainly have occurred.

Flabby with power

That constant pulling and tugging between New Delhi and the states over food has been aggravated by the rapid decline of the Congress Party. Before last February's election there were no opposition governments in any of the Indian states. By July, nine out of sixteen were non-Congress; that is, twenty years after independence, two thirds of all Indians were living in states the Congress had lost. The obvious question, a profoundly shocking one for an older generation that had been accustomed to thinking of the Congress as something almost synonymous with the nation, was how long the party would be able to cling to power in New Delhi.

The trouble with the Congress Party was that it had grown flabby from too many years in power. For two decades it sat ritualistically under portraits of its patron saint, Mahatma Gandhi, doing its best, or so it sometimes seemed, to ignore what Gandhi had said. Its leaders were often preoccupied with questions of patronage — jobs in the "public sector," licenses in the "private sector" — to notice that the movement was withering at its roots.

"Because they have no power against the ruling order," the Bengal iconoclast Nirad Chaudhuri has written, "the great mass of the Indian people have to remain passive haters of the new Indian regime." Even if that were only a half-truth, its implications for the Congress would be devastating.

Though none of the party's top leaders deny for a moment that the Congress is in a sad state and possibly moribund, they have shown no sign of doing anything more than acknowledging the problem verbally. It is a comment on the nature and scope of the Congress' complacency that it could still stand some scaling down in size. It is a comment also on the more general absence of élan in India today: the fatalistic acceptance of food aid and the fatalistic acceptance of the governing party's decay both spring from the same inability or reluctance to grapple with

the problems of the present in the present. V. S. Naipaul offended Indians by writing about their collective "intellectual failure." Yet Indira Gandhi was talking about the same thing when, in an inspired moment, she castigated them for "not being angry enough." So was the political commentator who wrote, "Our elite has made a habit of living in profound untruth."

False sense of motion

Indian leaders are forever promising to lead their people past great landmarks a few years from now, after various "difficulties" that are keeping them off course have blown over, but the landmarks continue to recede. At the moment they are saying that the country will be fully self-sufficient in food grains and fertilizer by 1972 and self-sustaining economically by 1976. Nobody believes them, and the chances are they don't really believe themselves. The first of those goals is still mar-



ginally within the realm of possibility; the second long ago lost whatever meaning it once had. But both remain equally sacrosanct, for it is considered unthinkable politically to set lower but realizable targets. Thus the ambitious Fourth Five-Year Plan survived in its draft form almost to the end of its second year until the government finally brought itself to admit that it could no longer be implemented because, for whatever combination of reasons — the Chinese threat, the tension with Pakistan, the droughts, or plain bad judgment by its authors — it no longer bore any useful resemblance to the Indian situation.

Similarly, the Department of Family Planning now says the birthrate will be reduced by more than one

third (from 40 to 25 births for every 1000 members of the population) within ten years, even though it has yet to be reduced by even one percent. It is against all demographic and sociological good sense to imagine that the stated goal serves any real purpose beyond generating a false sense of motion and deferring a painful moment of recognition. But a big failure, it appears, has a kind of splendor that no small achievement can match.

The moment of recognition for the Congress Party, if it indulges itself this way, probably won't come before the day it loses its majority in Parliament. Or perhaps the inevitability of that day has already been accepted in the party's top echelons. Last spring Home Minister Y. B. Chavan skillfully moved to identify himself with the airy radicalism that the party's rank and file is generating in its frustrated reaction to the organization's failure and drift. He did this by leaking the word that he favored the nationalization of banks and abolition of the privy purses of maharajas.

"The politics of gesture"

Whatever the merits of those proposals may be, neither one had any other urgency behind it than the need the Congress Party felt to prove to itself that it could still act; both were embarrassing to the government. But then, as one columnist noted, Mr. Chavan was not "playing at the politics of action seeking reform but, rather, the politics of gesture seeking recognition." "Anyone who has talked with Mrs. Gandhi on the subject in recent days," another commentator wrote in November after the bank nationalization proposals had been shelved, "can sense that she has no deep personal convictions on this issue. She has, however, a strong instinct for survival."

The trouble, or so many observers now suggest, is that this assessment would go equally well for Mrs. Gandhi's position on almost any other issue. Her virtues are said to be her flexibility and national standing — "her catholicity of outlook and her freedom from narrow loyalties of any kind," as the *Statesman* once put it. But her flexibility sometimes seems to serve no other end than the preservation of her standing. By her own standard, she does not seem angry enough. For

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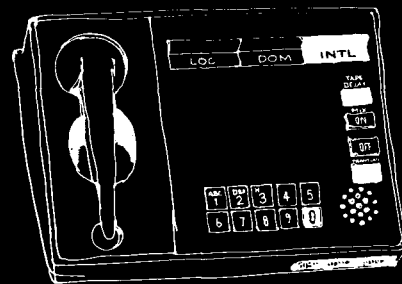
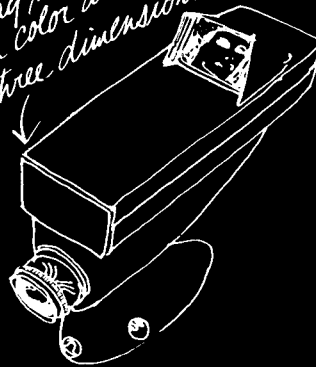
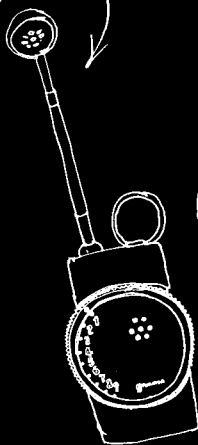
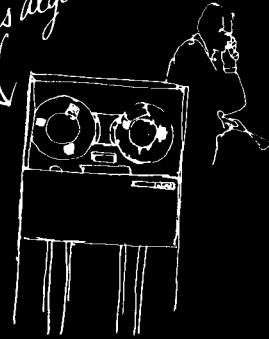
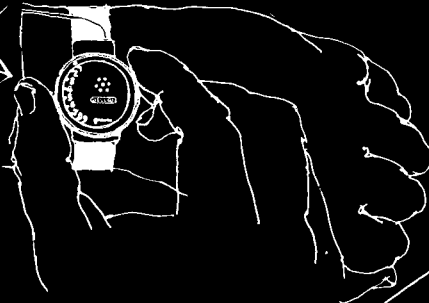
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India

a long time after the election, New Delhi's main preoccupation wasn't the food situation, or the new political alignments, or even the condition of the Congress Party, but an oversubtle tussle for power involving Mrs. Gandhi, Chavan, and Deputy Prime Minister Morarji Desai. No one of these three, it seemed, wholly trusted the other two. Possibly there were a few abortive instances of real plotting, but mostly there was only compulsive, time-consuming maneuvering for advantage. All big political decisions had to be taken in the light of what they would do to the Indira-Morarji-Chavan equations; frequently that meant they were deferred. There is such a thing also as the politics of inaction.

"The power structure"

When the scope of the Congress debacle at the polls last year became clear, there were those who saw it as a positive gain for Indian democracy, and therefore a hopeful omen for the future. The gain for democracy is hardly arguable, but the hope has dimmed. The shock of the election results has not redeemed the Congress. Nor have the opposition governments — except in Madras, Orissa, and Kerala — produced anything like viable alternatives. In the beginning the popularity of these governments was the opposite side of the coin of the unpopularity of the Congress. But now with petty politicians gravitating from party to party with every fluctuation in the political stakes, the lofty concept of democratic choice has been somewhat cheapened. A new election would probably produce new setbacks for the Congress without producing promising alternatives.

But the Congress cannot be expected to submit passively to the processes of decay, however far advanced these may seem to be. It still represents what in America would be called "the power structure." It hesitated for months but finally convinced itself that its control of the national government gave it levers it could use against opposition regimes in the states. Three of these regimes — in West Bengal, Haryana, and the Punjab — were brought down in one week in late November, though the Congress in none of these states was ready to

return to power. There were those who complained bitterly that the constitution had been stretched out of shape in the process. But the reassertion of power showed at least that the Congress would not fall because of a failure of will, even if it didn't begin to meet, and possibly only aggravated, the political problem of regaining popular confidence.

There are some observers who believe that a polarization of the standard left-right sort is under way today in Indian politics, and that eventually the pieces will fall neatly into place. But that is a hard argument to sustain. The Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, West Bengal, and Kerala governments have contained right-wing and left-wing forces at the same time. For that matter, the right and the left have been co-existing within the Congress Party itself for years.

Any assumption that the Communists would gain inevitably from continuing muddle on the Indian political scene would also be much too neat. At present they are strong only in West Bengal and Kerala. They took leading roles in the governments of both states after the election, but what they gained as a result was not half as striking as the dissension that responsibility for government churned up in their ranks. "If Ho Chi Minh had been like these chaps," a high police official in Calcutta remarked contemptuously, "there would never have been a Vietnamese revolution."

Exploiting the good ones

No doubt India can survive the infirmity and meretriciousness that characterize so much of its politics these days. The strong, purposeful leaders Asia has seen in recent years — the Sukarnos, Diems, and Ne Wins — haven't offered anything nearly as good. As for Ayub Khan next door in Pakistan, the final verdict on his regime had better be withheld until it begins to cope with the problem of a succession. Nearly everyone agrees that a dictatorship in India would be a disaster from every point of view, if not an outright impossibility because of the country's size and diversity. But is the difficulty of dictatorship enough to ensure the survival of democracy?

In the meantime, it is never too soon to start worrying about the next monsoon. If it is good, the farmers should be able to sustain

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the momentum they achieved this past year and pass it on to India's recession-bound industry. Probably there is less point in worrying about what will happen if it is bad, for India is an old hand at coping with bad years; it is the trick of exploiting the good ones that it has yet to master.

—Joseph Lelyveld

California



It is a measure of the man's success that one rarely hears mention anymore that Governor Ronald Reagan made it through the looking glass in one scant year. From Grade B make-believe in Hollywood he has leapt into a sturdy place in the rugged real world of presidential politics. Status, which dedicated politicians labor all their lives to achieve — and few do — has fallen easily, and gracefully, upon Reagan, and he wears it with style. To his stage aplomb he has added the confident touch of a professional politician, the sure footing required of a man whose base is the country's most populous (20 million people) state.

The first amateur ever to become governor of California, Reagan would have done well if he had done no more than put together a creditable and functioning state administration. He has done that. He promised to make "rigid economy" his mark, to "cut, trim, and squeeze" state spending, to "turn around" the course of government. And for better or worse, he did.

Reagan after taxes

Reagan is not so quick to mention that last year he also passed the largest budget this or any other

state ever ran (\$5,093,306,586), and imposed the largest tax increase this or any other state ever contrived, which totaled up to just about a billion dollars. Yet miraculously, he has maintained the image of the masterful economizer, and it is economy about which he talks. A large proportion of California will discover in April that their income taxes have nearly doubled. This may hurt Reagan a bit in California. Of course, raising taxes without ruining one's chances with the voters is exactly the monkey wrench in Johnson's works just now. By hollering economy, Reagan, the novice, may be able to do what the master politician has not been able to do.

Wherever Reagan's fortunes stand after taxes, Don M. Muchmore, who directs Opinion Research of California (the state poll most heavily relied on by the Brown administration and now by Reagan's), finds that his continuous acceptance as governor is thus far unmatched by anyone in the state's history except Earl Warren. Reagan went into office with a million-vote majority, and 58 percent of the total. After seven months in office a sampling by Opinion Research showed him favored by 62 percent.

California cutbacks

Yet Ronald Reagan has attacked the principle of free education, insulted government employees, evicted organized labor from posts in state government which their representatives have held for over eighty years, and installed in their places frankly employer-oriented businessmen. He has cut back everybody's pet program, and taxed heavier than anyone else the middle-income group on which he bases his support. He vetoed increased pay for the blind, postponed new centers for the mentally retarded, made a \$17.7 million cut in the state's mental hospital budget, and ordered a \$210 million slash in California's Medicaid program. In other retrenchment maneuvers, he invites business, not government, to solve racial problems, opposes open housing for minorities, and patrols the state's vast welfare program for evidence of fraud on which to base cutbacks. (He aims to shift the elderly off old-age pensions and back into the hands of their families; in general he wants to displace public welfare with private charity.)

Just now, when the greatest degree of confidence and trust is needed to offset all the retrenchment and permit visibility for some *positive* Reagan programs, internal uncertainties trouble the governor. His handling of the unfortunate episode involving homosexuality on his staff, by general agreement, damaged his claim to candor.

No sweat

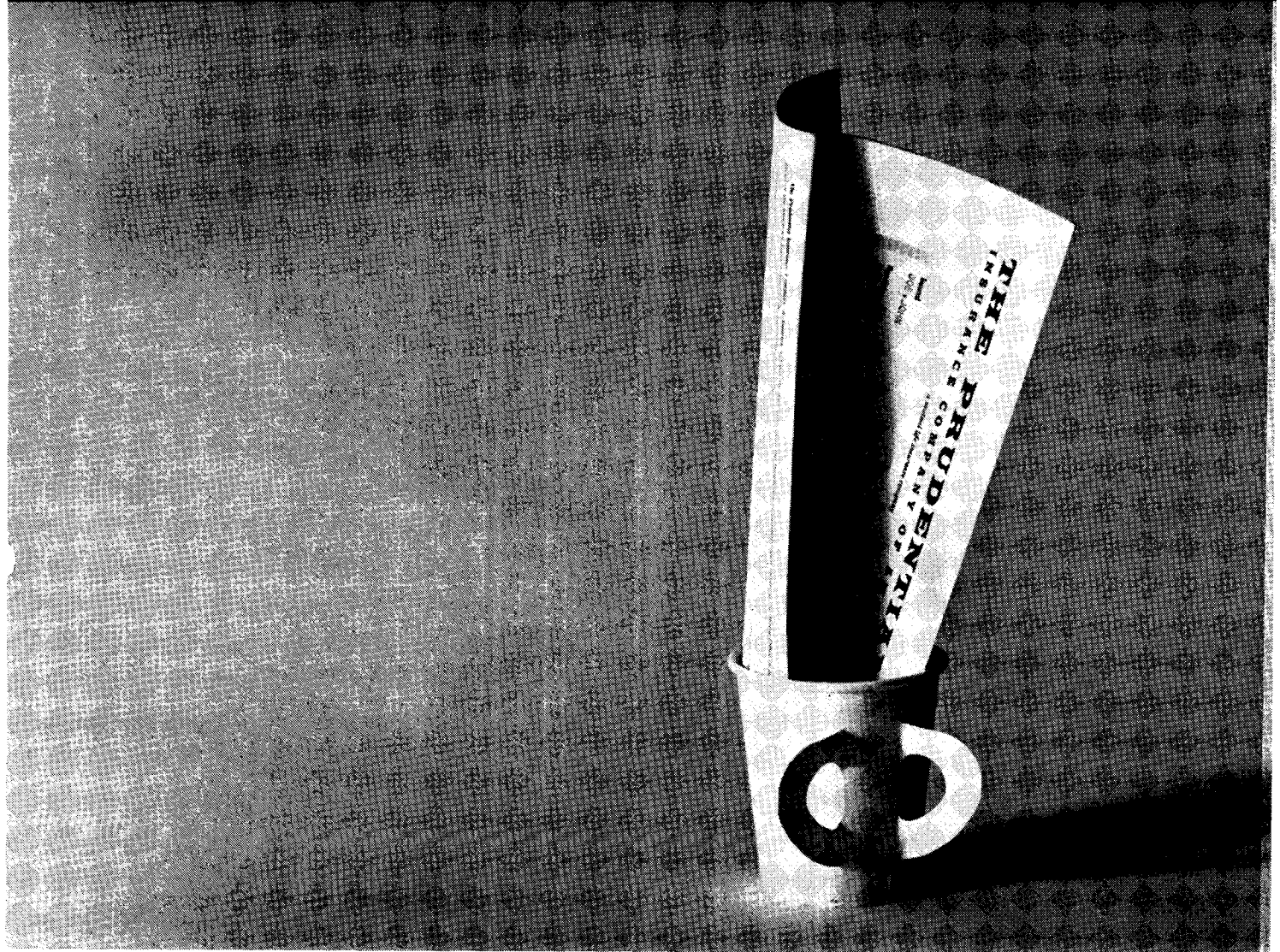
Withal, Ronald Reagan enjoys the most attractive pre-primary position of any GOP possibility. He presumes to be no more than his own state's favorite-son candidate. Reagan's little coterie of advisers admonish patience. Unlikely though it may seem, they are holding fire. Reagan's name will be entered, one way or another, in all the critical primaries. What votes he wins will be worth many times their total in impact because they come unasked. It is all gain. How great a gain is still uncertain. But he cannot lose.

One element which makes these spring months easier for Reagan than for men who have driven a lifetime toward the presidential goal is his enviable relaxation about it all. From the modest Midwestern environment which fixed his scale of values Reagan absorbed a somewhat fatalistic faith in God and destiny. While functioning as governor, he manages to preserve the uninvolved style of an outsider. He is not goaded and whipped by ambition. It is rare to see a man run for the presidency of whom it can be said: no sweat.

Marshaled behind him is an unprecedentedly effective state Republican organization. True, it lacks majority registration among California voters, and it still hears rumbles of discontent from the "all or nothing" far-right wing. But its Eleventh Commandment, "Republicans shall speak ill of no other Republicans," dampens dissent. It is cohesive, experienced, and dedicated. It has 86 votes at the Republican National Convention, second only to New York's 92. It has a research arm, ample coffers, and a systematic precinct organization. It maintains two state headquarters with eighteen full-time workers. (Back in Earl Warren's era the party didn't even have a year-round office in which to hang a hat.) Its position in the legislature threatens the dominant Democrats (each party

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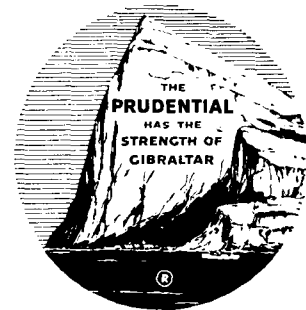
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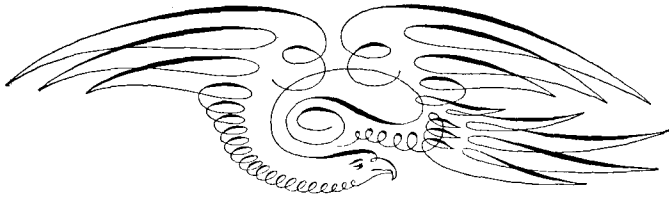


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In this third decade of the nuclear age, we are physically the world's greatest power; psychologically we are still somewhere in transit between our abandoned innocence and what a historian might call mission and a politician would label consensus. Even more perplexing and important than the question, What really are we doing in Vietnam?, is the question, What is Vietnam, and all it symbolizes, doing to America? No day goes by without its surfeit of suggested answers to the first. It is the second which has come to preoccupy the editors of this magazine, and has caused us to feature in the March issue one superb journalist's search for the answers.

The author, born in Indiana and educated at Columbia, is Dan Wakefield, one of America's great reporters. Through most of 1967 he has traveled the United States, haunts both familiar and strange: hippies' pads and the drawing rooms of Georgetown savants, executive suites and high government offices, military bases, high school assembly halls, and the exile-places of draft-dodgers. He has observed from the back seat of a Detroit prowler car, the waiting rooms of countless airports, the inner offices of black power conspirators, the private cabin of the Vice President's jet. His notebooks contain the thoughts and words of hundreds of Americans, ranging from a middle-aged digger called Plastic Man to a beleaguered Secretary of State. From his months of reporting and his years of experience as an observer and interpreter of America, Dan Wakefield has composed a rare and valuable document, a profile of the United States in a year of turbulence and decision.

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Robert Manning

California

now has 20 Senate seats). This fall it means to net more gains.

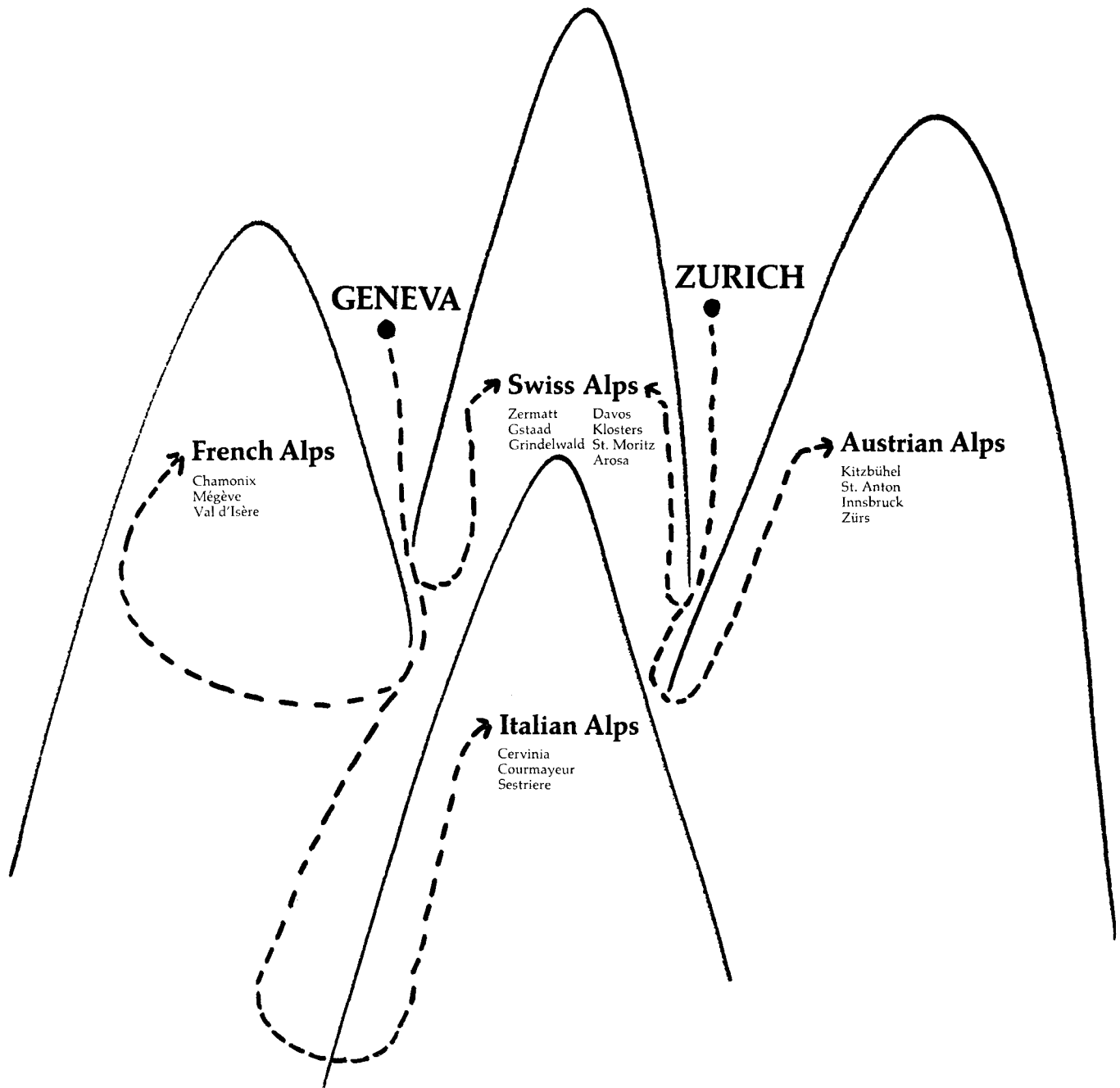
Its unity is so binding that in the name of it, the state GOP leadership appears to have manipulated financial support away from right-wing Senate hopeful Max Rafferty, pushed incumbent progressive Republican Senator Thomas H. Kuchel reluctantly into his most conservative stance ever, and staved off what everyone expected to be a bloody party battle. Unity also means that no other Republican candidate can get a toehold in the state, as was conclusively proved when Lieutenant Governor Robert H. Finch, one-time Nixon advocate, jumped the gun on proposing Reagan as favorite son.

Feudal rivals

In sorry contrast, the shattered state Democratic Party is heading for one of the severest presidential primary battles of the year, with a contest between Senator Eugene J. McCarthy and Johnson loyalists almost certain. Meanwhile, California Democrats have been trying to warn Eastern colleagues of their informed view that Reagan, if nominated, will be the toughest, not the easiest, Republican to defeat. To be sure, former Governor Pat Brown said complacently in Washington last June that a contest between Reagan and President Johnson would present American voters with "the clearest picture of the choices they must make"; Reagan, he said, is the "best salesman of the do-nothing school of government." The deposed Brown is, however, witness that voters can be cajoled by "do-nothing" politicians. Many Democrats who went through the humiliating defeat of 1966 in California fear that a Johnson-Reagan contest would suggest a number of parallels to Brown vs. Reagan.

It is hard to believe how far the once cheerful and spirited incumbents of Brown's eight years have fallen. The Democrats in California owe campaign deficits in excess of \$60,000. They can muster only a part-time staff to keep their headquarters open. So indifferent are Democratic voters that in Los Angeles alone 420,000 Democrats (or more than 20 percent of the party's registration there) have been erased

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California

from the rolls for failure to vote in the past two years, and there is no machinery for a concerted drive to get them back. In contrast to the power of unified thinking in the Republican camp, the California Democracy has a surplus of feudal rivals, including Brown, Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty, former state Controller Alan Cranston, State Senate finance wizard George Miller, and legislative Speaker Jesse M. Unruh. Unruh is the party's shrewdest leader. He has slimmed down from his "Big Daddy" proportions both in size and in temperament, rendering himself a more agreeable figure. But he is hard-pressed to maintain his seat in the legislature and his leadership there as well, and he isn't adding national problems to his agenda. Democratic National Committeeman Eugene Wyman confessed to being so distraught with the party malaise that he is thinking of asking the National Committee to send in an outsider "totally disassociated from all, so we can start fresh," an incredible concession in a pivotal state.

Whatever Johnson's name could offer toward suppressing the feuding will not be precisely determined: party regulars will be asking for votes in the June primary for delegates pledged to LBJ, but the ticket will be led by the lone statewide Democratic officeholder, Attorney General Thomas C. Lynch, a stalwart law-enforcement man but the world's most low-keyed campaigner. Opposing him on the peace slate will be Senator McCarthy, whose name is popular in California. Even National Committeeman Wyman, who protests perhaps too much that Johnson *can* carry California, concedes the opposition is "formidable."

The para-organizational Council of Democratic Clubs, which broke with Brown two years ago because of the vehemence of its antipathy toward the Vietnam War, is the core around which anti-Johnson and peace sentiment is coalescing, and CDC appears to be better organized and financed than the state party itself. With a base of 33,000 members and generous financing from anti-war contributors, a well-managed CDC-McCarthy effort could carry the state.

The intellectuals who sparked

Brown's administration are too old to demonstrate against Vietnam and too young to accept the GOP as a permanent fixture in California government. Some have formed a "Committee for California," a sort of Ripon Society for Democrats, laying groundwork for some bright new Democratic day. They concern themselves with exploring California's major growth problems.

Too poor to plan?

It is probably fortunate they do. There is a clear need for bold and early planning to rescue California's magnificent environment from pollution in the countryside and a complex of urban diseases. And for all the poor-mouthing by the Reagan administration, California is not too poor to plan and act; with not quite 10 percent of the U.S. population, the state enjoys 11 percent of the total national income, or about \$69.1 billion in 1967. Four other states, led by New York, top California in per capita income, and New York alone pays higher per capita state and local taxes (California: \$395.27; New York: \$409.94). But it is fairer to measure tax burden in relation to earnings. In this context Californians pay \$125.71 in total taxes for every \$1000 earned, but residents in eight other states, including New York, pay more.

Many problems which beset America appear in California in aggravated form. The contrast between abundantly endowed California in its natural state and the effects of "progress" on those endowments is a firsthand experience with almost everyone. Destruction and pollution of natural resources are not problems people just read about. A receding shoreline leaves garbage in its wake. Familiar hillsides whose old oaks and tawny grasses recall the frontier West are carved overnight into bleak terraces, planted with look-alike housing. And the yellow scummy taint in the air, despite all the efforts at smog control, creeps more pervasively along the horizon. Yet one still senses in California a public concern about the quality of the environment in the cities, in the suburbs, and in the wilderness beyond. In the last four years some \$4 million in federal and state funds have been consumed in a massive state planning effort, and the results were due to have been completed and published last year. Alas, not

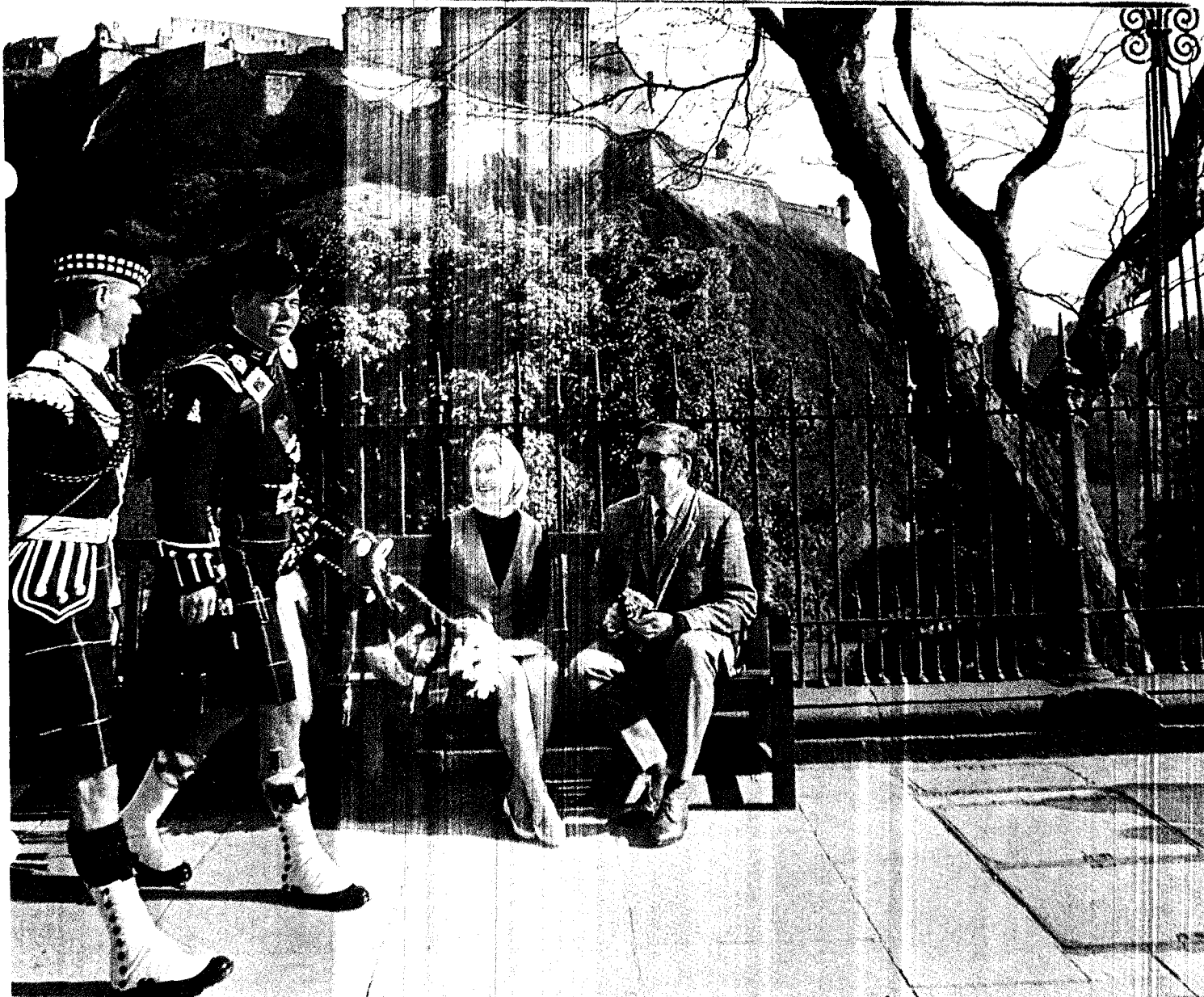
one word on the subject has come from Governor Reagan.

Reagan came into office crying that government was too big and had to be reduced; too intrusive into private lives, too presumptuous in social effort, and too expensive. He began with the expenses. His first day in office he froze all state employment, stopped orders for new equipment, new cars, new office space, and banned all trips out of state. The job freeze lowered state employment 2.5 percent in six months, and today state government jobs have shrunk by 2550, reversing a previous annual increase of about 3 percent. He ordered a 10 percent cut in all department budgets. In mitigation of his spender stance as author of the billion-dollar boost in taxes and of the biggest-ever budget, he likes to say that he cut the *pace* of state spending in half. This means that before his term the California budget was growing at a rate of 16 percent a year; he held it to 8 percent. Keeping it at that level will be his toughest task this year. You have to start somewhere: he saved \$50,000 alone in typewriter ribbons; \$2 million in the annual phone bill, \$4 million by canceling a planned building when efficiency experts found 2000 clerks could fit into space originally scheduled for 1000.

"I don't add good"

When Reagan confessed momentary confusion over some budget figures with the jocular admission "I don't add good," one critical newspaper cartoon footnoted: "But I sure can subtract." It conveyed as much about his philosophy as about his arithmetic.

Of course, some of these economies were trivial. Reagan relishes telling audiences about how he used up old stocks of official stationery rather than ordering anew, which had all his administration's secretaries x-ing out Pat Brown's name and typing in his. But his detractors also like this tale of frugality: wasting all that time and effort seems such false economy in place of a two-penny printing bill. Equally diverting was the administration's decision to stop the state justice department's consumption of the lined yellow tablets which are, by some academic alchemy, an absolute necessity for the penciling of legal thought. Some attorneys proposed instead a supply of rulers and a new civil service cate-



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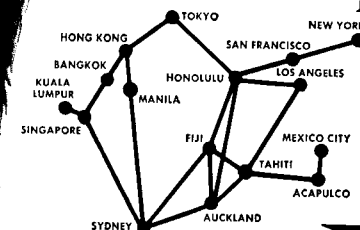


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California

gory for someone to draw lines on plain paper.

Reagan strategists Thomas Reed and William Roberts talk confidently of the day when positive programs can be announced. Lieutenant Governor Finch hints at "exciting" new ideas to come. But Governor Reagan is still talking economy. Asked recently what positive gain he most wanted to achieve in his administration, the governor could only discuss his fiscal bind, and most pressing issues in California come back to money. For example, the dismissal of University of California President Clark Kerr was the mood piece for the opening of the Reagan era; it was intended to be a sort of sacrificial cleansing, and a step toward erasing campus discord. The latter it has not done. But now under Reagan, the growing university is hurting most severely in its finances.

End to largesse

Typically, Reagan attached some conservative riders to his educational economizing. He vowed to end "free" higher education and to impose a \$250 annual tuition at U.C. and \$180 at state colleges. At first he proposed this to get additional funds. Now he would put most of the money into scholarships for the poor. It is part of the government table turning he calls for: an end to largesse; make a man pay for what he gets. To those who can't pay, give charity. By curious oversight, he ignores the benefit to taxpayers whose children attend one of the world's great universities without tuition.

Reagan has run up against two implacable forces in Sacramento: the momentum of growth in California, and of complexity of government. He has not coped with either, and tolerance of his initial hatchet approach is diminishing. The last thirty years have brought a jumble of commissions, bureaus, and departments in Sacramento, and a shake-up was due. But what now astounds legislators of both parties and career government men is Reagan's unwavering line that budget cuts alone can cure society's ills.

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California

payer, and leave problem-solving to the private sector. This is the essence of what he terms the "Creative Society." Its range of creativity is suggested by projections that state engineering and architecture, even state janitorial service, can be contracted out to private business, and state printing of textbooks discontinued, to save money. Such activities were assigned to civil service in the first place, of course, as economy measures.

The "private sector" mystique

It is hard to say how much of this is Reagan's own thought, how much he acquired from the business community, and how much he has been brain-trusted by Richard C. Cornuelle. Cornuelle, now a principal staff man with the National Association of Manufacturers, is a California conservative theorist whose book *Reclaiming the American Dream* argues that American initiative needs help from a reactivated "private sector." He means not just the business community, but the multiple efforts Americans have evolved in countless private charitable activities. This is a source book for Reagan's vague philosophy.

Cornuelle has several times briefed Reagan and his staff, and all of them now talk somewhat mystically of the "private sector." The difficulty is that the theory lacks specifics. The initiative being displayed by the private sector in no way matches the invitation Reagan has extended. When Reagan lopped off dental care for thousands of children on welfare, no "private sector" leapt forward to provide the service.

But the strength of Reagan's political appeal is the priority of concern he assigns the tax dollar. It suits the judgment of the taxpayer. Massive programs accommodating a changing economy to the poor or the minorities, upgrading education, gearing land-use plans twenty years ahead to forestall the land despoilers—such undertakings represent far too sophisticated an approach to command public enthusiasm. Reagan shares the bewilderment of the man in the street. He is a decent human being, and confronted with individual tragedy, responds with compassion. However, confronted by mass programs, he loses the

sense that humanity is involved and sees only bureaucratic machinery.

When the McCone Commission investigated causes of the Watts riots in Los Angeles, the staff stumbled upon the fact that the same kind of hostility which Negroes directed toward the white establishment was shared by white citizens, only they focused their ire on the government. The McCone Commission staff was sufficiently persuaded that Los Angeles citizens hate and distrust government to consider preparing a series of maps to illustrate how overlapping jurisdictions and hopelessly confused lines of authority work to create discontent. To this fear, resentment, and disaffection the Reagan message is in tune.

"We should reassert our right to run our own affairs," he often says. "Government is created for our convenience. You can restore the dream that gave birth to our nation. . . ." "Liberties are being taken away. . . . Agencies of government at every level are seeking to perform their services more and more with less and less attention to the right of people to know."

The creative society

Reagan cites as evidence that his Creative Society is practical the efforts of H. C. ("Chad") McClelland. The latter, a prominent Los Angeles businessman, managed to organize business leadership immediately after the Watts riots to find jobs for Watts residents. Supported by foundation grants, this campaign has reformed employment practices; some 18,000 jobs have been found in California for Negroes and Mexican-Americans through systematic business effort. But it was all formalized before Reagan took office. He did give it official backing, encouraged other communities to follow suit, and has used its organization as a clearinghouse for problems related to race. Lieutenant Governor Finch considers the employment drive a genuine success, and says that if California gets through another summer without riots, it will prove that this involvement of business in the ghetto has done the trick. Nirvana is probably not that near. The McClelland plan does indeed have some earnest men committed to opening doors for minorities. Last summer, however, Finch proposed further steps to augment job opportunities, inasmuch as the McClelland plan is deliberately



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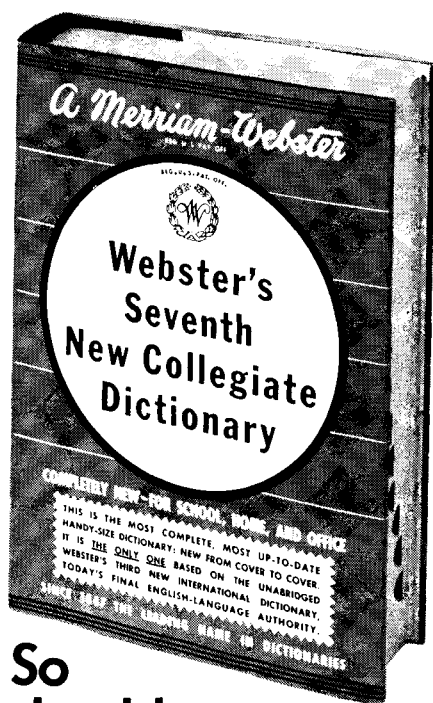
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California

slow and long-range rather than a crash program. Reagan squashed these supplementary ideas. He is leaving job finding exclusively to the businessmen.

Business to the rescue

Reagan's "task force" has been an interesting contribution. In response to a special gubernatorial appeal, business leadership supported a nine-month efficiency survey of California's entire governmental structure. Private businesses donated a nucleus fund and manpower for the probe. Following the precedents of Ohio (which saved \$40 million by similar management studies) and Washington State (which saved \$10 million), California hired the consultant firm of Warren King & Associates of Chicago and dispatched 210 young businessmen to report on how well each state agency is functioning and to recommend improvements. Reports, department by department, are now appearing, and the net effect is certain to enhance state management practices.

However, the generosity of the men involved and the novelty of business advice to Sacramento need to be put into focus. Reagan has said of this program: "No government could possibly hire the manpower now working voluntarily in our state," and he has been genuinely impressed by their sacrifice. It is true that businessmen responded like good soldiers, but little real sacrifice was involved: task-force members were paid full salaries by their firms plus needed expense money, and the total will be a corporation tax deduction. The task-force plan was not quite, as Governor Reagan suggested, one which no government can afford. The *federal* government will be asked to afford it — via the granting of tax deductions to the California task-force firms, as to the Ohio and Washington ones previously. "You wouldn't expect business to bear the whole cost, would you?" asked survey director O. Kenneth Pryor.

With some naïveté Reagan speaks of this survey as though it were the first time California government ever turned to business for an idea. Granted it is a large program, but Pryor himself has led previous analyses of California management prac-

tices in earlier administrations. Hundreds of private citizens have given time without pay to study problems and propose solutions. California has had quite a lot of help from the "private sector": tax study commissions, health study commissions, crime study commissions, and countless others. Naming a business advisory group is customarily a governor's first step. Those appointed form a fairly select society, likely to be used over again, as was shown when Reagan invited a prominent banker, who had been an eight-year Brown adviser, to be his state finance director. (He didn't take the post.) The business community was not that aloof from government in pre-Reagan days. Brown, however, usually hired specific jobs to be done under competitive bid rather than on a volunteer basis.

To the brink

Men experienced with the state's fiscal affairs fear that continued drastic economizing will put California far behind its needs. For example, when Governor Reagan targeted the state's mental hospitals for a major cut of \$17.7 million, he bumped into commitments dating back to Earl Warren's era, which were designed to end the warehousing of patients and focus on their rehabilitation. In Governor Goodwin Knight's term, the first local clinics were created through joint state and local funds to move care of the mentally disturbed nearer their homes. In Governor Brown's term a further series of local clinics, diagnostic and treatment centers was initiated, aimed ultimately at emptying state hospitals. So rapidly did patients improve under intensified care and so well did local clinics work that despite receiving about 28,000 new patients annually, the hospitals showed a far higher ratio of staff to patient. To Reagan, it looked like a justified place to economize.

But in the context of this long-range state plan, his moves were startling to legislators. Staff cuts were proposed when the mental health director was out of town and without prior consultation with him. Reagan refused to meet with any champions of mental care until after the budget was signed. Asked in April what he would do if the legislature restored money to the hospitals, the governor said he would veto it.

They did, and he did. Speaker Unruh sighed: "Not only does this administration bring us to the brink of disaster; it creates a brink expressly for the purpose."

The governor hardly bargained for the public protest, much of it emotional, some of it uninformed, but all of it indicative that Californians support their state's program for improving mental care. More than 1000 people jammed the capitol for budget hearings on this issue, and it is still the most sensitive economy issue.

With Medicaid, Reagan has an even harder time. Since federal funds are involved, and since he continues to seek reductions in the program contrary to what Washington wants, his policy may risk the state's whole share of the federal subsidy. Medicaid is the kind of program Reagan most dislikes. It is huge. It covers all welfare recipients. It has no cutoff point. It offers "mainstream" medical care to the poor which workingmen toil to provide for their own families. It is financed by taxes and is proffered as a "right," not charity. This symbolizes for him an unjust deprivation for the taxpayer. A great many Americans agree with him.

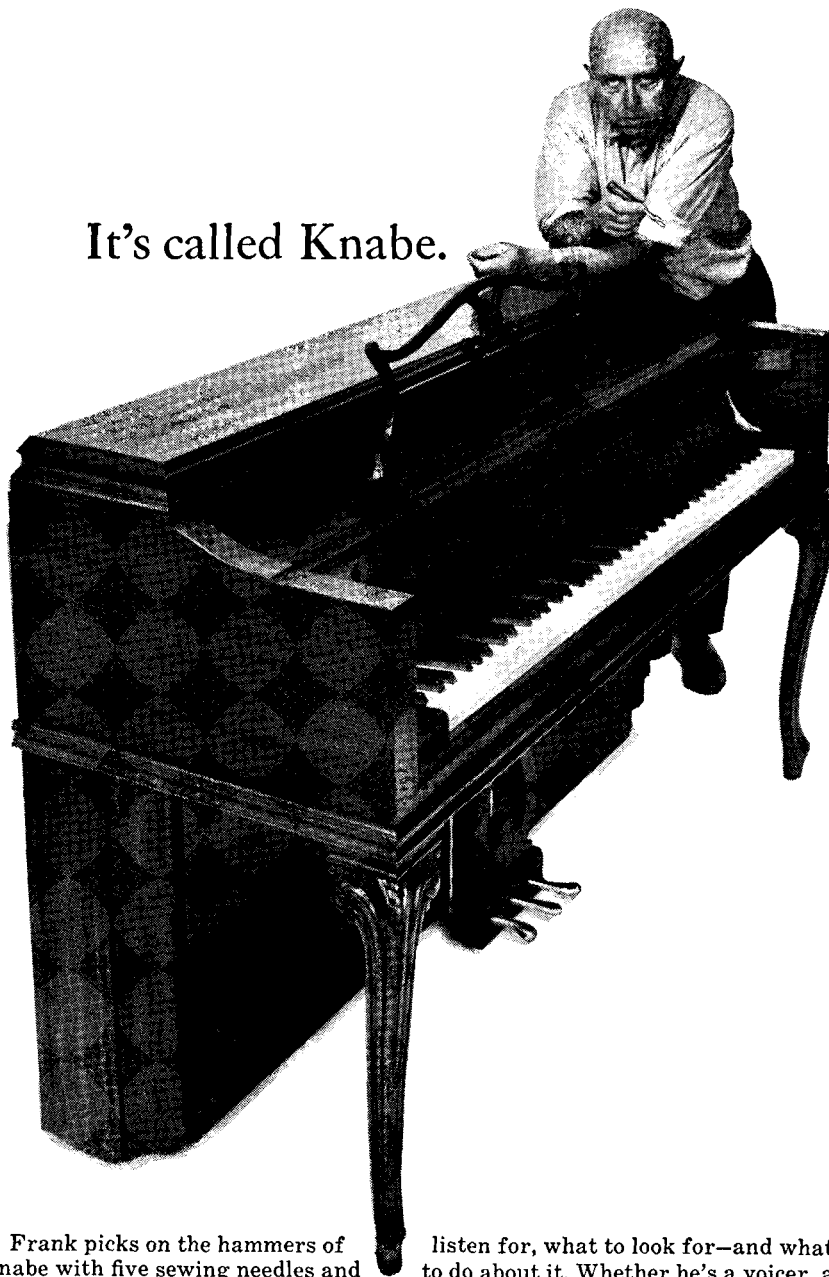
The governor first limited California's Medicaid program to \$610 million (of which half was to be in federal funds) in the face of projections indicating it would run, unless curbed, \$210 million more. Then came the cutbacks. The lawyers for a welfare client sued, charging the cuts were illegal, and the Supreme Court decided for plaintiff. What hurt Reagan most was not his reversal — it simply gave him fresh cause to inveigh against the courts (he has done it so much that one Republican officeholder printed up bumper stickers reading: "Support Your Local Judge"). What hurt him, once again, was his lack of credibility. Accountants found that the state wasn't in such desperate straits for funds after all, and the legislature pushed the problem off for several months.

Idling

Science, automation, and the pace of world events are shortening the span in which governmental decisions must be made. Many practitioners in the art of government are deeply worried that America's chief domestic problem may be getting

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local, state, and federal machinery to mesh efficiently and productively. Improvement in public service is a desperate need, but under Reagan, a genuine concern for improving public service seems to be in danger of working out as little more than a program of pinching pennies and arranging for government machinery to idle.

— Mary Ellen Leary

Austria

The setting: Kärntner Strasse (Vienna's Fifth Avenue). The time: this winter. The picture: prosperity. I am sitting in a Konditorei (a combination pastry shop-coffeehouse), and the atmosphere is as *gemütlich* as ever. (There is a satirical song which goes: "In Mitel Europa, before the war, things were perfect — *nein*, even better.") The passing girls, dressed in their gray, tan, and dark-blue conservatively cut suits, look as if they were afraid to wear minis. Some red-cheeked schoolboys and a few fat elderly burghers wearing feathers in their green felt hats are practicing their favorite leisure sport:



window-shopping for pastries and cream tarts. Around me, as out of a Molnar comedy of the thirties, are sitting caricatures of Viennese couples and small groups sipping their afternoon mocha, or espresso, or *Kleine-Braune*, or one of the other dozen different types of coffee on which Viennese pride themselves. Everybody is talking, but at a leisurely, nonaggressive pace. There is little laughter, there is little excitement, there are absolutely no raised voices.

What are these prosperous, content-looking Austrians gossiping about? Vietnam? No. Certainly not. "The venison is more succulent this year," I hear a portly gentleman pontificate behind me. To the right, three carbohydrate-filled women are expanding on the latest scandals about a certain soprano who is carrying on an affair with an actor at the Burgtheater who is also carrying on an affair with a countess in Salzburg who is also . . . This has been going on for the last half hour, and there seems to be no end to their chain letter. The only thing they have agreed upon in passing is that Damiani's sets for the opera's new performance of *Don Giovanni* are simply scandalous — and that it should never have been permitted to travel to Expo at Montreal.

"Hapsburg . . . Esterhazy . . ."

In front of me, two men are talking quietly, almost conspiratorially. I am only able to catch snatches of the conversation: "Hapsburg . . . Klaus [the chancellor] . . . Esterhazy . . . South Tyrol." They are skimming over the names which have figured in Austrian political gossip during the past few months. Hapsburg? Well, the name of "His Majesty," Otto Hapsburg, still stirs numerous monarchist souls in the Austrian capital.

Otto, now a balding, mustached, and slightly frail looking archduke in his mid-fifties, is the son of Charles, the last Hapsburg emperor. Otto's family ruled for more than 600 years until Austria became a republic at the end of World War I and he was forced into exile. Outside Austria, Otto is regarded as one of the leading players in what people like to think of as an operetta state. Inside Austria, a full 25 percent of the people consider the fate of the Hapsburgs more important than association with the Common Mar-

ket. This past summer, when Otto decided to come out of Bavarian seclusion for a whistle-stop tour of Austria, the general secretary of the ruling conservative People's Party felt obliged to comment: "The republic is not up for discussion. Austria is a republic and wants to remain a republic."

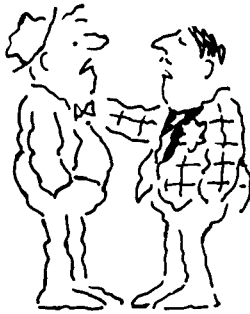
Borderline war

Not less ridiculous in appearance to the outside world, but far more worrisome to Austrians, is the tragic and complex problem of South Tyrol, known to the Italians as Alto-Adige. All summer long, the Italian-Austrian border was beset by incidents, with carabinieri shooting at Austrian customs control agents and South Tyrolean provocateurs attempting to dynamite trains and Italian border stations.

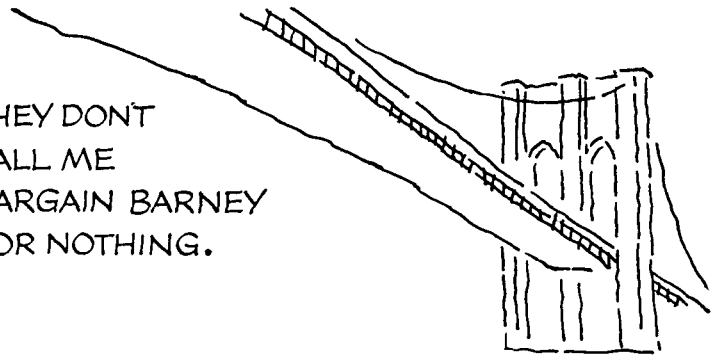
South Tyrol was transferred to Italy by the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye in 1919 as its reward for having entered the war on the Allied side. The German-speaking Austrians, who outnumbered the Italians by 250,000 to 7000, bitterly protested this absorption into Italy and the transformation of their province into the Italian province of Bolzano. Soon all the administration became Italian, German was no longer taught in schools, and the German language was played down to the point of being obliterated from tombstones. After World War II, Austria and Italy agreed to set up an autonomous area in which the Germans would have full rights and would enjoy free passage to Austrian North Tyrol. However, the Italians circumvented the agreements in 1948, and by an act of gerrymandering, were able to turn the German majority into a minority in the much enlarged province of Trento. Ever since, there have been acts of terrorism in South Tyrol.

Under the Austrian State Treaty, Austria is neutral and cannot join any bloc or military alliance, but this does not prevent it from having self-defense forces, and these were patrolling the Italian border. As SAAB-105 jet trainers were flying overhead, Austrian Jaegerbattalions were manning the Alpine outposts. Meanwhile, protests, verbal notes, and memoranda were constantly passing between Rome and Vienna. Northern Italy in July seemed like a staging area for a major military operation, and re-

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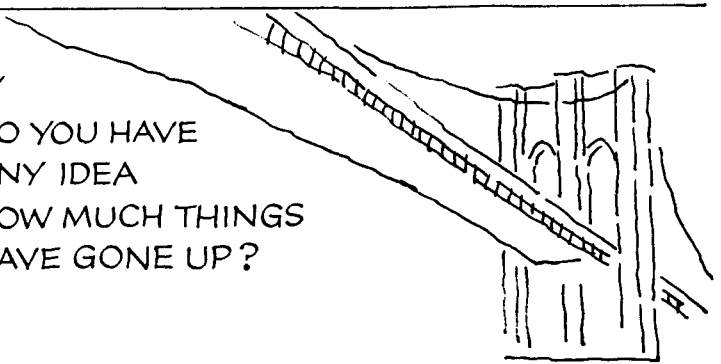
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TIMES SQUARE
AND I'LL
THINK ABOUT IT.



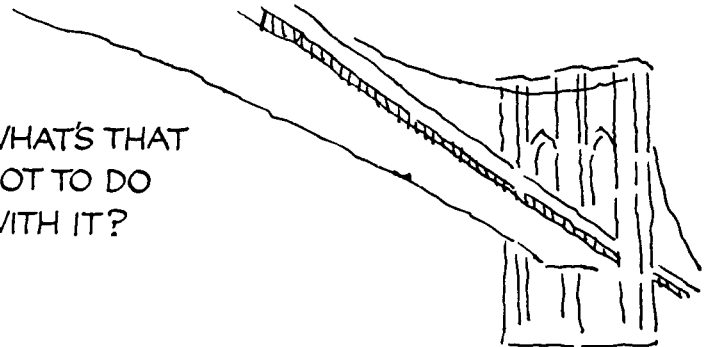
DO YOU HAVE
ANY IDEA
HOW MUCH THINGS
HAVE GONE UP?



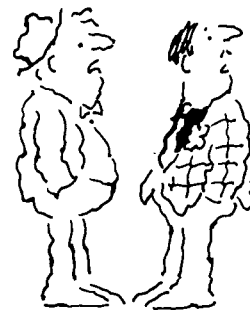
YUP. COST OF
LIVING'S GONE UP
MORE THAN 16% IN
THE LAST 9 YEARS.
BUT THAT THERE
BRIDGE IS STEEL.



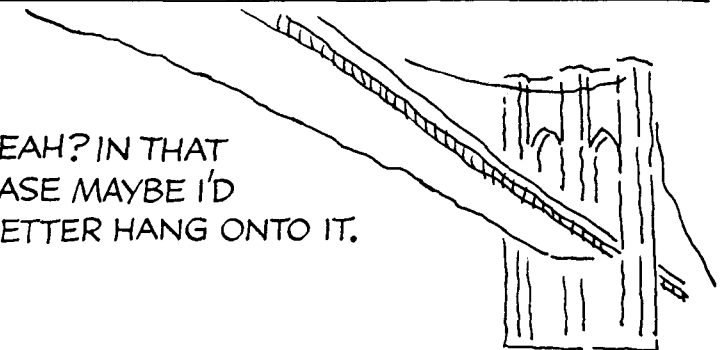
WHAT'S THAT
GOT TO DO
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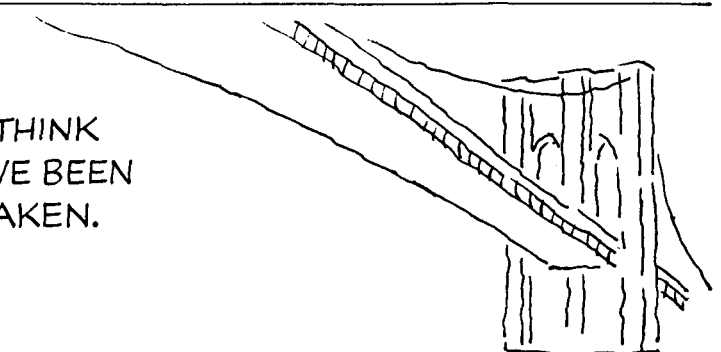
YEAH? IN THAT
CASE MAYBE I'D
BETTER HANG ONTO IT.



DO THAT.



I THINK
I'VE BEEN
TAKEN.



USS United States Steel

Austria

lations between the two countries seemed at the breaking point. Now, with the deep winter snows on the mountains, the issue has been transferred to the United Nations for another round.

"We are not with it"

To an American living in Vienna, however, these teapot tempests only develop the impression that time has altered very little: life seems bound by formalities dating back centuries; the stuffy balls, the conservative opera, the ritual of social rounds almost seem like the workings of a time machine. For Americans this atmosphere exudes charm and color, but for young Viennese with imagination or new ideas it is stifling. Every year an increasingly large number of talented young

architects, engineers, writers, doctors, moviemakers, painters, and even composers leave Austria. They go to Germany, to France, England, or the United States where there is a greater acceptance of the unconventional.

This is not really so much a matter of earning a living as it is of finding a creative environment. There are a few young rebels, like the cartoonist Erich Sokol, who have made their peace with Austria by trying to combine the best of both worlds. Sokol earns his bread through illustrations for *Playboy*, and satisfies his conscience through brilliant political cartoons for a socialist newspaper in Vienna. He likes the pleasant, easygoing way of Viennese life. "I cannot see myself living anywhere else than in this slow Balkan capital," says Sokol in a gently self-mocking tone. "The pressure of life in Chicago would kill me."

The Austrian state provides sculptor Rolan Goeschel, thirty-five, with a magnificent studio for life but restricts his international recognition. Goeschel, a serious and Germanically intense artist, creates large wood laminations which he paints in primary red, yellow, and blue stripes. A sample of his recent work is now exhibited in Vienna's Museum of the Twentieth Century. However, the conservative Austrian jury was unwilling this year to send his work to the Venice Biennale. For, while there is a lip-service feeling among Austrian cultural experts and selection committees that Austria must be in the avant-garde, there is a more dominant tendency to reject everything that does not fit the accepted mold. Figurative painter Georg Eisler, thirty-eight, one of the most talented representatives of his generation, finds that he must sell his paintings in Munich, Amsterdam, Zurich, and London. What sells in Vienna is the surrealist school, which finds acceptability in enlarging upon the dreams of Hieronymus Bosch.

Sokol, Goeschel, and Eisler all feel slightly isolated from Western "decadence," but they like it this way. LSD is almost unknown in Vienna. There are no hippies or flower children to be seen in the streets. Pocket-book pornography is unheard of. Homosexuality is banned by law. Whereas an Allen Ginsberg passing through Prague causes a riot, in Vienna he would not even

create a ripple. "It's not that we're blasé," says Sokol, "it's just that we are not with it."

"The English disease"

Despite this treadmill of arrested development in the area of culture, Austria's current economic development, while not dynamic, has not been stagnant either. The gross national product has doubled in the past decade, there has been a comparable increase in the standard of living, and in this country of just 7 million people there are close to a million cars on the streets. However, because of the mounting gap between imports and exports, there is talk of the "English disease": the deficit this year in the balance of payments may reach \$300 million. There has been a sharp drop in capital expenditure for industry, and there is no growth in industrial production.

Austria's economy needs a heavy infusion of capital to develop an industrial sector which is far too heavily concentrated in basic materials such as iron, steel, wood, and aluminum, all of which have suffered from severe price competition and declining markets in the past few years.

However, the Austrians are not eager for West German capital. German business already controls an inordinately large share of Austria's economic activity, and almost half of Austria's imports come from West Germany. Austrian memories of the thirties are still too raw to permit any extension of German influence which would endanger national sovereignty, claims the foreign editor of Vienna's daily, *Kurier*, Dr. Hugo Portisch. And Common Market capital is almost unobtainable. Even associate membership has been secretly vetoed by France, and the Italians are in no rush to help as long as the South Tyrol question remains unsolved.

One of the difficulties facing both political parties in Austria today, and in particular the ruling conservatives, is the fact that 20 percent of the gross national product is going for social insurance. Austrian employees receive a generous children's allowance, housing allowances, and a month bonus at Christmas in addition to a month of paid vacation. This paternalism is so infectious that everyone expects ever increasing bonuses. However, the real bite



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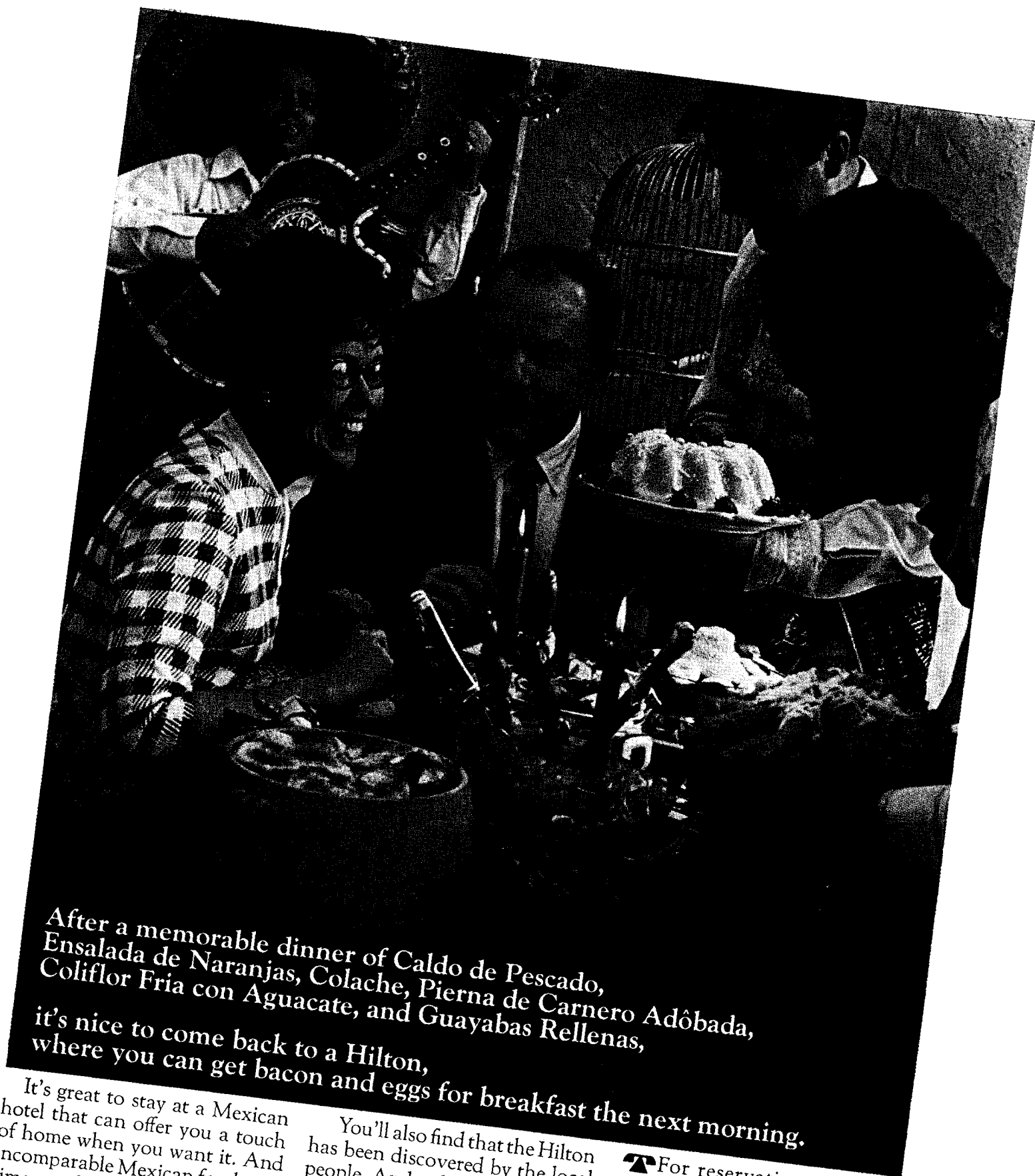
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Austria

comes from the 700,000 people who are receiving pension checks this year. Austrian workers are content to receive slightly less in salary if they can guarantee their prospects of an early retirement in a little suburban house. *Gemütlichkeit* in the Grinzing pubs, beer-drinking, long vacations on the Black Sea, and the easygoing trade-union way of life ultimately are incompatible with rising expectations — especially in a country whose total work force is only 3.4 million people.

Kaffeeklatsch

In 1966 the conservative People's Party won a clear parliamentary majority for the first time since 1945, and the twenty-year-old Red and Black coalition formed of the Socialists and the People's Party came to an end. Austrians have had the opportunity to see that one-party rule changes very little. The budget deficit is in a greater tangle than ever. Chancellor Joseph Klaus, with his big-dimpled chin, gives the comforting impression of being a capable high-school principal, and there is plenty of *Kaffeeklatsch* about his Cabinet: a peculiar mix of youthful technocracy and old parochial ward-bossism.

What is certain today is that the radicalism is going out of both parties. The ruling conservatives find that they can live quite nicely with nationalized industry; the socialist opposition under Bruno Kreisky has gradually been disassociating itself from Austro-Marxism. As for the very small Communist Party, it has been slipping in strength in every election since 1953, and because of its own internal strife and confusion, is even losing its gadfly role.

Because Austria's immediate past has not exactly been filled with glory, there is a tendency among Austrians to look nostalgically backward to the era of Johann Strauss waltzes. This refusal to examine their own consciences ("It would be too painful," says Josef Wechsberg) or to study the immediate past goes a long way to explain the limbo into which Austrians have placed Dr. Sigmund Freud today. Although an international psychoanalytic association placed a commemorative plaque on the middle-class apartment build-

ing on Bergasse in which Freud lived and worked for some three decades, there is hardly any other remembrance to be found in Vienna: there is no Freud Street, no Freud Place, no Freud statue. Austrians quite openly wonder why such a fuss is made over him. It's not only that he was a Jew, but also that the ignorant masses still regard his success as that of a dirty old man. Far more attention is given today to graphology than to psychoanalysis in Vienna. Significantly, few Viennese artists or intellectuals consider themselves sufficiently disturbed to undergo analysis — even when they can afford it. Viennese don't attempt to live with their problems; they try to suppress them in the beer gardens of Grinzing.

Nazi hangover

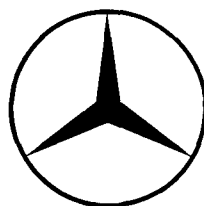
Americans have the general impression that Austria has a lot of fascists and anti-Semites. They are right: Austria may value its independence from Germany, but it too suffers from the Nazi hangover. Foreign minister Juju Toncic-Sorinj makes occasional vacuous declarations to pacify protests from abroad,

but despite the fact that there are fewer than 12,000 Jews in Austria today, everyone is aware that anti-Semitism exists here. Simon Wiesenthal, the famed Eichmann tracker, says that all too many top members of both parties have guilty consciences about the past. "Both parties are chloroformed by the Nazis," he claims from his Vienna office, and backs up his accusation with the statement that a full third of the Austrian judiciary was appointed by Nazis or has Nazi affiliations. Naturally, such judges are reluctant to sentence war criminals; they are even more reluctant to bring them to trial.

While the Nazis and the Nazi past are not subjects which one would ever hear discussed in coffee shops, neither are they basic political issues in Austria. However, the "neo-fascists are definitely on the rise," says Ernst Winter, head of Vienna's prestigious Diplomatic Academy. The reason is that at the end of World War II there were about 550,000 registered Nazis in Austria (actually, a higher percentage than existed in Germany) and far less than one percent of these were ever

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Austria

punished. For two decades, these Nazis kept quiet, but now they are beginning to flex their muscles. There are right-wing professors, for example, whose loyalty is still spiritually tied to the Third Reich and who lecture their students about the despised Jews, the Bolsheviks, and the "unproductive races."

Youth on the right

Most Austrian youth groups, led by teachers who more often than not were exemplary Hitler Jugend, are exceptionally right-wing. In other Western countries, most of the youth are inclined toward socialism; in Austria, they are fiercely conservative.

Although Viennese youths may feel that American bombing in Vietnam is barbaric, less than 10 percent would go so far as to express such disapproval by joining an anti-Vietnam parade. These students view Americans as excessively wealthy, uncultured, and violent, but they are also blindly anti-Communist. Few of them really have any understanding or knowledge of the past few decades, and they share the view of their West German cousins that the real enemy in World War II was not the West but the East.

The Ring Freiheitlicher Studenten (RFS) is the type of student organization which exercises great appeal, but together with most camping and athletic groups, veterans organizations, and hunting clubs, it is dominated by neo-Nazis. The Austrian Turnerbund, for example, is a union of gymnastic societies whose 50,000 members are less concerned with physical exercise than with spreading pan-German venom. Such groups infect a public opinion which is traditionally narrow-minded and prone to nationalist

diseases. The Anschluss may be dead, but the psychic denazification of Austria has yet to come. This can readily be seen by reading the Austrian press.

The most informative paper in Austria today, *Die Presse*, has made it a policy consistently to underplay Austrian war crimes trials. Its editorial staff, like so many Austrian bodies, is politically compromised by the past. About the only enterprising and oppositional publications in Austria today are Gunther Nennig's *Neues Forum* (the Austrian equivalent of *Encounter*, it disassociated itself from the Congress for Cultural Freedom a few years ago) and *Die Woche* (*This Week*), a small circulation weekly which appeals primarily to the Viennese intelligentsia. The rest of the Austrian press is far too dependent for its foreign coverage on German correspondents and German press agencies. The mediocrity is so prevalent, in fact, that even the Communists are unable to publish a truly provocative sheet.

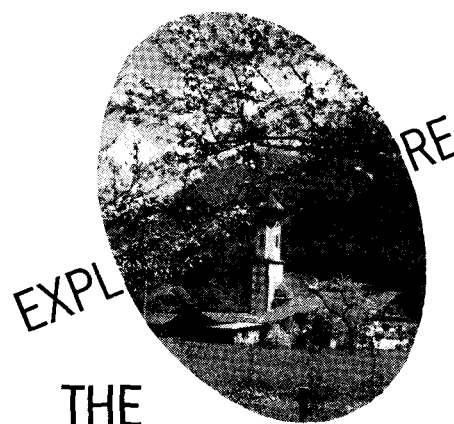
Neutral on paper

When the waltz with fascism will end, no one knows, but only foreigners seem to take it seriously. The Austrians themselves are more concerned about their role in Europe. As a former center of an empire at the crossroads of the continent, Austrians have tried their best to play a mediating role between East and West. But over the last few years they have been bypassed in their efforts, says Dr. Wolfgang Kraus, president of the Austrian Society for Literature. Kraus is disturbed that Poles, Rumanians, Bulgarians, and Hungarians are no longer coming to Vienna to meet Western European intellectuals and businessmen; they go instead to Paris, Frankfurt, and London. Partly this is because Austria is neutral on paper, but not in spirit. Foreign Minister Toncic, like his predecessor Kreisky, stresses that Austria is most definitely committed to the political ideas of the West. Indeed, until such a time as the Iron Curtain dissolves and there is some political regrouping of the socialist states along the Danube, it is hard to see how Austria can be anything but what it is right now, a pleasant, easygoing byway with a generous *Schlag* topping.

— F. Yorick Blumenfeld

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Elizabeth B. Drew is the ATLANTIC's Washington-based editor. F. Yorick Blumenfeld has been NEWSWEEK's Vienna correspondent; he now writes for NEWSWEEK in New York. Mary Ellen Leary is a long-time California political reporter. Joseph Lelyveld covers India for the New York TIMES.



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letters

The brain drain

SIR: Senator Walter F. Mondale's article, "The Cost of the Brain Drain" (December *Atlantic*), covered the seriousness of the brain drain very well. However, the problem in the Philippines is not a dearth of professionally qualified people, but a lack of money to provide hospitals (which are needed to employ the large number of Filipino medical professionals now overseas) and technological equipment for them.

Economically, the migration of professionals to the United States is very lucrative. Filipino doctors in the United States generally send a generous portion of their salaries to their families. Since the rate of exchange in the Philippines is four-to-one, \$100 automatically becomes 400 pesos — two times the average Filipino teacher's monthly salary. And there seems to be no shortage of doctors in the Philippines; the Philippines sends doctors not only to the United States but also to Vietnam, through organizations such as Operation Brotherhood.

MIDGE MCGUIGAN
Washington, D.C.

SIR: Senator Mondale has certainly struck on a relevant and unarguable fact. However, I would like to stress that he is working with a symptom, not a cause. Therefore, the idea that the brain drain per se has most significant consequences to the countries mentioned must be questioned.

Senator Mondale assumes that every physician or nurse who leaves South Korea will lower that country's health services and health standards. This, however, is not true; Korea has more physicians than it can handle. Since there are only about 10 to 20 percent of the population who believe in or can afford a facsimile of modern Western

medical treatment, it is around this group that graduates from *eight* medical schools compete. Eighty-five to 90 percent of college graduates in South Korea cannot find in-country work in their field of training.

Likewise, the Korean physicians will (and have in the past) refuse to see patients for no fee or refuse to spend any significant time with people who cannot afford medical treatment. The government also cannot afford the enormous sums of money (even if it were willing) to underwrite such an effort.

MELVIN VIGMAN, M.D.
Philadelphia, Penn.

Atlantic fiction, pro and con

SIR: Your story by John Barth ("Lost in the Funhouse," November *Atlantic*) goes a long way toward persuading me to discontinue my subscription to the *Atlantic*. The English is horrible! The story is vapid. The narration is stuffed with such unnecessary nonsense as "A single straight underline is the manuscript mark for italic type." Who cares! Indeed, I would like to know on what basis it was acceptable to your editors. I cannot discover any redeeming feature.

HARRY W. ALLEN
Moorestown, N. J.

SIR: I think John Barth's story is an excellent piece of literature. It induced me to pick up *Giles Goat-Boy*, which I had previously disdained.

KATHERINE SIEG
Vancouver, Wash.

SIR: For many years I have been a subscriber to the *Atlantic* because I found it a magazine in which I could read the writings of many of the great scholars and thinkers of America.

The December issue has shocked me greatly; the *Atlantic* has sunk into moral degradation in the publication of the pornographic writing of Grace Paley in the so-called story "Distance."

CATHERINE C. PATTERSON
Sacramento, Calif.

SIR: Just a note to tell you I thought the December *Atlantic* unusually good, particularly Grace Paley's "Distance," a whole novel in a few pages.

EDITH H. SMITH
Camberland Mills, Me.

Notes from the underground

SIR: I read with much interest Robert Debs Heinl's "Haiti — Next Mess in the Caribbean?" (November *Atlantic*). I have yet to read an article more to the point.

We of the Haitian Coalition want to go on record as being opposed to unilateral or multilateral military intervention to "save Haiti" from chaos. If Haiti needs "saving" it's now and not when the oppressor falls. Cognizant of the unpopularity of intervention, the Haitian Coalition has concentrated its effort in the organization of an apparatus inside Haiti with a counterpart abroad, comprised of officers and enlisted men to keep order when Duvalier topples.

RAYMOND ALCIDE JOSEPH
Secretary General, Haitian Coalition
New York City

SIR: As an "inner-city" minister attempting — with desperation, at times — to relate the Christian faith to the struggles of a black and Spanish ghetto in Brooklyn, I found much of value in William C. Martin's sober and penetrating analysis of clergy and conflict in Rochester ("Shepherds vs. Flocks: Ministers and Negro Militancy," December *Atlantic*).

But Mr. Martin errs, I think, in his illusion that objectivity is either possible or desirable for the ministers actually involved in such complex and emotionally incendiary situations. This is not to say that the vast areas of gray in our contemporary urban culture may be mystically transubstantiated into good or evil at the hands of clergymen or social activists. But the "liberal" critics of Saul Alinsky, Minister Florence, and the clergymen of Rochester, while recoiling in righteous horror from the "vulgarity" of it all, have neglected to tell us just how *they* would attempt to solve the problems of the black urban poor.

I find it difficult to empathize with the narcissistic posturing, the "search for Christian self-identity," of many of my young, seminary-trained colleagues. Many such liberal clergymen, hungering for values that have eluded them, view the black poor with a mixture of fear, hatred, and envy. They miss completely the terrible, awesome spiritual despair and desperation of the man in the ghetto. After being

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With one important exception, the polyester fiber of commerce is poly(ethylene terephthalate),

to wit, $\left(\text{O}-\text{C}(=\text{O})-\text{C}_6\text{H}_4-\text{C}(=\text{O})-\text{O}-\text{CH}_2-\text{CH}_2 \right)_n$.

We make one that is $\left(\text{O}-\text{C}(=\text{O})-\text{C}_6\text{H}_4-\text{C}(=\text{O})-\text{O}-\text{CH} \begin{array}{l} \text{CH}_2-\text{CH}_2 \\ \text{CH}_2-\text{CH}_2 \end{array} \text{CH} \right)_n$.

One would expect much different properties, and one would be right.

That extra ring of CH_2 groups drops the density of the polymer from 1.38 to 1.22. This means you buy less dead weight and more carpeting power with your money.

Specific gravity of the polymer accounts for but part of the difference. Melting point rises from 250 to 290 C. Elongation at break drops from 45-35% to 34-24%. The stress-strain characteristic curve changes. Strength in grams/denier drops from 5.5-4.5 to 2.5-3.0. (For monofilament fishline we wouldn't brag about the strength change, but for carpets it helps.) In concert the changes lead to fiber that remains through processing more like microscopic bundles of springs than rods. On the floor the advantage is quickly perceptible to the bare foot. Yet the added softness fails to prevent the fiber from springing back faster from shoe traffic and the pressure of an occupied chair.

For fire resistance, nonallergenicity, and easy cleaning and stain removal, poly(ethylene terephthalate) is probably just as good a fiber.

Be kind. Let the carpeting salesman make his pitch for KODEL II Fiber even if he knows less about it than you now know. At least he can show you colors and textures and talk price.

Fresh air in the vault

Industry keeps trying to charm science graduates out of the campus laboratories into its own laboratories. A widespread willingness to be charmed exists. (Not everybody with scientific talent and preparation feels personally cut out for teaching.) Many yield to the blandishment and soon discover how much more they know than the more influential of their new colleagues, and how much less. The discovery can bring a little distress to both sides.

Management has the problem of how to keep a high-powered young newcomer interested and useful during the critical time that her* usefulness is bounded by ignorance of what has been accomplished in the lab over the years before she came.

We see a way to play this off against another common management problem, namely, needless repetition of work already done and paid for, simply because the results are too

*"It shall be . . . unlawful . . . to refuse to hire . . . limit, segregate, or classify . . . any individual or otherwise to discriminate against any individual . . . because of race, color, religion, sex, or national origin." —Public Law 88-352, Sec. 703a. This cannot alter the observation that in our society the smart female is more at ease in some work than the smart male.

hard to dig out of the vault where the old notebooks have been crammed to save on floor space. She could be tried at the responsibility for getting the notebooks organized on microfilm. That we make the Recordak microfilming and retrieval equipment with which this can be done is the reason the suggestion appears here, but even good hardware is only hardware.

To look at each piece of past work and quickly but perceptively select for it a set of, say, four descriptor terms provides plenty of challenge for any possessor of a campus-fresh, up-to-date orientation. Also a chance to learn things the faculty couldn't have taught.

If asked in an employment interview what one thinks one could do for a start, it might stimulate conversation to recall this. If the boss reads this first and wants to look into it further with or without a newcomer, he can inquire about organizing a microfilming system from Eastman Kodak Company, Business Systems Division, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.

Aerial reconnaissance for peaceful purposes

Many men in military service have had to learn a great deal about aerial reconnaissance photography and how to deduce often amazing facts from what looks to the untrained eye like scanty evidence but in fact plainly tells plenty. Then they return to civilian life and happily forget all about photo-interpretation.

A few don't forget, and proceed to develop their skill into a business. Their industry, manned also by some who entered it through an academic route instead of a military one, doesn't advertise much. It may not be as well known as it should be to citizens who could make good use of its services. Good customers of ours, we'd like to see them prosper.

Business reasons aside for wishing them well, their low- and high-flying aerial photographic missions are nowadays often a little-noticed first move toward correction of unwise ways to deal with our mutual environment, including the air, the watercourses, the land, and the creatures that inhabit them. The work of assembling solid facts on which to act is aided by certain technical accomplishments of ours in manufacturing a weird film that allows the photo-interpreter to use his color vision in the infrared, instead of the way the human eye normally sees color.



Aerial survey companies come in all sizes. Many kinds of arrangements can be considered, ranging from full-scale studies summarized in engineering recommendations to an order for a single good photograph, taken when the wind and sun are right and interpreted by the client.

To help bring the right clients and companies together is our intent here. Address Eastman Kodak Company, Department 926, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.

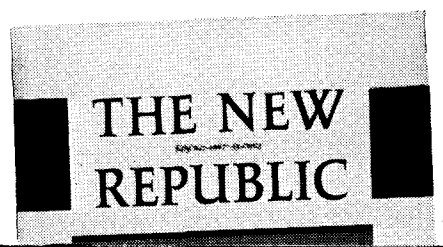
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crushed in spirit, dehumanized, used as draft animal and scapegoat, is the black man to be exploited again by guilt-ridden, insecure ministers?

DON HAYMES
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Advice and consent

SIR: Thanks are surely due Emily Vermeule ("The Promise of Thera: A Bronze Age Pompeii," December *Atlantic*) for having brought order into the fascinating but extremely complicated story of the excavations in Thera. Also, Dr. Marinatos' friends will be grateful that the record has been set straight about his pre-eminence in the operation.

During a single week in August, 1967, I confronted no less than three different *new* claims to having located the Lost Atlantis of Plato. I dare to hope that Mrs. Vermeule will agree with the sentiment I was moved to express in the following doggerel:

*Atlantis — lost, or never built,
Consumed by fire, or sunk in silt,
Appears again upon the stage
Of this renowned Atomic Age.*

*But where? Remote Aegean isle?
Or Carthage? (So says Gilbert Ryle.)
A German claims a northern strand,
And stoutly plumps for Helgoland.*

*Brave city, why do you return
By methods new again to burn?
Better enjoy your sweet repose,
Wrapped in the praise of Plato's prose.*

JEAN M. DEMOS
Kifissia, Greece

SIR: On an island that has only two industries, how could James Egan have missed one ("St. Vincent and Bequia," December *Atlantic*)?

When he walked along the beach (and there's no place else to walk) on Bequia, from the Sunny Caribbee to the jetty, Egan could barely have escaped falling into "The Crab Hole." The owner of The Crab Hole is Miss Linda Lewis, a 1959 graduate of Wells College.

Linda employs thirty island creators of "Khu Khu" hangers, spice and cabbage palm baskets, "gru gru" boxes, lobster cushions, and African-cotton shifts, skirts, and shirts. To these people she has given training and pride in craftsmanship. And a living.

VELMA VANBUSKIRK
Aurora, N. Y.

The health syndicate

SIR: In fairness to your readers, I feel obliged to point out a few of the inaccuracies in Elizabeth Brenner Drew's article "The Health Syndicate: Washington's Noble Conspirators" in the December *Atlantic*.

1. Out of the lengthy Wooldridge Committee Report, highly praiseworthy of our federal medical research endeavors, Mrs. Drew singles out a section critical of the National Cancer Institute's search for more effective drugs against various kinds of cancer. She says that those interested in the virus causation of cancer receive little support and yet "the study of viruses might produce the most important knowledge yet about cancer."

This just isn't true. Work on viruses and cancer has been going on for more than sixty years. Furthermore, the Congress has supported every cent of money for accelerated virus work requested by the National Cancer Institute. In fact, in 1964 it voted a special allocation of \$25 million over a two-year period to speed the virus-cancer work. This is certainly not neglect.

2. Mrs. Drew writes that I claim Mrs. Lasker "made" Representative John Fogarty and "taught him everything he knew." I did say that in the first several years when John Fogarty came over to the HEW subcommittee from the House Naval Affairs Committee, Mrs. Lasker taught him everything *she* knew about health on the federal scene. No one taught John Fogarty his magnificent parliamentary skills, his sense of timing, his great dedication, and so forth.

3. There are eight institutes on the Bethesda campus of the National Institutes of Health — not eleven.

4. Mrs. Albert Lasker is described as having "immobilized Secretaries of Health, Education, and Welfare." This is a ridiculous accusation, and not one scintilla of evidence is offered to substantiate it.

5. Albert Lasker's fortune was estimated in your article at \$80 million. At the time of his death in 1952, his will was probated and its contents revealed in the public press. The actual figure was about 15 percent of the estimate used in the article. Incidentally, the author could have checked any of these points with Mrs. Lasker or me. The fact that she didn't is indicative of the "thoroughness" of her research.

6. Dr. Howard Rusk is credited with the genesis of the President's Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation during the Truman period. The idea for the commission originated in the minds of several key White House staffers who felt that the establishment of a non-partisan commission would keep most of the invective about the pros and cons of national health insurance out of the 1952 campaign. Dr. Rusk was instrumental in recruiting the chairman of the commission, Dr. Paul Magnuson, a distinguished surgeon and card-carrying Illinois Republican.

7. Mrs. Drew makes the strange point, in criticizing the legislation setting up regional medical centers in the fields of heart disease, cancer, and stroke, that most treatments against these diseases are ameliorative — not curative — and can only postpone death. Practically every doctor in this country would agree that the postponement of death is one of his most important tasks.

8. The article refers to a request by distinguished cardiologists for funds to test a drug, Atromid, which has shown promise in Europe and elsewhere in preventing first attacks of heart disease. Mrs. Drew puts a hundred-million-dollar figure on the Atromid field trials. The *outside* figure used by the witnesses in official testimony before the Senate Appropriations Committee was \$48.6 million.

9. Mrs. Lasker and her co-workers are accused, by implication, of being indifferent to the infant mortality rate in the United States. As long ago as 1950, Mrs. Lasker was pushing the concept of a Child Health Institute. Upon the recommendation of President Kennedy, it finally came into being in 1962.

Throughout the article, Mrs. Drew implies that Mrs. Lasker and I are monomaniacs — interested only in additional monies for the support of medical research.

A. Since the mid 1940s, we have been deeply concerned with the shortage of doctors and other key medical personnel in this country. In the face of continued opposition from the American Medical Association, Mrs. Lasker set up an informal committee of medical school deans to develop legislation to expand the output of doctors in this country.

B. Over the past twenty years I have concentrated my major energies

Watch a *Schwingen* match. It's like wrestling but more polite.

Not to be confused with *Fahnen-schwingen*, where they schwing flags around instead of people. More fun to see than you think.

Go *skijoring*. First you put on skis, then you tie yourself to a horse, then you go *skijoring*. A rare spectator sport.

Experience a fondue. Dunking into this exquisite food will turn anybody you share it with into a close friend.

Pick an Edelweiss, a plain little colorless, odorless, yet glamorous flower. It only grows on top of mountains.



Then look down. Breathtaking sight. If you're lucky and in the right place at the right time you'll see the *Alpenglücken* when the mountain tops glow scarlet red from the Sun.

Go skiing in the summer so you can enjoy a winter sport and get a deep suntan down to the waist at the same time.

Take a train someplace. Like to a crossbow shooting contest or a music festival or an international horse show.

Buy a bus ticket on a *Postauto*. It's like a regular bus, except it goes 9,000 feet up a mountain on hairpin turns.

Soar high into the sky in a balloon. If you close your eyes you'll miss a lot down below.

Go for a walk. There's so much to see and do on one that walking's a national pastime.

Loll under a palm tree and watch the movie stars go by.

In fact, there's so much more to Switzerland than cheese and chocolate that we've suggested 12 different itineraries by rail, boat and bus just to try to show you some of it.

Our brochure "The Unique World of Switzerland" tells you all about these travel ideas. For a free copy, write Swiss National Tourist Office, Swiss Center, 608 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020; or 661 Market Street, San Francisco, California 94105.

Or see your travel agent.

What to do in Switzerland after you've bought the watch.

Switzerland. Take the time to enjoy it.

upon promoting the training of psychiatric personnel, pushing the rapid application of drugs to all mental patients who would benefit by them, and, most recently, working to establish a network of community mental health centers designed to make good psychiatric care available to all of our people.

10. After implying throughout the piece that we are oblivious to the importance of better delivery mechanisms for health services, Mrs. Drew concludes that the great gap in such delivery in America today is between the treatment received at a great medical university complex and the treatment received in small towns, rural areas, and ghettos. But this is the whole point of the regional medical program in the fields of heart disease, cancer, and stroke, which she accuses us of rushing through the Congress with unseemly speed. These centers will be located in university complexes, but they will fan out to provide the latest clinical research knowledge to practitioners in the smallest towns. We picked heart disease, cancer, and stroke because they are the three biggest killers; we hope that the regional centers will eventually move into other disease areas.

MIKE GORMAN
Executive Director
National Committee Against Mental Illness
Washington, D.C.

SIR: In her article on the health syndicate Mrs. Drew refers to Public Law 89-239 (The Regional Medical Programs Act) as "the federally sponsored system of special centers for the treatment of heart disease, cancer, and stroke which is now being established throughout the country." She does not correct this misstatement in her following several paragraphs about the history of this program, and thus damages an otherwise very interesting article.

It is true that the President's commission recommended the establishment of such centers, but the main emphasis of the final legislation was to reverse the flow of influence; that is, not from local communities to the center, but rather from the center to the local communities. Thus, the regional medical programs are deeply involved in efforts to strengthen local community efforts toward improved heart, cancer, stroke, and related disease care, rather than creating

"centers" of specialized competence in these diseases.

I feel it is important that you correct this misstatement, for in the operation of our program we are continually confronted with people who believe the purpose of the heart disease, cancer, and stroke program is as recommended in the President's commission report instead of as finally passed into law. Mrs. Drew's article thus will only tend to reinforce a misunderstanding which has tended to retard our progress in working with local community officials toward the improvement of their programs unless it is corrected.

TASKER K. ROBINETTE
Director Health Care Service
Washington/Alaska
Regional Medical Program
Seattle, Wash.

SIR: Mrs. Drew's article raises a point of vital importance to the future of medical research. She writes that "the prevention and postponement of death among the aged may not be the most important priority in medicine." This is certainly so. It is high time to realize that the most devastating disease from which everybody suffers sooner or later is not cancer or heart disease but aging.

Science, for the first time in human history, has reached the stage where the prevention of aging is no longer an impossible dream. It is a challenge to humanity a hundred times greater than the flight to the moon and the other planets on which we are going to spend a hundred billion dollars, just "because they are there to reach."

STEVEN LUNZER, M.D.
Durham, N. C.

SIR: Elizabeth Brenner Drew gives an inaccurate and misleading account of the legislation which resulted from the major recommendations of the 1964 President's Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer and Stroke.

During the congressional hearings on the proposed legislation it soon became apparent that the original concept — a network of federal diagnostic and treatment centers — would be impracticable. The costs would have been prohibitive, the centers would have been impossible to staff, and, most important, such a concept would have imposed an

entirely new federal system on the traditional American pattern of private medicine. This last consequence would have set off an explosion among practicing physicians which would have made their reaction to Medicare seem like a whimper by comparison. Mrs. Drew does great disservice to organized medicine and to our lawmakers in stating that these and other implications of the commission's report were not considered before initiating a program of implementation.

JULIAN M. MORRIS
Washington, D.C.

Mrs. Drew replies:

What Mr. Gorman appears to overlook is that the article is not a collection of my own opinions, but the result of extensive interviewing of experts of various opinions and of reading documents such as the Wooldridge Report, for which Mr. Gorman and I share a respect. Moreover, a number of the points he makes are based on what he feels are my implications rather than on what I said. I stand by the article as published.

I do wish to answer, however, some of his charges of "inaccuracies": The \$80 million estimate of Mr. Lasker's fortune was given to me by Mr. Gorman. There have been eleven major subdivisions of the NIH; technically, three of them do not have the word institute in their name, but all are commonly lumped under that title, as they were in an NIH appropriations chart with which Mr. Gorman supplied me. The cost estimate for the heart drug study offered by scientists at NIH — as opposed to the "citizen witnesses" — was over \$100 million.

The quibbles over the regional medical program in the above letters are not to the point. The overriding questions I was dealing with were these: (1) Given all of the insufficiencies in the health care of our population, especially the deficiencies in maternal and infant care, is the choice to single out for special care those who have heart disease, cancer, or strokes the one that the federal government should have made? (2) Was this choice made after a careful consideration of all of the other possibilities for improving medical care? The point is that, as I reported, the opinion of many experts is that the answer to both of these questions is no.

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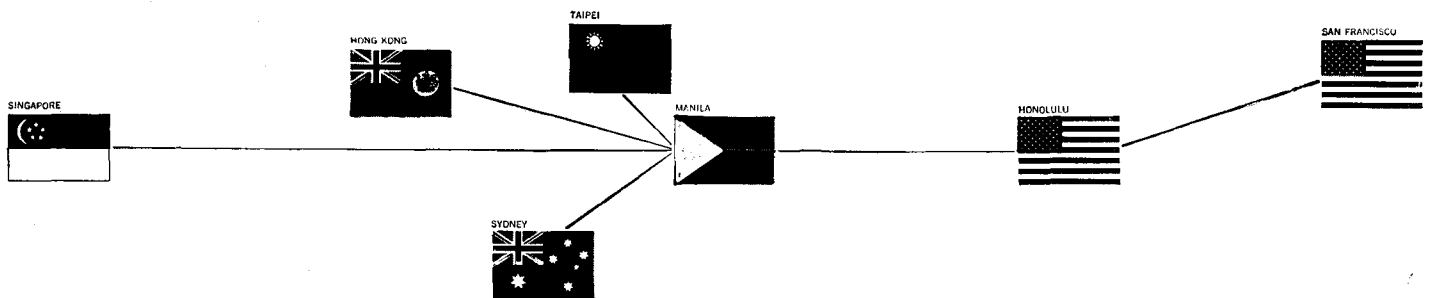
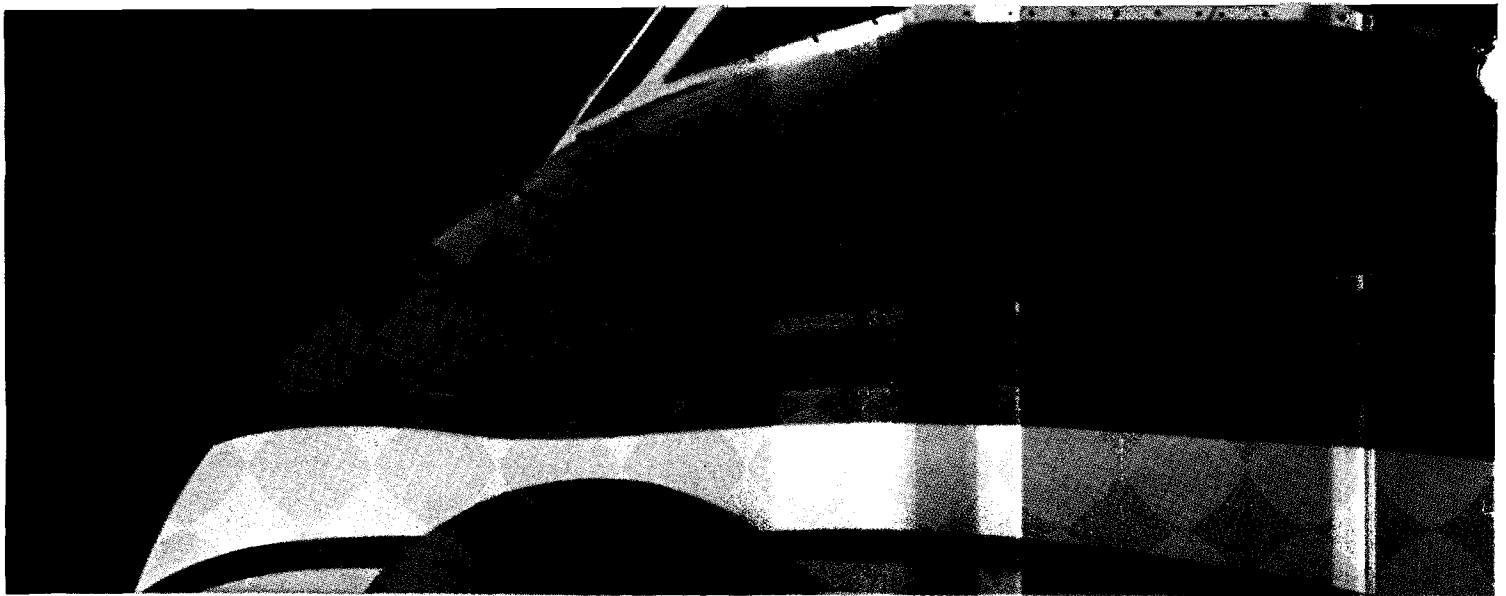


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PHILIPPINE AIR LINES

WHERE GRADUATE SCHOOLS FAIL

BY CHRISTOPHER JENCKS AND DAVID RIESMAN

Both as a center of scholarship and as a training ground for teachers, the American graduate school appalls its critics and disappoints even its strongest supporters. Its antique and inflexible Ph.D. requirements discourage many able students and warp the attitudes of those who survive them. Its narcissistic professionalism stifles creative and socially relevant scholarship it might produce. That is the disturbing thesis of two prominent educational theorists whose book THE ACADEMIC REVOLUTION will be published this spring by Doubleday. Mr. Jencks, a lecturer in education at Harvard, is on leave from the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington. Mr. Riesman is Henry Ford II Professor of Social Sciences at Harvard.

IT HAS become a truism to say that the university is one of the major shapers of American culture. The bulk of the American intelligentsia now depends on universities for a livelihood, and virtually every would-be member of the upper middle class thinks he needs some university's imprimatur, at least in the form of a B.A. and preferably in the form of a graduate professional degree as well. But while everyone now recognizes the central role of the university, not everyone is aware that within the American university the centers of influence are the graduate schools, especially those of arts and sciences.

The importance of the graduate schools is twofold. First, they have a virtual monopoly on permanent university appointments. Many people pass through the academic community in various roles, but almost nobody gets a permanent appointment or a voice in choosing other members of the community unless some academic department judges him competent to train graduate students. In addition, and perhaps even more important, almost nobody is allowed to become a teacher of American undergraduates, even at a nominally independent four-year college, unless he has been awarded a Ph.D. or at least an M.A. by a graduate department somewhere. Moreover, professors habitually try to remake the college where they teach in the image

of the graduate school that trained them. The typical liberal arts undergraduate major is therefore more and more a mini-Ph.D. program, whose adequacy is more or less consciously judged by the success of its alumni in the nation's leading graduate departments.

Considering how much criticism has been directed at this system of education, and considering how many of its problems can be traced to the graduate schools, one might expect them to be under continual attack. But this is not the case. Over the past decade a variety of government panels, task forces, and committees have met to discuss higher education. These meetings invariably begin from the premise that the graduate schools and the academic profession are in reasonably good shape, but that there are problems of quality control further down the academic line: in the undergraduate colleges, in the secondary schools, or wherever. The chief official concern about graduate education is quantitative, not qualitative: the supply of Ph.D.'s is less than the demand, it takes too long to get through, and so on.

There are several reasons for this complacency. First, whatever their present failings, the graduate schools are almost certainly better than they were in the past. They are also better than graduate schools in other countries; indeed, they are a mecca

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and a model for people all over the world. Perhaps most important, they are infinitely better off (though not necessarily more effective) than undergraduate colleges, secondary schools, or primary schools. They spend far more money per student than any lower-level institution. They pay higher faculty salaries, they give their faculty virtually complete freedom in deciding how to do their jobs, and the result is generally higher faculty morale than in most other schools. In a profession where talent and virtue are synonymous, they recruit and hold far more talented people than other educational institutions.

The fact that the graduate schools constitute a privileged elite, for which many are called and few are chosen, means that they must be judged by higher standards than other educational enterprises. How well is this elite doing its job?

There are two vantage points from which to answer this question. Either one views the graduate school as the center of American scholarship, research, and intellectual life, and judges its effect on this life; or one takes the graduate school as the training ground for American college teachers, and judges it in terms of their pedagogic competence. From either viewpoint the present state of graduate education leaves a good deal to be desired. Judging the alumni of American graduate schools as scholars, we would argue that they are impressive in their technical competence and their ability to do impersonal, objective, and quantitative work. These same men are not always equally impressive in areas where individual sensitivity is essential or where personal values determine the quality of their work. Judging the typical Ph.D. as a teacher — which about half of them are — we would argue that his professionalism as a scholar often alienates undergraduates, and that his lack of any specific training as a teacher or as a mentor of the young leads to unnecessarily poor performance in the classroom and to insensitivity in dealing with undergraduates.

THE growth of the graduate schools has been closely and causally related to the professionalization of the life of the mind. The more professionalized men become, the more they tend to work on questions which will “advance the discipline,” and the less they care about questions which might be of interest to politicians, intellectuals, businessmen, students, readers of the *Atlantic*, or laymen generally.

The main curb on professionalization of this kind is that laymen still have ultimate control over university budgets, and are much more willing to make money (especially federal money) available for work on problems of potential practical importance.

Yet lay pressure of this kind can hardly be said to have squeezed out “pure” research, directed at questions of interest only to academicians. On the contrary, such research flourishes as never before in history. Still, it is only when one turns from the nature of the questions men ask to the methods they use to answer them that the triumph of professionalism is beyond question. The Defense Department, for example, makes money selectively available to university scientists working in areas it deems important, and in this way has a considerable long-term effect on what gets investigated and what gets neglected. But it allows investigators almost complete freedom in deciding *how* to do their work, and this means that most men choose methods devised and respected by their colleagues.

An important effect of this professionalization has been the academicians’ attempt to transcend individual subjective experience and find “objective” truths which all members of a given discipline can accept. Graduate schools train students to judge the importance of a particular piece of work by its effect on mature professionals, not by its relevance to their own intellectual, personal, or political commitments. Some disciplines have enough collective wisdom to justify this abdication of individual judgment and public responsibility, but many do not. Very few disciplines in the social sciences or the humanities can claim an agenda which is reliably constructive or cumulative. The researcher who lets his colleagues shape his research interests is therefore in serious danger of devoting himself to problems of no consequence to anyone. Almost all the really distinguished social scientists and humanists of the past century have resisted such pressure and have worked on questions which they felt had genuine significance for their own personal lives, for laymen outside the university, or for both.

In the humanities, the tension between the objective and the subjective often takes the form of conflict between scholars and practitioners. Most English professors, for example, are quite defensive *vis-à-vis* writers and poets. They try to establish themselves as a different breed with different standards and objectives. Reading poetry and writing it are said to be totally different activities. But while reading poetry is not the same thing as writing it, and the same men will not reach the top in these two fields, the two activities *are* related to each other. A graduate training program for literary scholars ought to recognize this and get the prospective scholar to try his hand at the art which he will be criticizing. Many would not perform very well, but that is not the point. Nobody should get a Ph.D. in English who has not *tried* to write a sonnet.

The problems of connecting theory to practice

and professional objectivity to personal subjectivity are as central in the social sciences as in the humanities. Today a man can become a political scientist without ever having engaged in political activity of any sort. In principle, this is entirely reasonable, for there are shy and reclusive men whose imaginations can grasp and decipher events they dare not encounter face to face. But the problem is to widen and multiply the roads toward graduate certification instead of narrowing them, and to encourage students to go beyond their well-defined limitations. Very few of today's Ph.D. programs do this. In an earlier era, when graduate training was less well financed by fellowships and research assistantships, many would-be sociologists had to support themselves by sporadic school-teaching, social work, professional interviewing, and so on. Now they can move directly from college through graduate school, doing their thesis on someone else's data, and can avoid almost all contact with nonacademic people. Similarly, we know of no psychology department that requires its Ph.D. candidates to undergo self-analysis, Freudian or otherwise; on the contrary, many nonclinical psychologists, unable to distinguish between sentimentality and sensibility, regard an interest in people as a liability in a prospective psychologist (especially a woman). In anthropology, "field work" in an alien culture is still regarded as having educational value above and beyond the data collected, but few other disciplines have comparable requirements. This has remained true despite the increasing availability of secondhand data, and is a tribute to the anthropologists' awareness that socialization of apprentices depends on what they have done as well as what they have read.

The graduate schools are full of gifted students dying of boredom, primarily because they have not been able to link up the professional skills they are supposed to acquire with any genuine personal or social commitment. Yet any attempt in this direction quickly confronts the problem of requirements. If an English department *requires* Anglo-Saxon and merely *permits* the writing of poetry, or if the political science department *requires* a course in theory but merely *permits* active involvement in politics, students quickly get the message that Anglo-Saxon or political theory is part of their professional identity, while poetry or political activism is marginal. If, on the other hand, departments were to require poetry or political involvement, this would also pose problems.

The present system of teaching assistantships, for example, does not give the student the impression that his elders care whether he teaches well or badly, but at least it gives him time and a legitimate excuse for attempting to teach if he has an inner impulse to do so. Most other "activist" impulses do

not get even this limited reinforcement. A sociology student cannot get credit for union-organizing in the South or for selling textbooks to school systems, even though either of these activities would usually teach him more than a regular course. He can, it is true, write a paper about the people he has observed. But what he has actually *done* with these "outsiders" is of no interest to his department and gets him no closer to a teaching job; he is rewarded only for what he can verbalize, not for what he has become.

Each new requirement is a sieve, eliminating a few more promising people from academic life, people who could, once in the field, contribute to the diversity of its potential aims. The problem here is seldom that the people eliminated *cannot* meet the requirements, but that they *will not*. Many requirements threaten or irritate prospective students, some of whom decide a Ph.D. is just not worth it. There are brilliant students who choose one graduate department over another, or even one field of study over another, because it requires no German, for example. This is not because they have serious language blocks — though a few do. But many students, even at twenty-two, are skittish about learning anything really new. They have to be led to this by indirection. If the requirement strikes them as irrelevant and silly, their anxiety can be turned into righteous anger, and their laziness into a virtue. The same thing can happen with other requirements, such as "field experience" of various kinds.

Under these circumstances it is tempting to urge that all requirements be abolished. Yet we fear this would encourage students to play only from strength. What is needed is a system sufficiently structured so that students must try to learn new things and master new skills, but sufficiently flexible so that those with real blocks know they can get through if they have other valuable skills.

In all of this the graduate schools ought to be trying to put their students in closer touch with themselves, to develop individual sensibility, and to help them find work relevant to their personal experience as well as to the preoccupations of their profession. But few graduate schools are even trying to move in this direction. Most still think their primary problem is to ensure professionalism and train men to do replicable research.

THE graduate schools are not only hostile to non-academic modes of learning; they are also too rigid in their grouping of academic skills and expertise. American scholarship has been noteworthy for its ability to cut across disciplinary boundaries and bring together men with different sorts of knowledge

to work on a single problem. But the graduate schools have been conspicuously slow to follow this lead and allow students to look at problems rather than disciplines. A discipline is nothing more than an administrative category. The various subdisciplines within biology or history or psychology, for example, have only the most limited intellectual relationship to one another, and the same is true in every other field. They are grouped together mainly because the men working in them went through the same sort of graduate programs and have some residual feeling of common identity. Many research projects regroup subdisciplines in ways that cut across departmental lines, and many individual researchers become expert in subjects nominally outside their discipline. New journals are founded every day to fill the interstices between disciplines and encourage cross-disciplinary contact and fertilization. But the instructional program remains almost untouched. Faculty who want to teach subjects outside their department's traditional boundaries often find this difficult, and graduate students who want to pursue a pattern of studies that does not fall under conventional departmental definitions are likely to run into trouble.

The issue here is not specialization versus generalization, but whether one way of aggregating specialized skills is better than another. Historians, for example, all know some historiography and a little philosophy, something about medieval Europe and something about pre-industrial America, a bit of French and a bit of German. This may not be a bad combination. But would it not be better if there were also men who, for instance, combined knowledge of pre-industrial American history with knowledge of demography or economic development or comparative government?

We need all sorts of combinations, and we get relatively few of them. Still, a large academic community needs some sort of formal subgroupings around which individuals can cluster. The departments fill this need; that is the source of their power. If they were abolished, something would have to be put in their place. Interdepartmental committees or groupings, such as the Committee on Human Development at Chicago, or the Department of Social Relations at Harvard, or a number of area studies programs, have the temporary advantage of starting off less hallowed by tradition and more subject to criticism and *ad hoc* modifications. But over the long haul there is no reason to think these new combinations have any significant advantage over the old ones; all are somewhat arbitrary, and all tend eventually to become houses of worship and power as well as work. Abolishing old departments and establishing new ones should, therefore, be a continuing process, like Jefferson's revolution, every twenty years.

Whatever the character of the departments, however, there is a good deal to be said for curtailing their present powers and distributing them to smaller groups. The real unit of intellectual work is the subdiscipline, which usually has only one or two representatives on a small campus and seldom more than half a dozen even on a big one. These subdisciplines are evanescent, arising and disappearing over the lifetime of a single faculty generation. They fertilize one another in unpredictable ways, and the curriculum should be sufficiently flexible to accommodate such promiscuity. The most obvious way to do this is through *ad hoc* faculty committees, which set requirements for a particular student's graduate work that are adapted to his special interests. Each student would be free to seek out faculty members with interests he judges relevant to his own, and if they approved his program, he would be free to pursue it.

Yet, just as a family can be more oppressive than a college, a relatively small *ad hoc* doctoral committee can sometimes be more oppressive than a larger and more impersonal department. In a department, every faculty member asks for limited fealty; he wants graduate students to take his course and answer his questions on the general examinations, but he cannot ask more because other faculty members are around to protect their students from "unreasonable" and "excessive" demands. Only one professor, the candidate's thesis supervisor, is likely to ask for a more basic commitment. A committee system, on the other hand, largely eliminates the protections provided by departmental traditions and formal rules, putting the student entirely at the mercy of his chosen mentors. For this reason we would not urge the complete abolition of departmental programs, but only the creation of alternative routes, worked out on an individual basis between the candidate and a committee of his choice.

In addition, whenever a certain number of faculty members — perhaps five — decide there is a need for a new kind of doctoral program based on a new combination of specialties, they should be free to establish it on their own, setting whatever requirements they think appropriate for the students who enroll. Sociologists interested in professionalization and occupational subcultures might, for instance, join with economists interested in manpower problems and psychologists interested in vocational choice to establish a new program. Or anthropologists, political scientists, and economists concerned with economic development might unite to devise a new set of requirements for those who shared their interests.

Such a system would, of course, be anarchic, and subject to some abuse. It would also lead to the proliferation of courses and degrees. But then these

same complaints could be made against the present individualistic system of research initiatives and support, which seems to be working considerably better than the graduate training system. Without some such assault on the regulatory powers of the collective faculty and of individual departments, the graduate curriculum is certain to remain as rigid as any other arrangement that must placate a multitude of competing interest groups.

Thus far we have been talking about simultaneous combinations of subdisciplines in a single doctoral program. It is also important, however, to facilitate sequential combinations, so that students can do their graduate work in a different field from the one in which they did their undergraduate work. This is less common than it should be, in part because undergraduates choose a field that appeals to them and then want to continue in it because it still interests them. But in part it is because they believe, or actually find, that they cannot get into a graduate department unless they have already done undergraduate work in the same area.

One of the most useful things universities, foundations, or the federal government could do to enliven graduate training — and also to free undergraduates from the shadow of their professional futures — would be to provide financial support and make academic arrangements for students who wanted an extra “transitional year” between completing their B.A.’s and entering a graduate department. A student can prepare himself for first-year graduate work in almost any realm, from medicine to Far Eastern studies, in a single year. At present, however, this year is extremely hard to come by, for it does not fit any established program, and nobody (including parents) is particularly interested in paying for it.

THESE suggestions are obviously not a blueprint for revolution in the graduate schools. The problems are enormously difficult, the alternatives all filled with obvious and not-so-obvious pitfalls, and the results extremely difficult to measure or even judge impressionistically. Innovation must proceed on a case-by-case, place-by-place basis, drawing strength from the particular combination of scholars that happens to assemble itself on a particular campus at a particular moment. The general direction of change should be toward a more elastic mixture of theory and practice, demanding a wider range of skills from the student and rewarding a wider range of competencies. Graduate schools must allow and even ask their students to take more initiative, exercise more responsibility, and make more moral and political choices, both within academic contexts and, more important,

outside them. Only if they are asked to do these things and judged accordingly will they come to believe that these activities are part of their set of professional roles. Judging graduate students’ moral and political responsibility is, of course, a dangerous business, and not one that graduate schools only recently freed from church control and Victorian standards will adopt readily. But that revolution *has* been largely won, and it is now time for the graduate schools to abandon the pretense of social and moral neutrality and to try to develop a responsible position in keeping with their contemporary role. Only if they see themselves and their profession in these terms will they set out to develop such skills among the next generation of undergraduates.

A more open, permissive, flexible system would carry with it many evident risks: it would usually be less satisfactory for the uncertain or listless student who really wants to be taken charge of; it could prolong the self-indulgence of those whose undergraduate training had been slipshod; and given the present relative scarcity of Ph.D.’s (in terms of institutions needing them for accreditation or pride), it could certify people with a call neither for teaching nor for scholarship or research. Still, a few major universities with restricted enrollment at the graduate level could experiment with different styles. Some could remain highly structured and encourage such traditional academic virtues as clarity of thought, skepticism, and precision. Others, however, ought to try putting more emphasis on other values: self-knowledge, compassion, and so forth.

We are convinced that those departments that put more responsibility on their individual faculty and students would attract many of the ablest students now coming out of college and many of the ablest young faculty. Most of these people now go *faute de mieux* to the big-name departments, for they cannot see significant differences between one place and another except in terms of the research reputations of their faculties.

TEACHING is not a profession in the way that research is. There is no guild within which successful teaching leads to greater prestige and influence than mediocre teaching, nor any professional training program that develops pedagogic skills in a systematic way. Very little is known about which teaching strategies work with which students. Under these circumstances it is hardly surprising that a great deal of teaching at both the graduate and undergraduate level is ineffective.

The reasons for this are apparent. It is easier to judge graduate students and assistant professors

on the basis of papers they turn out than to judge them on the basis of their interaction with other people. A graduate student's performance in comprehensive examinations is said to provide "hard" evidence of his competence, while visits to his classes provide only "soft" evidence. A professor's book can be evaluated in "objective" terms, whereas his course syllabi, lectures, and examination questions can be valued only "subjectively." The adjectives suggest the prejudices of the profession even though they throw little light on the actual criteria for judgment. These prejudices are not simply a matter of valuing "research" over "teaching." A tenure committee member, for example, who argues for a particular man because of his catalytic qualities in helping his colleagues do better research also finds himself opposed by an ideology which insists men be judged entirely in terms of their own paper output rather than in terms of their effect on others.

In discussing these matters many critics talk about research "versus" teaching. We have found no evidence, however, that the two are antagonistic. Teachers cannot remain stimulating unless they also continue to learn, and while this learning may not focus on small, manageable "research problems," it is "research" by any reasonable definition. When a teacher stops doing it, he begins to repeat himself and eventually loses touch with both the young and the world around him.

Research in this general sense does not, of course, necessarily lead to publication, but this is its most common result. Publication is the only way a man can communicate with a significant number of colleagues or other adults. Those who do not publish usually feel they have not learned anything worth communicating to adults. This means they have not learned much worth communicating to the young either. There are, of course, exceptions: men who keep learning but cannot bring themselves to write. Some have unrealistically high standards regarding what deserves publication. Some know no journal which is interested in the kinds of problems that interest them. Some are simply afraid of exposing themselves to their colleagues' criticism, even though their ideas could in fact withstand such scrutiny. Some of these men *are* constantly learning, and some of them are brilliant talkers and teachers. Still, there are not many brilliant teachers who never publish.

There are, on the other hand, many good scholars who do a conspicuously and unnecessarily bad job in the classroom. They know that bad teaching is not penalized in any formal way. They have only a limited amount of time and energy, and they know that in terms of professional standing and personal advancement it makes more sense to throw these into research than teaching. This is particularly true in the early years of an academic career, not

only because the feverish competition for talent puts an enormous premium on judging young men and giving them tenure early in order to recruit or hold them, but also because the young faculty member himself wants to establish his adequacy in a field before committing his life to it.

The real problem is to marry the two enterprises, research and teaching. Contrary to a good deal that is written by defenders of the status quo, this is precisely what the present system fails to do. Teaching is often adjusted to the exigencies of research, but research is almost never shaped by the experience of teaching. We have almost never encountered a professor, for example, who said he was working on a particular research problem because year after year his students showed an interest in it. Involved here is not only the understandable fear of one's own showmanship or of sycophancy toward the young, but actual ignorance of what even the most sensitive undergraduates are interested in. Professors do listen to the questions their already socialized graduate students and postdoctoral fellows raise, but most undergraduate courses are so constructed as to provide almost no feedback directly to the professor. Even if they did, it would seldom occur to a professor that the questions raised by bright yet only half-socialized students might be important enough so that, if the answers are not known, an effort should be made to discover them.

THE relationship between graduate and undergraduate teaching is equally unsatisfactory. Many undergraduate courses at large universities are taught by one or two senior faculty and a group of graduate assistants. The issues raised in these courses are — or should be — of fundamental importance to graduate students as well as undergraduates. Yet we know no university where the staff of such courses habitually meets to discuss the intellectual questions being raised and initiate research in areas where it would be helpful. (Chicago is the closest approximation.) A serious effort along these lines would probably require constituting the staff of large undergraduate courses as a graduate seminar, to meet weekly for discussion of the books to be read by undergraduates and for the preparation and discussion of seminar papers that would also be delivered as course lectures.

Staff-taught courses that hold regular meetings to discuss the intellectual substance of a course can also discuss and evaluate its effect on the students. If professors are sufficiently secure so that they can encourage criticism of their performance, and if graduate students are open enough and interested enough to visit one another's classes, the beginnings of a clinical training program are in hand.

Suppose a cadre of committed faculty and graduate students could be assembled and an effective clinical training program for undergraduate teachers worked out. How should such a program relate to the traditional doctoral program of lectures, seminars, reading courses, comprehensive examinations, and dissertations? Many critics of doctoral programs have argued over the years that while these programs do an adequate job of research training, a different program is needed to train college teachers, perhaps leading toward a new degree. Such proposals must grapple with two issues: who would enroll, and what would they be taught? On the first score the answer is clear: very few able students would enroll. Only about half of those now earning Ph.D.'s take academic jobs. Perhaps half of those who take academic jobs are at universities where research and graduate teaching require as much time as undergraduate work. A program aimed strictly at training teachers could thus hope for no more than a quarter of the present doctoral market, plus an indeterminate number of would-be teachers who now drop out of doctoral programs because these do not fit their needs or interests. But even this is optimistic. A teaching doctorate would have less status and attract fewer talented students than one aimed at training scholars. Its graduates would have difficulty getting good jobs, even in colleges that claim not to be concerned with whether their faculty do research. This would scare away the abler students, because they would not want to settle for a degree that kept many academic doors closed to them.

Even if prospective college teachers could be siphoned out of traditional doctoral programs into special teacher-training alternatives, this would probably be a mistake on intellectual grounds. Teachers need at least as much expertise and technical competence as researchers, and almost anything that has a defensible place in a doctoral program for scholars can also be defended in one for teachers. The whole spirit of proposals for a separate teaching degree is probably self-defeating.

No real progress will ever be made as long as teaching is seen as a soft option for those who cannot make it in research. It is actually a "hard" option for those who find a career exclusively in research insufficiently challenging or excessively routinized. A teacher needs to know as much as his research colleagues know, and more. He needs the scholarly competence Ph.D. programs claim to develop, but he also needs expertise in working with late adolescents, both in the classroom and outside it. In this context the present pattern of preparing college teachers, far from looking too extended or too rigorous, looks both too hasty and undemanding.

It is often argued that doctoral training already

takes too long. But this is because so many doctoral students drop out at some point, and so many others work only part-time for their degrees. The average Ph.D. spends less than four full-time years getting a degree, which hardly seems excessive. What is now needed to supplement this scholarly training is a program of supervised teaching internships for newly minted Ph.D.'s. Some existing fellowship programs try to achieve this by attaching novices to senior faculty members, who are expected to help induct the novice into teaching. Some universities also have counseling bureaus or the like which will help individual faculty members improve their teaching if they ask. But these are small, little-known programs, and they are clearly not comparable to internships, which should be required of every starting teacher. Such internships would have to pay competitive salaries, and they would have to be viewed basically as a modification of the present working conditions of new assistant professors. These men would be involved in at least one staff course of the kind we have already described, where both the general problems of teaching and their individual strengths and weaknesses would be subject to critical discussion.

Is there the slightest chance that any of the reforms proposed in this article will be adopted? History is not encouraging. Similar proposals have been made many times over the past two generations, and the graduate schools have remained untouched. It is tempting to argue that the academic profession cannot delay reform any longer, since it now faces an unprecedented wave of student discontent. This discontent, while not a direct threat to the graduate schools, seems to bring legislative reprisals against those campuses where graduate education is concentrated, and budget cuts hurt the graduate schools along with everyone else.

Unfortunately, however, improvement in the graduate schools is unlikely to reduce the level of student protest significantly. Today's students are not protesting the frequently impersonal, inhumane quality of their professors' research, or even the casualness and occasional incompetence of their professors' teaching. They have almost all been bored in class since they were six, and very few even entertain the idea that this is unnecessary. Their anger and resentment focus on other problems, for which remedies are more obviously available: poverty, racism, the war in Vietnam, or even restrictive dormitory hours for girls. The reforms we are discussing will not resolve these issues, and they will not buy peace in the intensifying war between the generations. If they come at all it will be because the academic profession, or at least a handful of entrepreneurs within it, decides that reform is in its own self-interest. Today that is only a hope, not a prediction.

ADVICE TO A DRAFTEE

“All just people must refuse

The letter by Leo Tolstoy here published for the first time dramatizes the frequent fact that what is past is prologue. Written in 1899 to a desperate young candidate for conscription, Tolstoy's words will seem to some to bear a relevance to America in 1968. In conjunction we publish on page 58 a carefully reasoned examination of civil disobedience from a federal judge directly confronted with the issue today.

Count Tolstoy's letter was addressed to a young Hessian named Ernst Schramm, whose earlier correspondence with the great writer has been lost; Schramm evidently wrote a second time in an effort to evade Tolstoy's argument that he refuse conscription. The letter printed here is Tolstoy's response to Schramm's second letter, and it seems to have terminated the exchange. In reading Tolstoy's words against killing, one should bear in mind that both parties understood that the Hessian army in 1899 was a peacetime army, but that the penalty for evading conscription was death. Tolstoy addressed the letter to Schramm in Darmstadt, and the Hessian post office forwarded it to Aschaffenburg in Bavaria, leaving us to infer that Schramm decided not to join up but to change countries instead.

This valuable document, written in Tolstoy's correct but occasionally clumsy German, has been translated by Rodney Dennis. It is being added to the rare manuscript collection at Harvard's Houghton Library by means of a gift from the ATLANTIC.

IN MY last letter I answered your question as well as I could. It is not only Christians but all just people who must refuse to become soldiers — that is, to be ready on another's command (for this is what a soldier's duty actually consists of) to kill all those one is ordered to kill. The question as you state it — which is more useful, to become a good teacher or to suffer for rejecting conscription? — is falsely stated. The question is falsely stated because it is wrong for us to determine our actions according to their results, to view actions merely as useful or destructive. In the choice of our actions we can be led by their advantages or disadvantages only when the actions themselves are not opposed to the demands of morality.

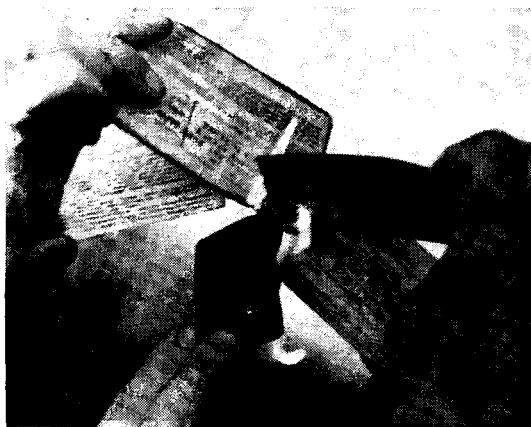
We can stay home, go abroad, or concern ourselves with farming or science according to what we find useful for ourselves or others; for neither in domestic life, foreign travel, farming, nor science is there anything immoral. But under no circumstance can we inflict violence on people, torture or kill them because we think such acts could be of use to us or to others. We cannot and may not do such things, especially because we can never be sure of the results of our actions. Often actions which seem the most advantageous of all turn out in fact to be destructive; and the reverse is also true.

The question should not be stated: which is more useful, to be a good teacher or to go to jail for refusing conscription? but rather: what should a man do who has been called upon for military service — that is, called upon to kill or to prepare himself to kill?

And to this question, for a person who understands the true meaning of military service and who wants to be moral, there is only one clear and incontrovertible answer: such a person must refuse to take part in military service no matter what consequences this refusal may have. It may seem to us that this refusal could be futile or even harmful, and that it would be a far more useful thing, after serving one's time, to become a good village teacher. But in the same way, Christ could have

by Leo Tolstoy

to become soldiers”



judged it more useful for himself to be a good carpenter and submit to all the principles of the Pharisees than to die in obscurity as he did, repudiated and forgotten by everyone.

Moral acts are distinguished from all other acts by the fact that they operate independently of any predictable advantage to ourselves or to others. No matter how dangerous the situation may be of a man who finds himself in the power of robbers who demand that he take part in plundering, murder, and rape, a moral person cannot take part. Is not military service the same thing? Is one not required to agree to the deaths of all those one is commanded to kill?

But how can one refuse to do what everyone does, what everyone finds unavoidable and necessary? Or, must one do what no one does and what everyone considers unnecessary or even stupid and bad? No matter how strange it sounds, this strange argument is the main one offered against those moral acts which in our times face you and every other person called up for military service. But this argument is even more incorrect than the one which would make a moral action dependent upon considerations of advantage.

If I, finding myself in a crowd of running people, run with the crowd without knowing where, it is obvious that I have given myself up to mass hysteria; but if by chance I should push my way to the front, or be gifted with sharper sight than the others, or receive information that this crowd was racing to attack human beings and toward its own corruption, would I really not stop and tell the people what might rescue them? Would I go on running and do these things which I knew to be bad and corrupt? This is the situation of every individual called up for military service, if he knows what military service means.

I can well understand that you, a young man full of life, loving and loved by your mother, friends, perhaps a young woman, think with a natural terror about what awaits you if you refuse conscription; and perhaps you will not feel strong

enough to bear the consequences of refusal, and knowing your weakness, will submit and become a soldier. I understand completely, and I do not for a moment allow myself to blame you, knowing very well that in your place I might perhaps do the same thing. Only do not say that you did it because it was useful or because everyone does it. If you did it, know that you did wrong.

In every person's life there are moments in which he can know himself, tell himself who he is, whether he is a man who values his human dignity above his life or a weak creature who does not know his dignity and is concerned merely with being useful (chiefly to himself). This is the situation of a man who goes out to defend his honor in a duel or a soldier who goes into battle (although here the concepts of life are wrong). It is the situation of a doctor or a priest called to someone sick with plague, of a man in a burning house or a sinking ship who must decide whether to let the weaker go first or shove them aside and save himself. It is the situation of a man in poverty who accepts or rejects a bribe. And in our times, it is the situation of a man called to military service. For a man who knows its significance, the call to the army is perhaps the only opportunity for him to behave as a morally free creature and fulfill the highest requirement of his life — or else merely to keep his advantage in sight like an animal and thus remain slavishly submissive and servile until humanity becomes degraded and stupid.

For these reasons I answered your question whether one has to refuse to do military service with a categorical “yes” — if you understand the meaning of military service (and if you did not understand it then, you do now) and if you want to behave as a moral person living in our times must.

Please excuse me if these words are harsh. The subject is so important that one cannot be careful enough in expressing oneself so as to avoid false interpretation.

April 7, 1899

LEO TOLSTOY

Photograph courtesy of Stephen Scolnick

ON CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

by Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr.

*"Violent disorder once set in motion
may spawn tyranny, not freedom"*

DISOBEDIENCE is a long step beyond dissent. In this country, at least in theory, no one denies the right of any person to differ with the government, or his right to express that difference in speech, in the press, by petition, or in an assembly.

But civil disobedience, by definition, involves a deliberate and punishable breach of a legal duty. However much they differ in other respects, both passive and violent resisters intentionally violate the law. So, in general, it is unnecessary in considering the moral qualities of disobedience to spend much time in determining what is the correct construction of the law. By hypothesis the law has been broken, and broken knowingly.

The virtual exclusion of legal topics makes it possible to discuss the morality of resistance to the Vietnam War without answering the question whether the President as Commander in Chief under the Constitution, or as the Chief Executive authorized by the Congress, or otherwise has power to send to Vietnam armed forces regularly enlisted or conscripted, or whether the Constitution gives power to draft men to serve in a conflict not covered by a formal declaration of war, or whether there is any rule of international or domestic law which inhibits the President or the Congress or the armed forces either from conducting in Vietnam any operations whatsoever or any particular operations, or from using any specific methods of

fighting or injuring other persons, military or civilian.

There cannot be an issue of civil disobedience unless there is a conscious choice to violate not merely a governmental policy but a technically valid law or order. Only such laws and orders as are ultimately held valid under our Constitution are subject to genuine civil disobedience.

Of course, until the Supreme Court has spoken, a person may not know whether a particular law or order is valid. If because he believes the law is invalid under the Constitution he refuses to obey it until the order has been upheld, he is not in the strictest sense engaged in civil disobedience. Thus many of the recent refusals of Negroes to obey segregation orders of local authorities, though they are popularly referred to as examples of civil disobedience, have been, in fact, nothing more than challenges to laws believed to be and often found to be unconstitutional.

If it turns out that the Supreme Court should hold that the government lacks power to order the induction of men into military training and service for the Vietnam War, then one who had refused to obey the induction order would not have been guilty of civil disobedience. He would merely have been vindicating his constitutional rights.

But if, as I suppose the majority of informed lawyers expect, the Supreme Court, at least during the continuation of hostilities, does not hold an induction order void on the ground of lack of legislative or executive power, then one who continues willfully to disobey is engaged in civil disobedience. The same would be true of one who, on the ground that the funds were used for war, refused to pay taxes, or who in protesting war deliberately injured another's person or property, or who went beyond argument and persuasion to advocate resistance to lawful orders.

The author of WHEREAS, A JUDGE'S PREMISES, Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr., is U.S. District Judge for Massachusetts. He is a thoughtful and outspoken student of contemporary legal issues, who has been obliged to rule on several recent cases of dissension from U.S. draft laws.

There are many people who have asserted that a man always has an undeniable moral claim to disobey any law to which he is conscientiously opposed. Antigone, Thoreau, and Gandhi are cited. It is contended that resistance to the law is the proper response to the still small voice of conscience.

That extreme position seems untenable. Every time that a law is disobeyed by even a man whose motive is solely ethical, in the sense that it is responsive to a deep moral conviction, there are unfortunate consequences. He himself becomes more prone to disobey laws for which he has no profound repugnance. He sets an example for others who may not have his pure motives. He weakens the fabric of society.

Those disadvantages are so serious that in *Principia Ethica* G. E. Moore, the English philosopher who set the tone for twentieth-century thought on ethics, concluded that in most instances civil disobedience is immoral. A dramatic precursor of Moore was Socrates. He swallowed hemlock pursuant to an arbitrary Athenian decree rather than refuse obedience to the laws of the city-state which had formed and protected him.

However, it is not here suggested that disobedience is always morally wrong, or that it is never ethically proper for a man to organize opposition to an immoral law even before the state brings its command directly to his door.

There are situations when it seems plainly moral for a man to disobey an evil law promulgated by a government which is entirely lacking in ethical character. If a man has lost confidence in the integrity of his society, or if he fears that unless he acts forthwith there will not come a later day when he can effectively protest, or if (in terms reminiscent of Burke's metaphor) he seeks to terminate the partnership of the American dead, the American living, and the as yet unborn Americans, then there is much justification for his disobedience.

The gangster state operated by the Nazis presented such a picture to many conscientious men. But no unprejudiced observer is likely to see the American government in its involvement in Vietnam as in a posture comparable with that of the Nazi regime. Nor is there reason to suppose that men must act now or forever be silenced. We are not moving either torrentially or glacially toward despotism.

It is, of course, conceivable that if men resist forthwith, they may forestall grave consequences. It is certain that many, many Americans and Asians will lose their lives if the war continues. It is possible that if fighting is not promptly stopped, the scale will increase dramatically, and at worst, might produce a holocaust of worldwide dimensions.

But what is by no means assured is that resistance would avert those consequences. Historical pre-

diction is clouded by ambiguities. Political developments move to a heterogeneity of ends. No one can tell whether, as the resisters would hope, they, by rallying widespread support, would prove that in a democracy substantial segments of public opinion have the residual power to terminate or veto a war, or, as less implicated observers fear, the resisters, by provoking the responsive passions of the belligerent, would set the stage for a revival of a virulent McCarthyism, an administrative system of impressment into the armed forces, and the establishment of a despotic tyranny bent on impairing traditional civil liberties and civic rights.

MOST thoughtful men have always been aware how dangerous it is to go beyond persuasion and to defy the law by either peaceful or violent resistance. If the effort is successful, as with the Revolution of the American colonists, then history accepts the claims of the victors that they acted morally. But if the effort not merely fails but produces a horrible reaction, then history is likely to ask whether there were not other courses that could have been more wisely followed.

To illustrate how perplexing is the problem, nothing is more illuminating than the struggle in America in the 1850s and 1860s over the slavery question. Abraham Lincoln thought laws enforcing slavery were immoral. Yet he declared he would endure, and thus aid the enforcement of, slavery in the Southern states if that would preserve the Union. His position was shared by two great jurists of my state who were his contemporaries: Lemuel Shaw, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, and Benjamin Robbins Curtis, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, both of whom enforced the Fugitive Slave Law.

But Lincoln's position was challenged by, among others, two men whom the city of Boston has honored by statues erected after their death — Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison, each of whom disobeyed the Fugitive Slave Law and wrote approvingly of the murderous violence of John Brown. What should give us even greater pause is that Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., the future Justice, in effect adhered to the Abolitionist cause when he joined the small group of Abolitionists who, during the winter of 1860–1861, made themselves responsible for securing the physical safety of Wendell Phillips against the threats of the Boston mobs, a protection which the Boston police seemed unlikely to provide. The details are set forth in Professor Mark Howe's discriminating biography of Holmes.

If it was morally right to break the laws supporting slavery even when it cost the nation its unity and helped precipitate what, despite W. H. Se-

ward, may not have been an "irrepressible conflict," one cannot be so certain that it is morally wrong to resist the war in Vietnam if one deeply believes its purposes or methods are wicked.

At any rate the Lincolnian analogy has not the final authority that it may seem to have on cursory inspection. In 1860 and 1861 our country was in immediate grave peril. Lincoln adhered to the ancient Roman maxim that the safety of the people is the highest law. But that maxim has no obvious application today. Even the most ardent supporters of our role in Vietnam would hardly aver that the threat they see in Communism or Asian nationalism is one of such immediacy as existed when the Civil War erupted. Perhaps there are long-term dangers from the Asian and other Communist powers, but one may wonder if Mr. Justice Holmes would have regarded them as either "clear" or "present." Would not President Lincoln have invoked our recollection not of 1860 or 1861 but rather of 1863 when, the battle of Gettysburg having made a change of policy practical, he issued the Emancipation Proclamation?

In support of the moral right of resistance, another, if cognate, point must be made, however uncongenial it is to me both temperamentally and officially. A man may conscientiously believe that his deepest obligation is to do his utmost to eradicate an evil, to stand athwart a wicked action, forcefully to promote reform, or to establish a new social or legal or religious order. Luther and Lenin serve as archetypes. They share to some degree the view Vanzetti on the eve of his electrocution expressed to his lawyer Thompson: "that, as he read history, every great cause for the benefit of humanity had to fight for its existence against entrenched power and wrong."

Perceptive observers may support Vanzetti's social theorem. Anguished souls may yield to its persuasiveness. Effective men may make that vision once again prove its reality.

Yet the fierce passion which moves men to rebel is often, not always, dangerously mixed with vanity, self-righteousness, and blindness to possible, nay probable, consequences far different from those sought. The voice of reason urges, in Cromwellian terms, "I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken."

Violent disorder once set in motion may spawn tyranny, not freedom. Rebellion may fail to gain its contemplated support, and as surely as in other human relations, result in "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame."

Or, what is far harder to bear, the rebellion may in form succeed but in substance impose a new op-

pressive yoke, a nihilistic world regime, or chaos instead of a community of nations. The wager on a finer, purer, more fraternal world order may be disastrously lost. Before one places all one's strength behind the rebel's cause, he should have not only naïve faith but that invincible insight which war-rants martyrdom.

For men of conscience there remains a less risky but not less worthy moral choice. Each of us may bide his time until he personally is faced with an order requiring him as an individual to do a wrongful act. Such patience, fortitude, and resolution find illustration in the career of Sir Thomas More. He did not rush in to protest the Act of Henry VIII's Parliament requiring Englishmen to take an oath of supremacy attesting to the King's, instead of the Pope's, headship of the English Church. Only when attempt was made to force him to subscribe to the oath did he resist. In present circumstances the parallel to not resisting the Act of Supremacy before it has been personally applied is to await at the very least an induction order before resisting. Indeed, since, when inducted, one does not know if he will be sent to Vietnam, or if sent, will be called upon directly to do what he regards as an immoral act, it may well be that resistance at the moment of induction is premature.

This waiting until an issue is squarely presented to an individual and cannot further be avoided will not be a course appealing to those who have a burning desire to intervene affirmatively to save this nation's honor and the lives of its citizens and citizens of other lands. It seems at first blush a not very heroic attitude. But heroism sometimes lies in withholding action until it is compelled, and using the interval to discern competing interests, to ascertain their values, and to seek to strike a balance that marshals the claims not only of the accountant and of others in his society, but of men of distant lands and times.

Such restraint will in no way run counter to the rules applied in the judgment of the Nuremberg Tribunal. That judgment recognized that no one may properly be charged with a crime unless he personally participated in it by doing the wrong or by purposefully aiding, abetting, and furthering the wrong. As the Nuremberg verdicts show, merely to fight in an aggressive war is no crime. What is a crime is personally to fight by foul means.

Those who look upon Sir Thomas More as one of the noblest exemplars of the human spirit reflecting the impact of the love of God may find a delayed civil disobedience the response most likely to give peace of mind and to evidence moral courage.



The Perversity of Aubrey Beardsley

Beardsley was a precocious child and remained one, said Oscar Wilde, until he died at the early age of twenty-five. In this fascinating examination of a singular artist, the talented British novelist and essayist Brigid Brophy finds that "the genius of Beardsley's eroticism is precisely the quality Freud ascribed to the sexuality of children." Since the publication of her prizewinning novel, HACKENFELLER'S APE, in 1953, Miss Brophy has won honors and praise for seven more books. Her next, a collection entitled THE BURGLAR, will be published in May by Henry Holt.

TO SPEAK of a Beardsley revival, whose beginning one would have to date somewhere about 1963 or 1964, could easily be an exaggeration. Aubrey Beardsley has been and to some extent still is slighted, but he has never in fact been forgotten since the day in 1898, a fortnight after his death, that the *New York Times* declared his work "already . . . well-nigh forgotten."

In England much of Beardsley's work was reprinted after the Second World War, though it was also sometimes remaindered. What happened in the sixties is that Beardsley was wafted back to the center of fashion on the zephyrs — indeed, the Zeffirelli — of the *art nouveau* revival (this one a genuine revival of something previously obscured and despised). Beardsley's polymorphous perversity is precisely the "kinkiness" prized on the Swinging London scene. His designs sell today as greeting cards in the slot next to the camp thirties stills of Dietrich and Carole Lombard. Beardsley, highest of high Catholic camp (his drawings were listed by Susan Sontag in 1964 in the canons of camp), has been carried shoulder-high, on the pretty bacchanal route of current camp-followers, into his kingdom, the transvestitely dandified realm of Carnaby Street.

The respectable pundits have now underlined the Beardsley bang with their own boomings. Really, they might have mentioned Beardsley's greatness a little sooner. More to a serviceable

point, the bang has been grounded on firm, square scholarship. The 1966 Beardsley Exhibition in London was an important assembly, underscored by the bibliographical scholarship of Brian Reade's catalogue, and in 1967, his Beardsley book. The Stanley Weintraub biography of 1967 conscientiously assembles the facts.

Live (love) now: die sooner or later.

Thus the classic burden of lyrical art. Aubrey Beardsley was above all a lyrical artist, but one who was pounded and buckled into an ironist by the pressure of knowing — which he did virtually from the outset — that for him death would be not later but sooner.

In his terrible haste, he was first an infant prodigy and then a prodigious worker — though in a delicate social gesture that would suit one of his masked pierrots, he disguised his hard work in evening dress and sophistication. He died of consumption in 1898, when he was twenty-five. He must be — as well as, simply, a very great artist — the most intensely and electrically erotic artist in the world. But he is an erotic artist for whom Cupid himself can prefigure death. In one of the decorations Beardsley drew to his own sinister *Ballad of a Barber*, a sonsy, callipygian, wing-flirting amoretto comes flouncing along in profile silhouette, like a boy tart on the beat. This beat, however, is also a march to the scaffold and a road to Calvary.

Beardsley's Cupid is shouldering not quiver and arrows but gallows and noose.

Beardsley is lyrical by virtue of his gift of line, which resembles the gift of melodic invention. Sheerly, Beardsley's lines, like great tunes, go up



AB

and down in beautiful places. True, they often, by the same stroke, represent objects, but never for purposes of reportage or narrative. Not a dot is put in for description's sake. Beardsley inserts nothing on the grounds that it was or would be there. He attends only to what, by compulsion of the design, should be there.

Illustrator though he was by choice, and sometimes of his own literary fictions, and though he was also (which not all writers are) a consuming reader, he isn't, as draftsman, in the least "literary." The tension that dominates all his compositions is entirely in the design and the medium, not borrowed from the incidents, and still less the characters, of any story he may adopt. This makes it less strange than it superficially looks, in a personality so passionately literate, that Beardsley *didn't*, after the Hamlet picture of his teens, very much draw on or from Shakespeare. (Dickens, whom Beardsley as a schoolboy accurately diagnosed as a cockney Shakespeare, he stopped quarrying, after he, at the age of eleven, decorated a set of place mats with Dickensian characters.) Shakespeare was *too* literary for Beardsley's requirements, the images too perfectly fused into their literary vehicles of character and action. Beardsley could make more of the — so to speak — literature *in* the music of Wagner.

What Beardsley plunders from literature are matters common to all the arts: pure style, pure image. Pope figures to him as the epitome of the rococo, Ben Jonson of the baroque. (In this sense, Shakespeare *has* no style.) Out of the given style, he sets

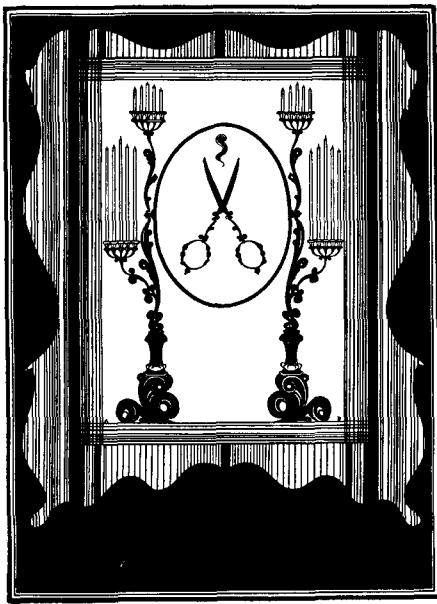
his virtuoso line to pluck a pure lyrical image. He is after the geometric essence of relationships, without reference to the personalities between whom they subsist. He is after pure tension: tension summed up by and contained within his always ambivalent images.

Sometimes the image is presented, in its complete irony and ambiguity, through a single piercing contrast — a solo black outline that severs a white area into two spaces; the rich imaginative material is all condensed into a single outline. By the converse process, Beardsley could tease material out from the image and spin it into a decorative setting which, because its metaphors repeat those of the image itself, intensifies the image it enshrines. Beardsley's conversion to Catholicism, which his recent commentators rightly do not take very seriously as a religious act, was a logical continuation of his work. The contemplation — the cult, the image — is the essence of Beardsley's art. His elaborate decorative schemes are jeweled monstrosities for the display of highly ambivalent hosts or altars enshrining relics of dangerously numinous monstrous saints: never more so than in the two great pictures *The Baron's Prayer*, from his Pope sequence, and *Volpone Adoring His Treasure*, which actually and expressly depict metaphors of their own essence by ironically depicting acts of warped worship at satirized altars.

It is again an altar — flattened, diagrammatized, seen in plan — that Beardsley creates, in one of the most lethally ambivalent of all his images, for his front cover to *The Rape of the Lock*. In an oval that suggests a miniature painting hung on a drawing-room wall and thereby betokens Pope's miniature and domesticated epic, Beardsley places "the fatal engine," the scissors, reaching murderously up toward that lock of curly hair which, as Pope quite consciously intended ("Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize/Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"), stands symbolic substitute for pubic hair. At the same time, the oval is the mirror on Belinda's dressing table. The glass stares directly at the artist, at Beardsley; and what he shows reflected in it is his own castration complex. At this altar, he is the sacrificed victim, doomed to sexual frustration and death. The lock of hair makes allusion to the cutting of a few symbolic hairs from the head of the animal victim in classical sacrifices; and by the disposition of the lock and the scissors Beardsley sketches a distant memory of the skull mask of classical altars and funerary sculpture.

Simultaneously, this stunningly elegant design makes a metaphor of the ambiguity of elegance itself, through the tension it sets up between, on the one hand, the budding, twirling rococo candlesticks, plus their silhouetted echo in the sides of the frame (which consists at once of a pair of further

candlesticks and of bulbously buttocked female torsos), and on the other, those inexorable straight, ruled, reduplicated black lines, which visibly act out the shearing and severing deed of the scissors. Beardsley's elegance is budding, rotund, fruitful — but also disdainful and severe; he is an artist who will soon be compelled to the ultimate act of good taste, that of leaving living to be done by the servants. Inevitably Beardsley's own regular method of work was by the artificial light from two candlesticks. His worktable was a sacrificial altar. All his designs were images whose very working was an act of desperate invocation.



Destined to cult, he was destined pre-eminently to the Catholic cult of the Madonna. In Beardsley's life, his mother is as regularly there, and his father as regularly absent or unnoticeable, as the Madonna and Saint Joseph in Christian iconography. His elder sister, Mabel (I wonder if Wilde named Mabel Chiltern for her?), figured to Beardsley as the mother writ one size smaller. Mabel takes several, seldom unerotic, roles in his oeuvre: the Madonna writ, so to speak, as Mary Magdalen. Socially, Beardsley was dependent on his mother and sister to hostess for him. As a child, he probably felt an unusual material dependence on his mother, since, unusual for the period, she worked. And as a dying man, Beardsley returned to the child's state of bodily dependence on his mother. In Beardsley's novel, after Venus and Tannhäuser have made love, Venus is literally carried — "in a nice, motherly way" — to bed in the arms of her "manicurist," Mrs. Marsuple.

In 1896, two years before he died, Beardsley carried the image of the mother-and-child group to its utmost sardonic and high-comedic pitch. In *The*

Ascension of Saint Rose of Lima, the child, though grown-up, is still enfolded within the outline of the protector's mantle, and is, as in the *Barber* drawing, female. So, it should be supererogatory to say, is the Madonna. It is by a singular infelicity, of the kind ironic artists seem fated to in their interpreters, that a recent study of Beardsley's eroticism mistakes the erotic point of the drawing by supposing the saint to be ascending "in the embrace of the heavenly bridegroom." Not she. As a matter of fact, the Madonna is saving her from an earthly bridegroom. The very pretty, camp, and Firbankian passage in Beardsley's novel *Under the Hill* which this drawing illustrates recounts how, on the morning of her wedding day, Saint Rose "perfumed herself and painted her lips, and put on her wedding frock, and decked her hair with roses," and then, from a hill outside Lima, spent some moments calling tenderly upon "Our Lady's name." In answer the Madonna descends, kisses her, and carries her up to heaven.

Even when she is not present and personified, the mother dictates Beardsley's very point of view. Beardsley was a latter-day Mannerist. The common complaint of his contemporaries against his figures, especially his women, was the complaint made at all periods against all mannered figures, that they are too tall and have necks like giraffes. His lovely, gentle, and unsentimental drawing (once owned by Oscar Wilde) of Mrs. Patrick Campbell was said to make her "nine feet high." Mannerism: mamaism. The elegance of these elongated persons, who are so *au fait* in the world, is a memory of adults, and quintessentially the mother, seen in child's-eye view; the slight melancholy they so exquisitely wear is draped on them by the child's sense of their high inaccessibility.

Mannerism is in itself a style that murmurs of perversity, its elongations a visual drawl that mimics sexual languor. It shows a child's-eye view, but the child is precocious. Beardsley, who *was* a precocious child, remained one — as Oscar Wilde pointed out. It is the characteristic of precocious children that in childhood they are astonishing because they resemble adults. In adulthood, they are often — like Mozart and Beardsley — astonishing because they resemble children. The genius of Beardsley's eroticism is precisely the quality Freud ascribed to the sexuality of children: polymorphous perversity.

It is only the most obvious manifestation of this quality that Beardsley's subject matter, by his own choice, encompasses virtually the whole sexual spectrum, from delicate bestiality (Venus in his novel masturbates her pet unicorn, Adolphe, every morning before breakfast) to flagellation, which he depicts in the beautiful *Earl Lavender* illustration that seems to capture even the slight social embarrass-

ment that must accompany actually getting down to an evening's whipping.

Beardsley's perversity goes well beyond his signing his work with an emblem said to be (in, presumably, the anthropological sense) a fetish symbolizing sexual intercourse; and his polymorphism goes well beyond his alertness to the fetishist value (in the psychosexual sense) of hair (Beardsley can make intricate coiffures of even pubic hair), of tiny pointed shoes, and of hats. Rather, his imagination seems to be in at the actual infantile origin of fetishism. His vision is permanently that of a child lying in bed watching his mother dress for a dinner party. His fantasy hangs this here, tries the effect of that there: everything is a jewel, and everything is a sexual organ. He is allured, yet afraid to touch: driven back on a cold minuteness of detailed attention, and yet passionately curious, with the emotional and involved curiosity children give to sex. The very fastidiousness of his line demonstrates the importance of touching and the fear that has to be overcome in order to do it.

Beardsley's imagination is forever lying in bed dressing and redressing his mother, and doing it inappropriately. The child's protest against his inexperience, against the ban on touching, is to glory in his ignorance: he does not know which sexual organs are appropriate to which sex, and he makes deliberate howlers to howl against his exclusion from adult knowledge. They are all breasts and penises, these decorative motifs of Beardsley's, these drooping swags of fruit and swinging tassels, and he hangs them in places so inappropriate, blatant, or bizarre as to create an effect of perversity — or terror, as he does by that stroke of nightmare genius that makes him a *fin de siècle* Goya when, illustrating *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, he dangles a disdainfully decorative chandelier earring from the lobe of the slaughterous orangutan.

It is his own polymorphism that animates the metamorphism of Beardsley's images. His decorative forms are ambiguous, caught in the act of changing from one substance into another, his human figures sexually ambiguous. He will depict a hermaphrodite body direct. Or he will clothe the figure, and in doing so, transvest it — investing it, by the same token, with foppish charm. Or he will translate the male-female mixture into a human-animal mixture, as in his favorite motif of the satyr. Even so, the animal portion may be further metamorphosed — into a thing: the cloven-hoof feet of one of the "Fruit Bearers" Beardsley drew for his novel are almost the goat feet of rococo and Regency furniture; the creature is a walking console table. For Beardsley, it is not only fountains, chair backs, candle flames that are phallic, it is human figures themselves. One could say of Beardsley's landscapes what Freud said of "many of the

landscapes seen in dreams, especially those that contain bridges or wooded mountains," namely that they "may be readily recognized as descriptions of the genitals." The mountain where Beardsley's Venus keeps state, the hill of *Under the Hill*, is a pun on the *mons Veneris*. Effortlessly Beardsley composes in the symbolic idiom of the unconscious.

The polymorphism Beardsley preserved from infancy is not only mirrored directly in what he depicted. It is metaphored in the very eclecticism of his style — an eclecticism so fundamental to his personality that it extends even to an eclecticism among the arts: Beardsley was a musical prodigy, not only performing in semi-public but performing his own compositions, even before he was a precocious draftsman or a writer.

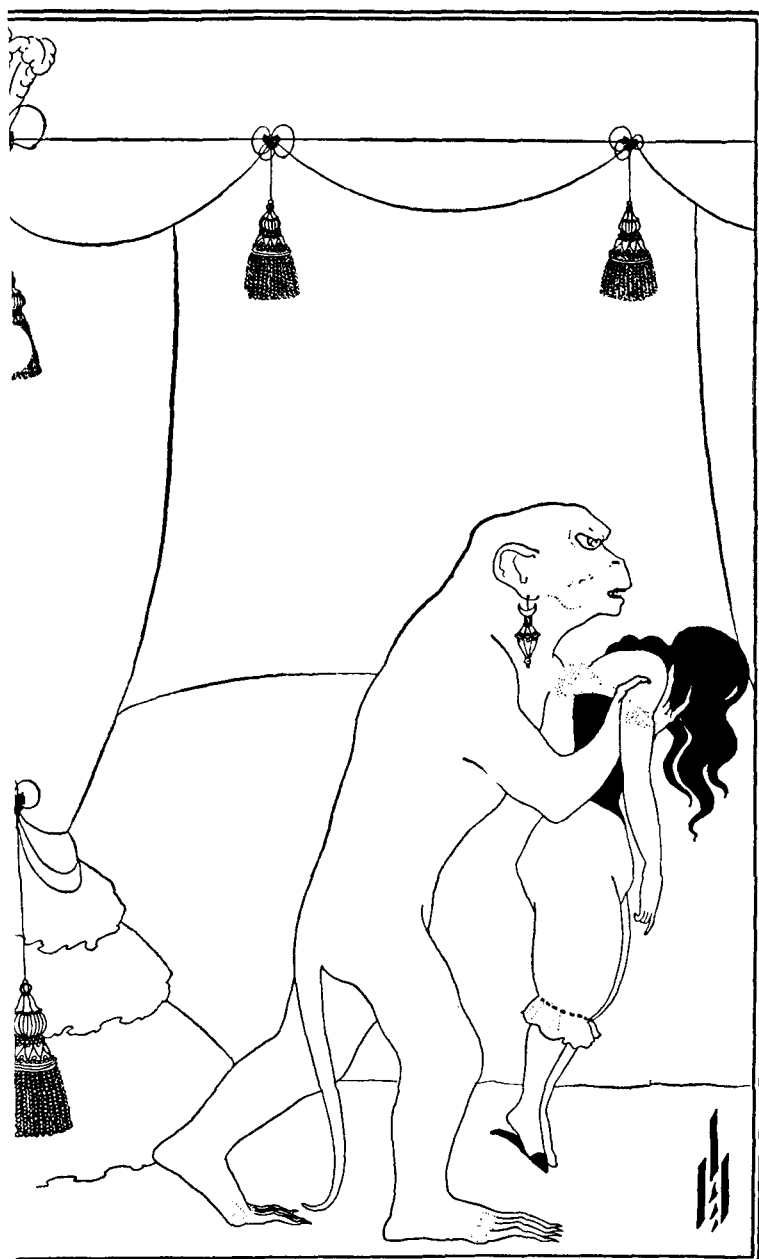
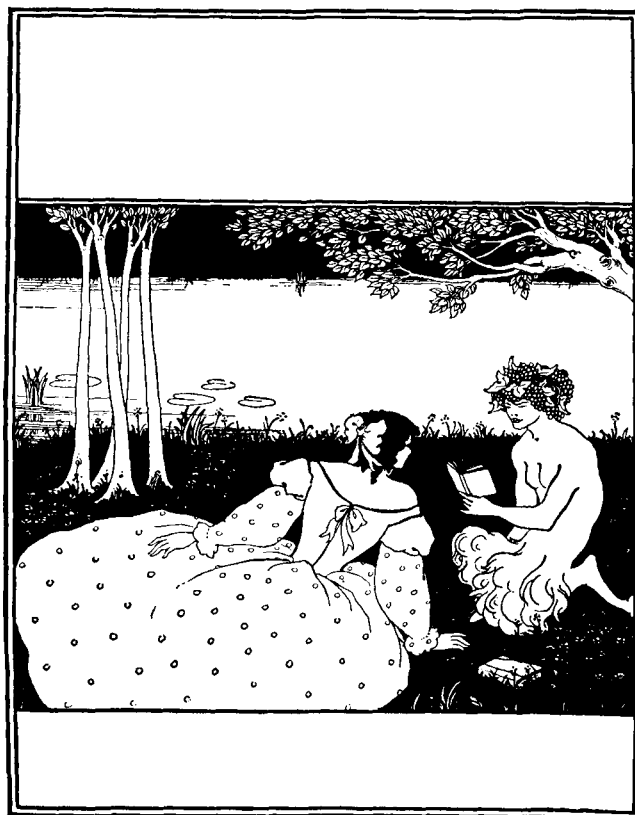
The elasticity which Beardsley needed in order to exploit his temperamental eclecticism he acquired, I suspect, thanks to what looks like a childish method of work. The fastidiousness of his final drawings evidently represents a naïve perfectionism; for as a rule it seems to have been built up by an unfastidious process of pencil doodling and pencil sketching, over which, all on the same piece of paper, he imposed his final line by brush or nib.

Only perhaps on such palimpsests, such scratch pads, as he made of his drawings could Beardsley have so briefly accomplished his huge and daring revolution in his own (and presently the world's) taste. In the six years of his adult life, he evolved from self-imposed Burne-Jonesism and the medieval subject matter imposed by his first major commission (to illustrate *Le Morte Darthur*) into high rococo and high baroque, virtually inventing a branch of *art nouveau* as he went.

Beardsley made the revolution deliberately and consciously. At the end of his life he was proposing, as the program for a new magazine, "that it should attack *untiringly and unflinchingly* the Burne Jones and Morrisian medaeval [*sic*] business, and set up a wholesome 17th and 18th century standard of what picture making should be." His own eclecticism and elasticity had not been wanton: he had worked a standard out of them. Perhaps Beardsley was able to pioneer the eighteenth-century revival by virtue of the happy chance of his being brought up in Brighton, that late and fine architectural monument of the eighteenth-century manner. Perhaps the rococo mode Beardsley's eclecticism finally fixed on was the exotic late-rococo eclecticism of Brighton Pavilion itself, that ultimate Regency extravaganza which is also the first flicker of *art nouveau*.

Toward the end of his life, Beardsley could barely get through social intercourse without a hemorrhage. Whether or not he had ever been otherwise, the common speculation is surely correct that he was by then exiled from sexual intercourse. The giant erect phalluses of his *Lysistrata* series ache with

Design for the prospectus and the front cover of *The Yellow Book*, Vol. V

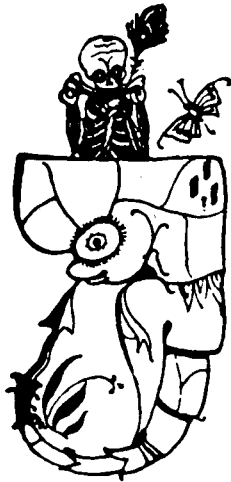


The Murders in the Rue Morgue



Chapter heading
from *Le Morte Darthur*

sexual frustration. Beardsley, who once alluded to himself as a eunuch and could not have a tooth extracted without self-satirically remarking on the phallic shape of what had been removed from him, illustrates Freud's dictum that the unconscious apprehends death as castration.



The castration-orgasm-death image of Salome kissing the Baptist's severed head, which is so merely silly in Wilde's text (*Salome* is the final proof that Wilde was a great comic writer, since it's comic unintentionally), is truly horrifying in Beardsley's drawing. And it is significant that Beardsley chose to illustrate that tableau; it was the publication of that drawing which provoked the commission for the rest of the *Salome* pictures.

As his disease advanced, Beardsley increasingly transformed his ruling image of the Madonna into Venus, the heroine of his novel. It required the goddess of explicitly sexual love to cast a protective robe around a child increasingly terrified by castration fears. The Madonna's breasts were too chaste, too limited to the dispensing of spiritual Christian charity, to nourish a child increasingly greedy of life as he was progressively starved of it. At the end of his life, Beardsley solidified his rococo into baroque: first the Second Empire baroque of his *Mademoiselle de Maupin* illustrations, and then the final, heavy-breasted baroque of his *Volpone*. Just as he made his rococo pictures emblematic of rococo elegance itself, he builds his great mounds of fruitful baroque ornamentation into a baroque metaphor of greed — at once *Volpone's* greed and Beardsley's greed for life. The drawings are bitter with Beardsley's sense of the futility of piling up baroque treasure on earth. Treasure, of which Beardsley, who died dunned, had so little, will avail neither him nor *Volpone* against death. Beardsley could not even be sure, and his contemporaries did not assure him, that by depicting these piles of objects he was building his own monumental tomb and immortality.

BEARDSLEY'S child's-eye view is sometimes an embryo's-eye view. Many of Beardsley's monsters represent himself. It was his own preconsciousness Beardsley drew in embryonic form, together with his physical unviability. The essence of embryo is the vast head on the feeble, unfit-to-live body of a crustacean snatched from its shell; Beardsley is

expressing the consumptive poet's dread that his body's unfitness will make him cease to be before his pen has gleaned the teeming brain inside that huge fetal skull. One of Beardsley's fetal vignettes, as revealing as a doodle, is macabrely explicit. Out of the top of the embryo rises a skeleton. It is Beardsley's autobiography in shorthand: from the womb to tomb without having truly lived.

Beardsley is still, I sniff out, treated with a *grudged* admiration, and the cause, I surmise, is still-persisting snobbery about his medium. I have several times called his drawings "pictures," because that is what they are; and his own reference to "picture making," in the project for a magazine from which, if only he could stay alive, he obviously didn't mean to exclude his own work, shows that he knew they were, too. But there is a half-formed idiom (almost as unjust as the colloquialism whereby "artist" means exclusively "visual artist") which restricts the meaning of "picture" to one done in oils, or at the least, colors of some sort. The tyranny of the easel painting is less stringent now than it was in Beardsley's lifetime, when it was nimbused in the mystique of the painting smock, top lighting, and the *vie de Bohème*. But it still exists, and it imposes a snobbery against the medium of print.

It is often forgotten that there were in fact *two* printing revolutions: one when print was invented, and a second when, in the nineteenth century, it became cheap. Beardsley's almost exclusive medium was, in one sense, black and white, and in a further sense, print — and cheapish print. His work was intended, was literally designed, to be reproduced, in as many copies as the public would take, in magazines the size and price of not very posh books.

No one could call Beardsley cheap. He is perhaps the only artist of any kind practicing in the nineties who was never sentimental. But the snobbery against his medium wrinkles its nose and dismisses him as superficial or "minor." I imagine that during the period when Beardsley was signing his A. B. initials in a monogram borrowed from Dürer's A. D. he was putting himself under the patronage of one of the few Old Masters to have broken through the snobbery barrier and be acknowledged on the strength more of his black-and-white than of his easel pictures.

Beardsley's adoption of — or at least his virtual limitation to — black and white was an accident of his circumstances, but an accident whose content is cardinal to his artistic development and personality. He did not *mean* to cut short his observance of the ritual apprenticeship at an art school. He did, occasionally, paint in oils. (And of course, he designed posters as color lithographs.) What cut him off from conventional courses was the sheer lack of time, and presently lack of physical strength,

imposed by his disease. And precisely *because* he lacked time, Beardsley was driven to be modern.

Beardsley, who was admired by Toulouse-Lautrec, and, incidentally, Yvette Guilbert, expressly upheld the poster — that is, large-scale printed work — as a modern form, arguing against the notion that a picture must be “something told in oil or writ in water to be hung on a room’s wall” and protesting against the “general feeling that the artist who puts his art into the poster is *déclassé* — on the streets — and consequently of light character.” But he was perhaps not even wholly aware of his own modernity in the matter of print at book-size. Unconsciously he solved the aesthetic crux on which picture making was impaled, in the nineteenth century, by the invention of photography: without having to debate the point, he took pictures away from naturalism and toward decorative composition and image making. By the same effortless stroke he solved the sociological problem. His work acknowledged that for modern people pictures are not things you hang on the walls of your country house and absorb by leisured connoisseurship. They were things you look at reproduced in books. (Despite the pretensions of connoisseurship, the easel painting of the twentieth century, from Fauvism on, takes care to use its non-naturalistic flat colors in ways that will reproduce well.) Having worked all day, you look at the pictures in books by artificial light. The most modern thing of all about Beardsley was that he drew by the same type of light as his drawings would be seen by.

It was his exploitation of the graphic medium that made Beardsley such a far-reaching pioneer. To the influences Beardsley is usually said to have exerted I would add one in, typically, a “modern” medium developed out of the comic cartoon: it was Beardsley’s disposition of white space which inspired the telling placing of Felix the Cat on a mainly white screen. And again: Beardsley, who drew John Bull with a tiny erection under his enormous breeches and redesigned the coinage of the realm by rendering Queen Victoria as a ballet dancer à la Degas, had gone a long way toward inventing the pop art use of jingoistic emblems. In his bitterness, he even invented, on a page of his sketchbook that Mr. Weintraub quotes, the modern typographical joke. Beardsley wrote:

I
AM
TIRE
D.

But black and white gave Beardsley far more than modernity. The violent, unmodified, and unmodulated contrast of the two colors turned his medium itself into a metaphor of the ambivalence in his images and the tension in his designs. *Art*

nouveau is the last, wintry, faintly deviant flowering of rococo, displaying the ultimate tendency of rococo design to fly apart from the center, like a firework or a rose at the very moment of disintegration. And even so, Beardsley’s incredibly tensile design contrives to wire together the sparks or the petals even in the act of flying and falling. Even at the very end of his life, in the front cover for *Volpone*, he has exerted control over his Hammerklavier, whirligig, almost maddened-by-terror snowstorm of his fears of disintegration. And it is a black snowstorm: the last extension of the rococo stucco-work ceiling, turned funerary.

For black and white was in itself an image, for Beardsley, of the erosion of his life. His medium was, strictly, black *on* white. (His habit was to leave the white spaces in reserve. Only occasionally did he scratch through his black to the white again or apply chinese white on top.) Black was encroaching on, eating into, the white space. Did he actually think of his lungs, in cockney or the language of offal dealers, as his lights?

And likewise with the culmination of his baroque metaphors of greed. In the initial “M” for the *Volpone* series, the hungry child is surrounded by breasts and cannot feed. In an initial “S,” Beardsley confesses that he is destined not to consume but to be consumed. He has drawn the bird of death itself swooping on him, hungry to peck out not his liver but his lights. And in a last drag gesture of defiant inappropriateness, Beardsley draped the creature in one of his flying phallic chandelier tassels and set a dowager’s tiara of orient pearls on its terrifying brow.



FOUR
DREAM SONGS

BY JOHN BERRYMAN

I don't know one damned butterfly from another
my ignorance of the stars is formidable,
also of dogs & ferns
except that around my house one destroys the other
When I reckon up my real ignorance, pal,
I mumble "many returns" —

next time it will be nature & Thoreau
this time is Baudelaire if one had the skill
and even those problems O
At the mysterious urging of the body or Poe
reeled I with chance, insubordinate & a killer
O formal & elaborate I choose you

but I love too the spare, the hit-or-miss,
the mad, I sometimes can't always tell them apart
As we fall apart, will you let me hear?
That would be good, that would be halfway to bliss
You said will you answer back? I cross my heart
& hope to die but not this year.

Them lady poets must not marry, pal.
Miss Dickinson — fancy in Amherst bedding hér.
Fancy a lark with Sappho,
a tumble in the bushes with Miss Moore,
a spoon with Emily, while Charlotte glare.
Miss Bishop's too noble-O.

That was the lot. And two of them are here
as yet, and — and: Sylvia Plath is not.
She — she her credentials
has handed in, leaving alone two tots
and widower to what he makes of it —
surviving guy, &

when Tolstoy's pathetic widow doing her whung
(after them decades of marriage) & kids, she decided he was *queer*
& loving his agent.
Wherefore he rush off, leaving two journals, & die.
It is a true error to marry with poets
or to be by them.

Scarlatti spurts his wit across my brain,
so too does *Figaro*: so much for art
after the centuries yes
who had for all their pains above all pain
& who brought to their work a broken heart
but not as bad as Schubert's:

that went beyond the possible: that was like a man
dragged by his balls, singing aloud "Oh, yes"
while to his anguished glance
the architecture differs: he's getting on,
the tops of buildings change, like a mad dance,
the Piazza Navona

recovers its calm after he went through,
the fountain went on splashing, all was the same
after his agony,
abandoned cats had what to say to you,
lovers performed their glory & its shame:
Henry put his foot down: free.

Draw on your resources. Draw on your resources.
It's not clear if I can. In a French town
Autun
where the grand cathedral stands, Henry's mental gown
amazed the residents, and his mental forces
exceeded Verdun.

But he was not up to that ancient sculpture;
cold & uneasy witnessed he them scenes:
the figures put him down.
The figures figure what the lost soul means,
so long ago, in an acre of sepulture
insisting on the verb, not the noun.

I wanted so to go to the Windward Islands,
and I will never make it, stuck in this French
vaulting cathedral thought.
We've been here long, long, lowlands & highlands
but not as they have. Draw on your mere *mensch*
for the benefits we sought.

AN AMERICAN LOOKS AT BRITISH TELEVISION

by Diana Trilling

It remains to be seen whether the combination of Ford Foundation money and Public Broadcasting Laboratory efforts is going to elevate the bad reputation of American TV. Meanwhile, most Americans who reside in Britain, as did Mrs. Trilling recently, continue to be impressed by the contrasts. The medium which in America is "dedicated to evading reality" she found in England to be "a celebration of its endless range and possibility." Mrs. Trilling writes for several magazines, including PARTISAN REVIEW and COMMENTARY, has edited two volumes of stories of D. H. Lawrence, and is author of the Claremont Essays.

It is difficult to persuade the English that their television is superior to ours in America. Conscious as they now are of their nation's decline in power and of the dominance of the United States not only in world affairs but industrially and technologically, they automatically credit us with a cultural accomplishment appropriate to our national energies. Especially in a field like television, which is big industry in our country, they assume that we put out the better product. Should an American visitor undertake to tell them that this is not the case and that British TV is well in advance of that of the United States, they respond as they would to an obviously undeserved compliment.

But at least for one viewer British television has much to teach us even in purely technical terms. American TV is no doubt more mobile than that of Britain — this was the single score on which, for example, the screening of the Churchill funeral failed to match the filming of Kennedy's funeral. Certainly they have fewer channels, if that is to be counted against them — three are the most in any city, even London. And I can suppose that our cov-

erage of world news is wider, if not more instructive, than theirs. Too, one can't deny that British TV breaks down with a frequency we in America wouldn't happily tolerate; one gets used to being told that the fault on the screen or in the sound is not a defect of one's set but of the system and will be adjusted in a moment or two. Still, the actual picture the British receive is incalculably better than ours, which makes for a superiority of no small importance.

The reason for the difference between the two kinds of picture, the British and ours, has been explained to me several times, but I lack the technical knowledge to understand it; it has to do with the different number of lines per inch in the British process of reproduction from that which we employ in this country. The gain in viewing ease and pleasure is enormous; the British cannot themselves be aware of the visual comfort they enjoy simply because of the brightness on their screens. To watch British TV is to enter a world of light as compared with the shadowy, murky world of our own television screens. Every image is clear and sharp. There

is none of the merging of grays which makes extended viewing of television in America so wearing on the eye and spirit.

But in addition to the physical quality of the British picture, there is its distinction as photography, also immeasurably better than ours. Whereas in America, TV photography alternates between dreary conventionality and equally dreary artiness, British television would seem to have available to it an endless inventiveness, but with none of the self-consciousness that characterizes attempts at variety in our own photography. For instance, one watches the British telecast of a symphony concert, the way in which the camera can at one moment particularize with exquisite precision the hands of this instrumentalist, the face of another, and at the next moment capture all the tension and impact of the orchestra as a whole and of the public occasion, and one can only be confounded that a nation which still seems incapable of mastering the intricacies of central heating should be this expert in the management of such a complex mechanics.

The whole television industry is of course differently set up in Britain than it is here. In fact, in England it isn't an industry at all, certainly not in the sense of being designed for private profit. The British Broadcasting Company is a government-established but not altogether government-run corporation. Until recently it earned no revenue except from a tax on privately owned sets. In addition to BBC's two main channels, BBC 1 and BBC 2, the government licenses a system of commercial stations run for profit, on which an advertiser can buy time, but under much more stringent control by government strictures than is the case of American broadcasters under the pallid purview of the FCC.

To buy time on British commercial television does not imply that the advertiser has bought a program. Not only are all commercials multiple — there can be as many as seven or eight advertisers supporting a single half-hour show, each of them permitted his very brief promotion of his product, thirty seconds or less — but no sponsor can in any way dictate or even influence the nature of the program he helps pay for. As in the case of noncommercial British TV, the programs are entirely within the jurisdiction of the government-employed producers, who in turn answer to various government-appointed supervisory commissions.

Also, at least as compared with American television, there is virtually no intrusion of advertising into the programs themselves. The quality of British commercials may have no more to recommend it than ours in America — TV advertising in Britain is almost as noisy, and surely it is as inane as ours — but British commercial TV is protected against the kind of steady punctuation of advertising we endure

in this country. Although a program on any of the British channels may be interrupted for a variety of reasons which seem illegitimate to an American viewer — an hour-and-a-half film, for instance, will be presented in two installments on the same night, with an entirely different program sandwiched between the two halves — the incessant interruption of a program for two-minute assaults on behalf of a new floor wax or laundry detergent is unheard of. And this of course means that even on their commercial TV a play need not be devised to provide a series of minor climaxes, many of them false, as ours are in America.

Yet, finally it is neither the physical superiority of the British picture nor the absence of our kind of bombardment of advertising but the nature of the programs themselves that gives British TV its distinction. In New York I have nine channels from which to choose a program I may want to watch, and most times I can find nothing. In London, with a choice among three, there was often an embarrassment of riches. Two years ago, when I lived for a year in Oxford, only BBC 1 was available on my set unless I undertook to install a special aerial. I never found this necessary. Although in prospect the idea of being limited to a single station had suggested a substantial curtailment of possibility, it turned out to be only a relief not to twirl the dials from station to station, as I do at home, in the hope of finding something I could bear to look at. The one station provided all the entertainment I required.

It is a fundamental British assumption that television is a leisure-time occupation, not a way of life. Apart from an occasional hour or two of daytime programs designed for children who are for some reason out of school, or perhaps a program on nutrition or some other aspect of health, British television doesn't actually begin until late afternoon. There is no British TV aimed at the bored housewife: no soap operas, no shopping quizzes, no sentimental diversions such as are supposed in America to get a woman through the tedium of her domestic routine.

Not only does British television begin late, it stops early — between eleven and midnight — and is no respecter of the hour, the half, and the quarter hour. If a program runs thirteen minutes or seventeen minutes, then very well: it runs thirteen or seventeen minutes; it is not tailored to the demands of the advertiser who insists on the exactly appropriate moment for his blast. Indeed, it is a regular happening on BBC that a program runs later than scheduled in the papers. Far from this constituting a national emergency, it is taken to be part of the day's business, and BBC 1 or 2, whichever

has finished first, will simply announce that the current program on the other station is taking a bit longer than was expected so they will play some music until they come abreast of each other, in case the viewer had it in mind to switch channels.

Second, and more significant, is the preponderance in any day's schedule of documentary or educational features over other kinds of programs. Apart from soap operas, there is no category of American TV entertainment which is not covered by the BBC: drama, domestic comedy, adventure, news commentary, variety shows, sports reporting, classical and popular music, special features for children. It is the proportioning of the day's programs between those that are meant to enlighten as well as entertain and those intended merely as diversion that is markedly different. There is no special educational TV in Britain as we know it in the United States. The same stations that have the amusement of the public in their keeping have the responsibility for television as a medium of instruction. It is the way in which this duty is interpreted and discharged that makes British television a model we in this country might study.

The idea that something which is instructive can also be pleasurable would seem to be alien to the American national character. We have only to address ourselves to "culture," by which we mean anything superior to the occupations of the ordinary citizen, to become pious and portentous. In fact, the basic assumption of our popular media, among which television is of course the most widely distributed, is that education is a force not for unifying but for dividing the population. Although in America the people who run television have themselves had "superior" educations, the very advantage which earns them their jobs becomes a disqualification in terms of meeting the needs of a wide audience. Contempt for the general public is built into employment in the American media of mass communication and soon translates itself into self-contempt — to work for television, in particular, implies that one has turned one's back on the values most prized by education. One has become, if not a huckster oneself, then his henchman. This is the price which the profession of television in America pays for having been born in the service of advertising.

In Britain, too, television is manned with men and women who have had first-rate educations. But if — which I doubt — they suffer from self-contempt because of their choice of profession, certainly it doesn't show in their public stance. In part, the difference is perhaps explained by the fact that in working for the BBC they work for an important government organization, but I think there is another, deeper source of their self-respect. Not only is there a constant and powerful current of

sympathy between the best-educated classes of Britain as demonstrated by the regular appearance on British television of the country's most gifted and serious artists and scholars — philosophers, theologians, historians, poets, critics, scientists. But television also inherits some of the responsibility of the older privileged class in English society, and along with the responsibility, a commensurate dignity. Curiously enough, in class-structured Britain as opposed to democratic America, television is a force for minimizing the alienation of class from class. It binds together the citizenry instead of separating it into those that give (or sell) and those that receive (or buy). In that most democratic of media, television, the greatest force for aesthetic as well as social good is the BBC's decent regard for the public it addresses. Because it respects its audience it can respect itself.

PARTICULARLY in its political reporting British television accomplishes something of which American television scarcely has any imagination: the BBC can manage to make events that are taking place on the other side of the globe seem of immediate personal concern to someone seated in front of his set in some small English village. This is not a matter of better coverage than we offer in America; our American reporters probably canvass the territory more thoroughly than their British colleagues do. The difference is a matter of approach and tone.

Perhaps because Britain was once such a far-flung empire and is still the center of a far-flung commonwealth, countries which seem remote to an American seem somehow to be directly connected with the life of England. Information about Gibraltar or Aden, the Congo or Malaya is presented not so much in the tone of bringing distant news as in the spirit of "reporting home." On the surface, this sense of familiarity with the world which is communicated in British foreign newscasts is contradicted by the evidence on English TV of Britain's persisting insularity. Certainly British television, concerned as it is on a national level with local events which in the United States would be reported only on local stations, is a constant reminder of how tiny a country England actually is. But this seeming contradiction is resolved by the intimacy that runs through all of British TV, the sense it conveys of direct personal connection between station and viewer. Whether a program is dealing with a political problem in Nigeria or with the latest decision in Parliament, it is reported on the air as if it were an immediate family matter.

For the American viewer, in fact, this quality of intimacy is among the chief charms of British TV;

the English themselves are not conscious of it. It seems never to occur to them that in American broadcasting, intimacy is an aspect only of vulgarity, its style borrowed from the forced rapport between performer and patron in a nightclub. For instance, on the political front, nothing could be more striking than the contrast between our presidential news conference, useless and sterile as it is formal, and BBC's stand on the steps of 10 Downing Street, waiting for the Prime Minister to appear so that a microphone can be thrust in his face and he can be plied with awkward questions. Measured by American standards the British procedure may seem undignified, even rude, but actually it is neither. It simply describes the close tie that the English electorate still feels with its government even while it bitterly complains of the chasm which increasingly divides the ordinary citizen from Whitehall.

But then, the English and the Americans have very different ideas of what constitutes rudeness, especially in public life. A dramatic demonstration is the different way in which the two countries debate public issues. In England an official concerned in some matter of national interest will be put on the screen and publicly grilled by a BBC interviewer in a manner and degree that would be unthinkable in our country. I still recall, for example, from the early days of my first stay in England, a program about housing conditions in which a local official — I think it was in Birmingham — was being questioned about rot in the foundations or framework of houses sold in his district. (Who in American television takes a domestic matter of this kind seriously?) Two interviewers, not one, were (as I felt it) badgering this man. The information they had accumulated with which to indict him in the public eye and the relentlessness with which they pressed him would have done credit to Perry Mason. But at the end of the session, when an American in similar circumstances would have been steaming with anger, the person at whom this attack had been directed smiled happily at his interrogators and they all thanked each other with the greatest courtesy for the pleasure of the interview.

More recently, in airing a case that has been agitating the British public — it involved what appeared to be the brutal caning of boys in a state corrective school — the BBC gathered together on the screen not merely the headmaster of the school and the teacher who had brought his disciplinary fervor to public notice but also the chairman of the school's board of governors and the head of the association of headmasters of schools in the same category. Here, that is, the interviewer had to pick his way among a whole group of people whose careers might hang on the public assessment of their probity.

In this program what was most striking to the American viewer was the interviewer's obvious

partisanship, his refusal to take that much-honored American role of "objectivity." The BBC interviewer, far from thinking of himself as the moderator in a well-mannered debate, made it entirely plain that he believed the headmaster guilty of inflicting severe corporal punishment. While he saw it as his job to give the defendants their full say, he was determined to spare them no iota of the public censure he thought they deserved. I know no one on American television who could have conducted himself with such severe justness, nor can I conceive of an American station undertaking this kind of investigation as part of its public duty.

Obviously the principle of giving the public as much information as possible in controversial areas, and even opinions which they can take or refuse, is not always easy to apply. On the vexing contemporary problem of drugs, for example, the BBC appears to be having considerable trouble deciding how it should proceed and whether, in fact, it will diminish or only increase the attraction of drug-taking among the young by airing the subject. Certainly a program on the American LSD situation that was recently shown by the BBC was an ambiguous affair; borrowing our stance of "scientific objectivity" it managed in the long run to communicate what looked like a substantial tolerance of the LSD phenomenon. For the most part, however, British television reveals a combination of boldness and sound judgment in its approach to charged subjects such as we in America have not yet begun to approximate. With no advertiser to worry about the proprieties and to act as public censor, British TV has managed to bring homosexuality, abortion, adultery, not to mention atheism, full into the domain of public discussion, and this despite government ownership, and, paradoxically enough, the continuation of government censorship in the theater.

The standard of propriety in British television would seem to be that of taste as defined by people who are no less responsible than enlightened. The processes of life — and this includes deviations from a proposed norm of sexual conduct — are thus not taboo. Compared with the simple unsensational frankness with which sexual subjects are treated on British television, the American public approach to sex is worse than puritanical, it is prurient. We may pepper our novels with language and scenes that would still be impermissible in British publishing. But we have yet to treat even the matter of human reproduction, let alone sexual aberrancy, with the grave straightforwardness that is taken for granted by British TV.

And in dealing with sexual subjects, too, we find

the same *human* directness that characterizes the approach of the BBC to politics and other public events. If the theme of homosexuality is being discussed on British television, it is not assigned to white-coated gentlemen who obscure the subject in mystifying technical language. A few months ago, for example, there was a program called *Consenting Adults* about male homosexuality; it consisted of interviews with a hairdresser, a doctor, a clerk in a small town, and a pair of aging male lovers, and its purpose was to investigate how the social and emotional lives of these individuals — and it is worth noting that all of them presented their faces to the public — had been affected by their sexual preference.

If such a series of interviews could have been offered on American TV, which of course it could not, it is impossible to suppose that it would not have been made to point a clear moral, or moralistic, lesson. On BBC there was no lesson to be drawn other than that homosexuals are human beings like everyone else, some happy in their sexual situation, others, notably those whose residence or occupation makes for less tolerance in the community, not. The hairdresser could say, simply, that he had no desire to be cured of his deviance. The doctor was aware of no professional hindrance because of his sexual choice and even enumerated its advantages as he saw them. The two men who had lived together for twenty-eight years were wistful in their homosexual marriage, wished they had been born later than they were, when the world had become kinder to sexual deviants. That public opinion was nevertheless being influenced by the program was unmistakable. There could not have been more valuable ammunition on the side of reform of the old retrograde laws governing homosexual offenses.

Again, in other words, the American visitor is returned to the respect for the public that characterizes British TV, its assumption that it addresses itself to an adult population worthy of the best it can put on the screen and capable of making its own grave discriminations between right and wrong. That there is yellow journalism in Britain goes without saying; one has only to remember the flagrantly publicized Profumo case. But British television has nothing in common with the sensational newspapers of Britain, though it makes its appeal to an even larger audience. If the sensational press of England represents the seamy side of English life, its television represents its civilized humanity continuing into an era of mass communications.

But this sounds abstract, whereas in fact the genius of British TV is its concreteness. Whoever comes to England from America is bound to be struck by the actuality of one's most transitory encounters in shops, buses, on the street. The same quality pervades British TV; one is not aware of

how abstract *American* television is until one contrasts it with that of Britain. The difference was first impressed upon me when I watched a sort of English counterpart to our American "man in the street" programs, in which some dozen men and women in all walks of life, ranging from a shop clerk to a high church dignitary, were speaking on their relations with their fathers. In this telecast, the interviewer never himself appeared in the program, not even as a voice: the camera simply moved from person to person in his or her own home, doubling back on itself from time to time for a second or third opportunity to record a previous speaker. (It is a technique regularly employed in English TV interviewing, and enormously satisfactory.)

The persons who were talking could not have been more relaxed, dignified, or straightforward. Disparate as they were in class and education, they were joined in a common seriousness before a serious subject. No one giggled or clowning; no one put on a public front or shirked the job of probing his actual feelings about his father: had he loved or disliked him, and why. This was early in my London stay, and I had almost forgotten my earlier high regard for British TV: I didn't know whether to be more incredulous of the beauty of the filming of these absorbed faces or of the fineness of spirit revealed in this public act of introspection. But soon I came once more to take performances like this for granted, much as the English themselves do — until I recalled what such a program would be like in America. Americans are not allowed to have actual faces, actual lives, actual problems on American television. Their poses have been contrived for them in the imagination of a culture which has lost its pride in its own diverse humanity.

EVERYWHERE one goes in England one hears, of course, of its escalating Americanization. Does this mean that British television, too, will soon follow our dehumanizing example and exchange its honesty and actuality for our sensational contrivances? Unfortunately there are signs of this possibility, especially on commercial television, which imports a great many American films and screen series. Permissive as British TV is in point of sexual truth — recently, when there was a program on newborn babies, the health of the genitals of infants was not only openly discussed, these forbidden organs were fully exposed to the camera — there is one thing it still (happily) frowns upon: exposures of violence. Thus, American gangster films cede place to relatively moderate crime stories like *Perry Mason*. And imports like *Bewitched* or the *Van Dyke Show* take precedence in popular favor over noisier, uglier series that have high ratings in the United States.

Still, stories of violent action and crime are percolating into British TV, and if they come to substitute in the public taste for long-popular English police programs like *Z Cars*, it is bound to indicate more than a passing preference; it will be evidence of a significant change in the character of English society. For between *Z Cars* or even *Softly, Softly*, the program which developed out of it, and the usual American gangster story the distinction is of a most fundamental cultural kind: these British "crime stories" are stories in which crime is something to be thought about in human and social terms, not acted out in passion.

I do not mean to imply that all of British story-writing for the TV screen has the sweet appeal of *Z Cars* or of *Dr. Findlay's Case Book*, the story of a pair of doctors in a small Scottish town, another of my favorites. *Lucky Jim*, for instance, although based on Kingsley Amis' very amusing novel, is nothing like so sharp and witty as the book. And an unfortunate amount of the humor in other light British programs tends to center around the bathroom or in other ways yield to underdeveloped notions of what constitutes good clean fun. Too, when British television goes in for patently serious drama, it unhappily seems to patronize the same psychiatric clinic that supplies American television with the grim materials of its fashionable "high art." But vulgarity or pretentiousness is still the exception rather than the rule of writing for British television: the straws in the wind of Americanization are still reassuringly few.

PROBABLY the most fascinating achievement of British TV drama so far in its history was last year's serialization of John Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*, than which it may at first seem hard to imagine a less likely item for general consumption in present-day England. But no doubt it is precisely as a document of social change that this series made its stupendous hit with the British public of all classes. Its popular appeal was so great, indeed, that each installment was shown on two different nights of the week so that no one would miss it. And simultaneous with its showing, the libraries were besieged with readers demanding the works of Galsworthy. Everywhere I went in England the latest Forsyte episode was the topic of talk, as how could it not be — the series manifestly represented a new high in the adaptation of fiction to film. Not only was it beautifully acted and spoken, and mounted with the most affectionate attention to social detail; it re-created the recent social past with no slightest taint of the sly condescension with which we in America approach any period which has failed to achieve the benefits of modernity.

I have watched other examples of the skill of the BBC in filming well-known literary works: Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, Scott's *Kenilworth*, Henry James's *Washington Square*, the stories of Kipling, Conan Doyle, Wodehouse. (Currently, they are doing a series of D. H. Lawrence dramatizations.) These productions have all of them ranged from estimable to excellent — I have seen no failures, and no instance of pretentiousness in the face of Literature. If *The Forsyte Saga* was a singular achievement in bringing new life to an almost forgotten book, there is no reason to think of it as an isolated success in the translation of fiction to the screen. It is in splendid company.

Yet finally, remarkable as these BBC films are, it is not on them that one forms one's estimate of British television. They are not the staple of English TV, and one must base one's judgment of the medium on the hour-to-hour quality of British television production rather than on these special offerings. If I were asked, then, what I most enjoy in British TV or what I most enjoy *about* British TV, I would be inevitably returned to its *reality*, to its close connection with actual life — whether by life we mean life as it is conveyed in literature, or life as it presents itself to the inquisitive eye of the professional reporter, or life as it is revealed in its big or little, public or private occupations and problems. A medium which in America is dedicated to evading reality is in England a celebration of its endless range and possibility.

And also — which is perhaps most important — of its immediacy. We in America are in the habit of thinking that we have more social, cultural, and human immediacy, because we have more activity, than the other countries of the West. Actually, just the opposite is so. The more we spin, the more of reality we cast off by our excessive motion — witness the way we use the mechanics of television as a means of increasing our distance from the actual material that is supposedly being brought us. When, for example, the new Philharmonic Hall in New York's Lincoln Center was opened a few years ago, the occasion was reported on television. The report consisted in showing us the building itself as dramatically as possible, in giving us glimpses of the celebrities as they arrived for the big event, in broadcasting part (as I recall) of the musical performance. Between times, since nothing in American TV is as forbidden as an empty or silent screen, there were a series of ridiculous interviews with "personalities" — with Jacqueline Kennedy, with the conductor Leonard Bernstein, even with Aline Saarinen, the widow of the building's architect. The net result of all this scurrying and contrivance was that far from feeling that he was participating in the occasion, the observer at home in front of his TV set felt that life — big, thrilling Life with a capital L — was hap-

pening somewhere where he was not and perhaps never could be. The experience of an opening concert in New York's handsome new hall was not one in which he had shared, so much as one from which he now knew how fully he had been excluded.

While I was in London the BBC tried its first live opera telecast from Covent Garden, *Traviata*. Here, too, one was shown the handsome house, the audience filing in for the performance, the orchestra members taking their place in the pit. But no individual in the audience was isolated for notice, and no one was interviewed. More important, the announcer was repeatedly shown sitting in his box with his notes and microphone before him; there was no attempt to deceive the viewer that he was himself present in the theater when in fact he knew he was not. And this honesty had the salutary, and expectable, effect of making the home viewer feel quite as worthy as those in the theater; for, after all,

all this trouble of putting a reporter and wires and microphones and cameras in Covent Garden had been gone to just for *him*. This, however, was not the only way in which the BBC stayed with the truth of the medium and thus increased the directness of the experience for the viewer: at the first intermission the announcer said that now most of the audience was going to the Crush Bar for a drink; perhaps the viewer was thirsty too, and so there would be a two-minute break while he got a drink for himself in his own home. "But you don't have to queue for it. I imagine you can just reach for your drink."

Condescension? Anything but: I found myself delighted by this confirmation of my own actual domestic existence. Once again the BBC was demonstrating its respect for reality and its wonderfully simple and direct communication with the real people who make up its vast nameless public.

THE TRASH DRAGON OF SHENSI

BY ANDREW GLAZE

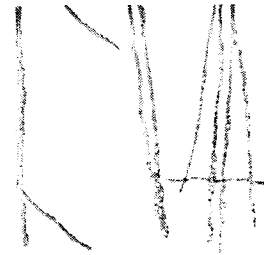
There was an ancient worm
on the hills of Shensi
which had six spines upon its back
that flowed red when it flew
at the Spring moon,
ballooning and unballooning its awful wings
in the brick-hearted sun.

Now it has been caught.
They climbed the rootless cliffs
beyond Sian
(they were very brave and very determined)
and someone flung the silken ropes
while he was sleeping,
(dreaming of water and cloud spouts)
over the spiny angles of his rough heads
steaming like fire hydrants.

They damped him with fog,
and a promise of the disklike moon
for his own on Mondays.
They led him with milk.
And now he toils.
He is the eater of garbage for a whole prefecture.
He is known to every corner
as the Trash Dragon of Shensi.
And he is too full of old watermelon rinds
and millet straw to pay any attention
to his wings.

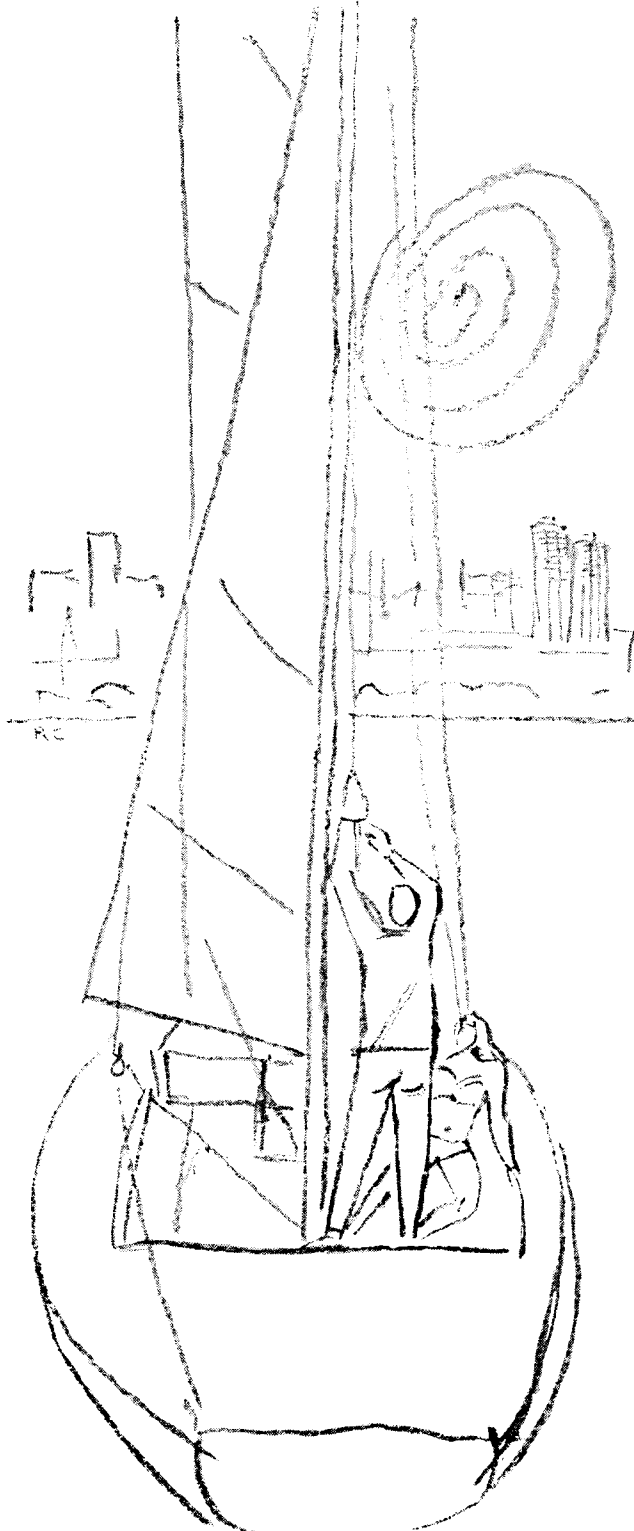
Only in his sleep,
vibrating those spiny reptilian pinions,
does a little steam nicker about his nozzle,
does he buzz a little, throb a little like a train.
He is thinking of red searchlights
in a fishlike moony sky,
and the mountains looking like
great flopped-over turtles below
weaving their legs and heads.

But he no longer believes in flight.
He has accepted his silken attachments,
he has even come — almost —
to believe in the ultimate dignity
of the transmutation
of fish bones and broken squash pods.



THE COLLECTOR

A Story by JESSE HILL FORD



EASE the mainsheet," I say. Almost a whisper. My girl says something. Somebody laughs. My friend Murray comes from belowdecks with a beer.

On my boat everything is clean, everything shining and white, and I am thinking as usual that we could sail on and on forever. Never grow old. Never grow tired — if only the world were made so you could put two happinesses back to back and hold them there forever. I mean Chicago and the summers.

Behind us Lady Chicago at rest and her towers rising like beautiful arms against a bowl-blue sky. Anytime it pleases me I can look over my shoulder and love her with my gaze. At this distance a few miles out beyond the breakwater of Chicago Harbor, the wind has started gusting. The great silence even at so short a distance from the city has begun to be buckled by slapping waves and the hushed sound of shearing water.

"Forty-three feet," says Murray, who is not very familiar with sailboats. "You could go anywhere in the world."

As usual we come about just before nightfall. On the return tack the wind is up and we run close-hauled; the whitecaps are running and the boat starts to drive and roll, drive and roll — she's like an antelope. Nightfall then. And Chicago ahead of us in mounds and soft strings of precious gems. The boat herself nothing jealous goes on driving and driving home eagerly until, as always happens just inside the breakwater, inside again, we get the sudden flat-water calm, like sudden, beautiful death.

"Once I knew of a poem that called Chicago a hog butcher," says Murray. "Either this poet never knew the lake or else he was trying to be cruddy at Chicago's expense. But I tell you *she* couldn't care less."

I have begun thinking of my niece Alabam who wasn't really my niece but was some kind of cousin to my first wife. This girl — this very nice girl who came straight out of Alabama to Chicago.

Alabam. Probably she was beauty queen of Jasper, where my first wife was from, and Alabama girls can be beautiful as I am already aware because I married one. Presently I'm telling Murray about it again. I see the glow of his cigarette in the darkness. He listens and again I'm telling him about this girl Alabam.

She of course knew of me, and whereas my first wife didn't really feel she had room for the girl, wasn't positive, so to speak, that an apartment hotel on the Near North would be the right brand of environment for a tender chicken just lately out of Walker County High School, it was arranged as follows. After I met Alabam she came to live with me and my third wife.

Listening, Murray has reason to know already

that my present wife comes from near Chattanooga and that she was first married to an Italian sadist. Garlic boy made her marry him. Then he tortured her all the time — a beautiful girl scared witless of this bum. He was two bits worth of highly seasoned grease, that familiar kind who swaggers around beating up women — girls.

About two weeks after we finally get my third wife's divorce from the Italian, I was having to keep my bride in a downtown hotel. The wop was making threats. We got the obscene phone calls. Everything nasty he could dream up and everything getting very, very unreasonable. I'm also keeping both former wives and all the wonderful children in downtown hotels. Had to take the children out of school. You name it. The gentleman was trying to drive me crazy.

Ten cheap miserable days of this and they found garlic boy in the trunk of his automobile in a nice leakproof plastic bag; but as to who did it or why — you tell me. I always say that, and I have to assume that somebody who knew me and was aware of the whole ridiculous situation — somebody who liked me decided that somewhere along the bus line *this* kind of ridiculous garbage had to be disposed of.

A month after that here comes sweet little Alabam to Chicago. My first wife, with whom I've remained friends, introduces me to the girl, and I take Alabam out on the boat a couple of weekends. She wears a nice bathing suit. She's beginning to learn the language — getting rid of the *you alls* and the *ah-moes*, *ah-moe bah mah seff a new dress*; *ah-moe come long sailin' with you Be-yul dahlin' sho, co'se ahm comin' sweet hot*.

I don't have it in for the South. Don't misunderstand. I married three of them after all. That should prove something — but the point is Alabam was learning that the letter "r" actually appears in the alphabet, whereas when they first get here it's as though they learned to talk on a twenty-five-letter alphabet. Yet the smart ones, the good little broads like Alabam, pick up the American language pretty quick.

She was making progress, and I said to my first wife, I asked her why Alabam shouldn't come up north with me — meaning me and my third wife because we have a house in Wilmette and whatthe-hell rooms to spare, so what's another mouth to feed, I say; or another way to say it would be why not be generous if you can help somebody? Besides, Alabam wasn't at all bad-looking. Beauty never hurts.

ALABAM moves in. My third wife Margaret Ann who wasn't pregnant yet for the first time, she likes Alabam. They seem to hit on most of the same

cylinders, so I tell myself Chattanooga must be close to Alabama because pretty soon the girls have their knees together all the time drinking margaritas, and Alabam catches on to the fact that we're pretty civilized here in Chicago after all.

So Margaret Ann says, why shouldn't Alabam go to school? How about some college for her? They've already talked it over with my first wife. The three girls have it already decided before they come to me with the idea. I hesitate, but it gets to be like a tack driven into the roof of all three of their mouths. Alabam should go to college. *They* don't have the money, and God knows nothing green is ever in any of the envelopes coming out of Alabama, where, I suppose, all the beautiful broads like Alabam are raised for export. Down there they have pride; they have this great long family tradition about the *waugh* (the *waugh* is the Civil War, which has been over so long that most of the rest of us don't remember it). But get south where I have never been, if you want to discount Miami, go below the Mason-Dixon, where I never intend to go, and the atmosphere is so heavy with shades of that *waugh* — well I tell them they seem like they have grits and banjo strings running out of their ears. I ask them: "Do you really think that *waugh* ended last Thursday at one P.M.?" That can serve to jar them out of it sometimes. As a general policy, though, I avoid mentioning *war* in their presence.

What the hell. Finally I put her in school. Here's a girl with brains. She can wear clothes. She wants an education.

We buy her some decent clothes. I give her a car. Alabam goes to school and time passes thus, with Alabam driving down to Evanston every day. She lets her hair grow out long like Margaret Ann's until I can hardly tell the difference between them. Alabam has the lead on my wife by a few years — that of course. With Alabam's hair long they could be sisters. It's a happy time.

Nights when I have a date, Alabam is home to keep Margaret Ann company. Nights when I don't have anything on, the three of us go to some decent place. We have a few drinks, some food, some laughs. I like to dance. It's almost two broads for the price of one.

Another beautiful summer. By now Alabam's a sophomore making her grades. She and Margaret Ann work to get all-over suntans. They talk me into building the sauna. We have the sauna going. Here I'm in the house with two golden beautiful women but straight — all on the up and up; maybe I'm kidding Alabam a little, but no bouncing around. The girls have become such friends. Then — ? Boom!

Downtown at my office one morning, down in the Loop, the phone rings.

Margaret Ann: "Come home right now."
"What?"

"Because it's Alabam, she's sick. I made her two margaritas. She drank both of them. She's *still* sick! I think she must be running a terrible fever. I don't know if she might be very serious or something!"

All the way from the Loop to Wilmette, standing on the accelerator. My heart beats so it gives me a headache. I get there. Margaret Ann has put the girl in the sauna and given her another margarita — still no help. So when I phone the doctor and tell him the outline of the symptoms, he says get her in the car. Come straight to the hospital.

It cracked down on us — thunder out of a clean sky. They put her in a room. They started throwing drugs into her. Margaret Ann starts crying. The doctors have to tell us that Alabam may not make it. Then they tell the rest. The whole trouble is that the poor girl has had a cheap abortion.

"Alabam," I'm saying, "Alabam, why didn't you come to me?" I take her hand, feel the illness in her, burning her up, killing her. "You think I'm going to blame you if you got slightly knocked up?"

"Ahm sorry. Awful sorry, Bill," she says. Sweat floods her face. Lying helpless, she's almost dying, and here she goes apologizing to me and the doctor comes in and wants me out of the room. The nurses move strangely. The nurses too are worried.

"Who is he?" I ask.

"Just a guy. It's mah fault much as his, Bill. Ah didn't wanna be any trouble." Sick as she is she tells me the whole lousy story. It's so cheap, so tawdry and sickening. She's half dead in that hospital room, dying in the biggest best room on the best floor. But we haven't been there ten minutes it seems until they start moving the flowers in out of the hallway from every friend I have in all the Chicagoland area. Finally it takes one nurse her full time just to water the flowers and arrange them while Margaret Ann takes off the greeting tags to make a list so we can send everybody a telegram of thanks. Which is the meaning of friends. They come to your aid at such a time, when you are receiving a blow like that.

Just when we think she's all right Alabam has a reaction to the drugs. She takes a nose dive. She's like a beautiful craft about to be splintered unnecessarily against a piling, already taking water, and I get such a feeling. I don't know what to do. I can't drink; can't eat; sleep is out of the

question. I spend so much time at the hospital my belt runs out of notches. My clothes hang on me. My eyes get so big it scares me if I happen accidentally to look in the mirror. I haven't shaved. I've been crying. It's like my nerves have begun to eat up my guts.

So I asked Alabam one day, I said: "Who was it?"

By now she's so far gone she's gotten very quiet. When she talks, it's from the strange midst of her waking and sleeping. She knows. She's very close to the big one, and she's having such a lousy time she really doesn't care. She gives me the bum's name. Between sleeping and waking bouts she tells how he stood her to a cheap hundred-and-fifty-buck nigger abortion. I keep asking myself, can this be me this is happening to? Can practically a member of my own family be dying because some stupid jack-off college bum dug down for a lousy hundred and fifty bucks after he had knocked little Alabam up? Now he's *killed* her on top of that?

Next day I pulled myself together. I went down to the office and called him. I told him the good news, that thanks to his cheap ideas and his morals, which must have been manufactured out of dog manure, thanks to his preference for nigger abortions, that a beautiful girl named Alabam is dying a very slow death.

"What can I do?" he asks. "Let's say I'm sorry about that," says he. He hangs up in my face. That dial tone runs through me like a hot spear.

I dictate a letter *dear mister Calton in view of the circumstances the very least you can do is pay for the medical expense* — blah, blah, blah — but very nice. *Very nice.*

No answer. My secretary calls him. He shafts her with a couple *dozen* dial tones. Mister Calton is a pretty character as I discover when I go to the school personally. I go through the whole routine. Having him looked up, making an appointment — all just to talk to him.

He's the beard and blue jeans brand. The new type of old tennis shoes college bastard. We have quite a talk. I've got good news for him by now. Alabam is out of the hospital and she's getting well. In fact that very day she had had her first margarita. Which is how I remember it so vividly.

"Well, nice," says Mister Calton. "I'm very glad she didn't die."

I'm wondering who the Christ he thinks I am; what the hell he thinks I'm made of — cheese or something?

"The hospital and the doctor came to fifteen hundred in all," I tell him, and I show him the entire bill itemized and marked paid. I show him my canceled check for the entire amount.

"Let me talk to my father," he says. "We'll send you your money."

Mr. Ford is a Southern novelist and short-story writer whose most recent collection, FISHES, BIRDS AND SONS OF MEN, was published last fall by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

As will happen sometimes, my heart begins to lift a little, to be filled again like a sail that's been hanging slack. I can eat; I can sleep; I watch the girls drink their margaritas and play cribbage. The sauna is a special help now for Alabam. I witness the return of the old happiness in our household. I get them a couple of pooches, some poodles, and get each of them a kitty cat, the very best of both beasts. Alabam is ready to decide if she will try the same school again or go to another one when it suddenly dawns on me. Three months have slipped through my fingers. No fifteen hundred dollars. No word, not even a murmur from Mister Calton.

So now I take the time and the trouble to locate his father. I write them both, father and son, a very nice letter enclosing copies of the bill, copies of my canceled checks, the letter politely explaining the situation in full. All I want is my money — no interest on it, no baloney. Just a nice letter to the both of them on the right kind of correct light-blue stationery.

Papa Calton's address? Way the hell out west somewhere in the boondocks. That should have served perhaps to warn me — well, it didn't.

Margaret Ann is pregnant now. She's taking mother-baby vitamins with her margaritas. It's a very nice time for me because starting a new family is like starting a new business or going on a vacation when your plane lifts from the runway at O'Hare. In your mind's vision you see Acapulco and L.A., you see Vegas or maybe the Islands — beautiful, exotic. So what if you have busted forty? It's like starting a new series of exercises down at the health club or taking flying lessons. I look at Margaret Ann's little belly, round and gold and just starting to show, and a voice comes out of my guts and speaks to me and tells me: "*You did that. Inside there that life — you did it. You procreated.*"

The utter fulfillment for a man. As long as he can keep procreating, life will sing for him.

Alabam's practically built back up to normal and looking better than ever when I get a phone call. It's Papa Calton. Right away when *he* starts talking, I know the type. Chicago is loaded with Papa Caltons. The world is all too full of them. You can't mistake them because each has a mouth that weighs two hundred pounds, give or take two ounces either way.

"What is this and who the hell you think *you* are writing *me* letters telling us *we* have to pay that little whore's hospital and doctor? You think Jimmy was the only one?"

"If he wasn't, then why did he try to kill her with a cheap, lousy, hundred-fifty-buck abortion then?" I says.

"Look, bastard," says this heavyweight mouth

champion. "I don't know who you are. I never heard of you — understand me? Your name means nothing to me! And right now as of now I'm telling you, whoever you are, whatever you are, that my son and I don't intend to make a career of paying the hospital bills for all the whores on the Evanston campus, including that little hooker you're living with —"

I let him talk. Then, very quietly: "I think you better pay it." Almost a whisper.

He unloads another collection of garbage. Me: "I think you better pay it." He calls me a couple of names. That's the end of the conversation.

Next day I write Papa Calton a polite note again: *dear mister calton in spite of your conversation last evening I think you have a moral obligation to pay, et cetera.*

By now we're getting to the end of the sailing season. Soon the boat comes out of the water to go into storage. Alabam is on my side for talking Margaret Ann into a winter vacation for the three of us. Alabam can get her health back before she tries school again. If she decides on school, I'm telling Alabam I just want one promise that she will keep her legs crossed, or barring that that she will either reproduce or do something besides let a nigger operate on her with a rusty coat hanger, but of course this is put to her as a joke, in a very polite way.

MURRAY came on the boat that next Saturday with his girl. I left the girls at home in Wilmette, happy, drinking margaritas, and plotting out the vacation for November. I had my new girl, Lois, a nice honey blond from Cincinnati. It was the weekend with Murray and his girl at the time — a very nice high-bred young Italian girl named Maura — Maura and Murray — that's perhaps what first appealed to him when he met her. Although Murray's well into his fifties and Maura's just twenty-five and just about two months out of her first divorce, it's had the makings of a very nice arrangement. Maura's living in the same apartment building with Murray.

We left the mooring at noon sharp. The girls were below fixing lunch. We passed the breakwater. It was one of the very fine days that come always near the end of the season, cool without being cold and the wind fresh as ice and the sky so blue it's like the almighty God is plotting to break your heart like a plate, on the pure hard beauty of the occasion. All sailing is good; but late-season sailing is always best. In October the boat has an urgency about her. It's as if she knows it, as if she realizes the yard is there waiting for her and she must submit soon to that long winter sleep and she wants you in her and with her, wants to contain and cuddle you these last few days before

Take the fan in your left hand

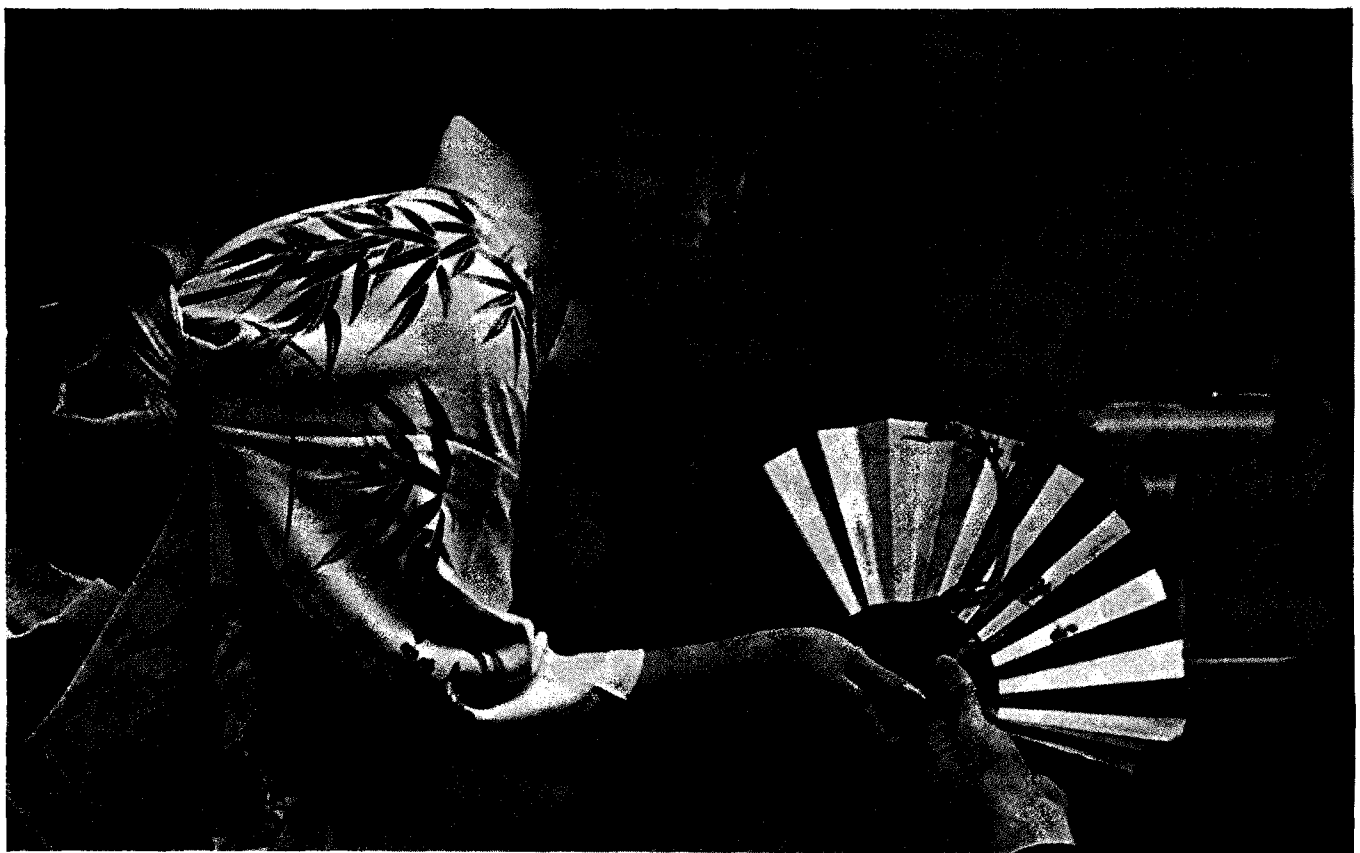
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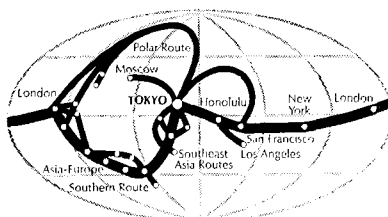
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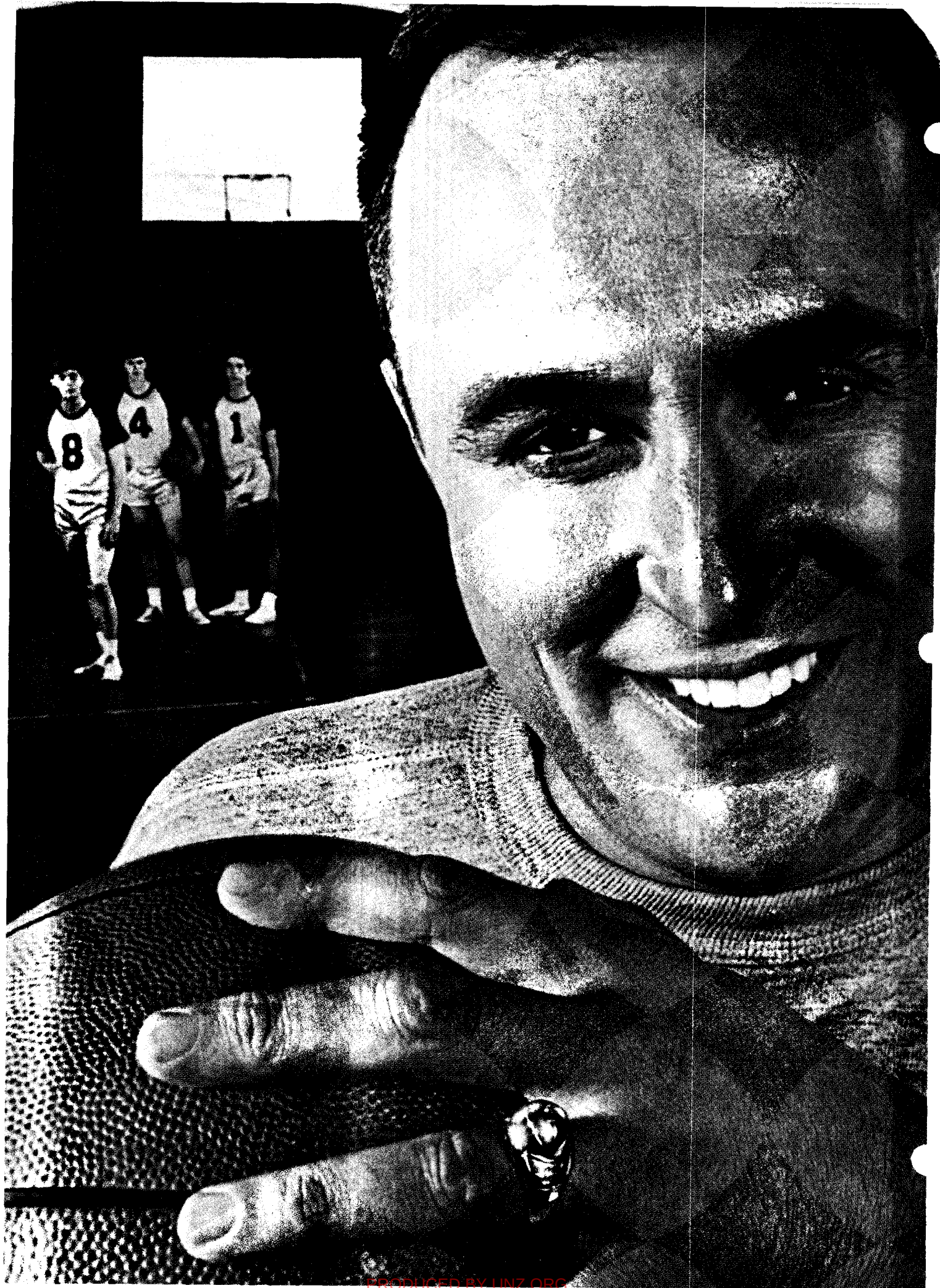
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This ex-pro basketball star found his toughest competition selling computers.

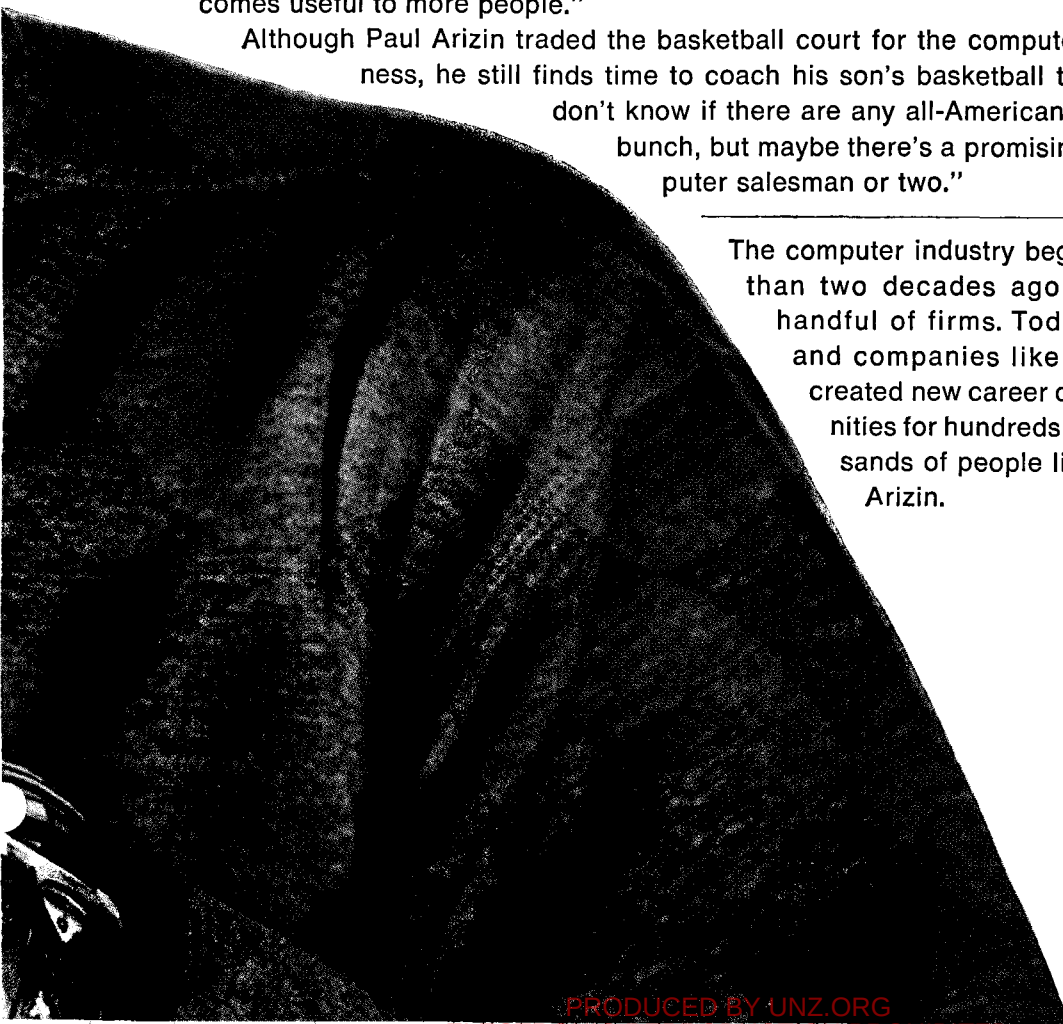
At 6 foot 4, 210 pounds, Paul Arizin was one of the "small" men in professional basketball. Today, he's an IBM computer salesman in Philadelphia.

His competitors aren't seven feet tall anymore, but the challenge is just as tough. "That's why I chose the computer business," says Arizin. "When I retired from pro ball, I simply couldn't take a routine job.

"The computer industry is intriguing. Each of my customers has a different problem, ranging from routing trucks to unscrambling inventory. And with many computer companies working on the same problem, you have to hammer out the best possible solution, or it's no sale.

"All this competition not only makes my job exciting, it's good for the customer. For a dollar, today's computer can process a thousand times more data than it did in 1950. And as data processing gets even more economical, it becomes useful to more people."

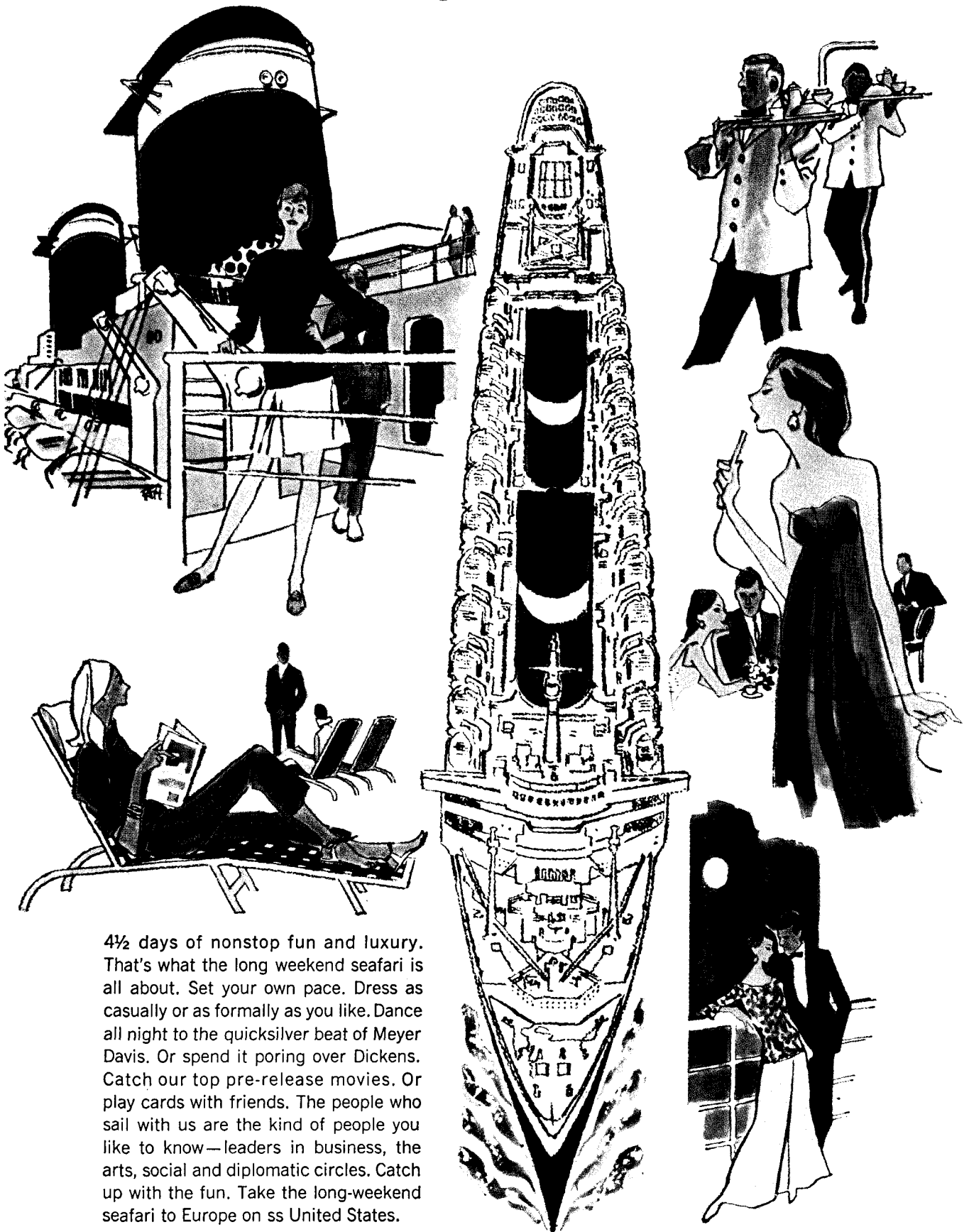
Although Paul Arizin traded the basketball court for the computer business, he still finds time to coach his son's basketball team. "I don't know if there are any all-Americans in the bunch, but maybe there's a promising computer salesman or two."



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the two of you undergo the terrifying little separation that will make you both seem like strangers when you meet her again next spring. And always, underneath it, wearing at both of you — yourself and your boat — is that nagging possibility that something else will grab you meanwhile. She might get traded in on something bigger, something more boss, and the next time you see her after this October she might be at a strange mooring. The new one will be under you, and something passing for sadness will slide through your chest for a while every time you pass her riding there, awaiting her new owner.

Thus October sailing is exciting and it's frantic, and I'm thinking that as soon as the girls get the chow served and I can find a safe steady course that Murray can manage without too much trouble — maybe Murray and Maura together — then I can go below with my new girl because the urge is there like a pressure. Looking down now and then through the hatch I can see my new girl, Lois — a glimpse of her hair and the nice shape of her face and her smile when she throws her head back a certain way — she's very classy. She has the lines of an aristocrat, nothing cheap about her.

"What you thinking?" says Murray. "You looking sad."

"No. I'm fine," I say.

"Beautiful, beautiful," he murmurs. The boat and the weather, everything has begun combining to get at Murray. He gazes back at Chicago. "God," he says. And then: "Business is OK?"

"Fine with me. You?"

"Business is fine," says Murray. "And nothing's troubling you? How is Margaret Ann?"

"Pregnant and beautiful," I say.

"That Alabam — she's some beauty," Murray says. "I don't see how you stand it all together like that in the same house. She's getting OK from her trouble? That you told me about last time?"

"Oh, fine," I say, thinking about Lois. Just then I hear her laugh. I let out the mainsheet a little and trim the jib. Then I come to port a couple of points and set the boat on a broad reach. I explain a little to Murray about the wind indicator and the compass. Then I let him have the tiller. I can tell he's slightly nervous, but of course for my sake he's willing to sail the boat at least long enough for me to go below with Lois. I tell him Maura will help him.

Murray nods. "Did he pay you?" Murray says. "Who?"

"The son of a bitch," Murray says. "And his father. Alabam's medical expenses — the fifteen hundred?"

It came back to me. Rushed at me a little. I shook my head. "Not yet," I told him.

"Let me try a thing or two," Murray said.

"Haven't you been nice and patient long enough?"

"I don't know," I say.

"Why not leave it to me for a while until I call you? You've done me favors. Maybe I can do you a favor. OK?"

NOTHING more was said. The girls came up to the cockpit about then. We drank a beer and ate the shrimp salad and the skinless Portuguese sardines and the corned beef sandwiches. Lois sat so her hip rested against mine while she looked at Murray and Maura the whole time. She talked to them without looking at me, but her hip of course was telling me without words everything a man wants to hear from a beautiful girl. It had already been agreed. Lois and I would go below to the cabin when we finished eating, so of course Lois talked a lot and ate very slowly, and the motion of the boat kept rubbing her against me; the round curve of her against my hip where she sat half turned, never looking at me, and creating the luxury (which is the best part of any illusion) that you've got all the time there is in the world when just the opposite is the truth . . .

Finally the plates went overboard. Murray opened my marlinespike and punched holes in the bottom of the beer cans the way he had watched me do it. The cans went over and were washed under, making their way down and down slowly to the lake bottom through the clear, clean water.

Murray took the tiller.

Lois paused a moment with her hand on the hatch. She looked back at me and her head went back and she smiled and the wind moved her hair, making shadows on her face. Then she went below.

"We've got it, Bill!" Maura said. She had taken the tiller. Maura was enjoying the moment too. Our happiness must have entered Maura the way happiness sometimes can. "Go on — I've sailed — more than Murray!"

I went below.

We took a very long time. I held back and delayed her, holding off, holding back and putting off the final moment just as she had dawdled over lunch, delaying and delaying the same way until her legs finally caught me. I felt all her strength begging me. Then and only then. I let her draw me down. The waves slapped and rushed against the bulkhead beside us. Toward the end she moaned, finally she cried out; her fingernails were like sharp teeth just below my shoulder blades. Her slender arms moved. She put them about my neck and pulled me down.

We lay for a long time, kissing and listening to the water. Then we sat up, she on a towel. She drew up her knees and sat with her back against the

bulkhead. She smoked a cigarette and talked about her childhood, looking straight into my eyes now and then and smiling. She had fine brown eyes and a small dimple at the edge of her mouth. "I love you," she said, now and then. I began wondering if I ought to marry her. I wanted to marry her. She was so beautiful, and the way she talked kept me smiling inside at myself. It was a very happy interlude.

Presently, after we had made love again, she tidied up. She slipped back into her tight white slacks. She didn't wear her bra. She put on a loose-fitting blue jersey pullover with a hood and one pocket in front over her tummy, one hand-warming pocket; the kind of jersey fishermen and sailors wear.

I followed her back out, through the galley and up the ladder to the cockpit. Maura had the tiller. Murray had gotten some music on the radio. The wind had died a little, and Chicago was still there like a smile on the distant shore.

Murray looked up. "About that other thing," he said. "Leave that to me and I'll phone you sometime, say like Tuesday."

I only nodded. I didn't say anything. The rest of the weekend went like a picture of paradise. We got a slip in the harbor of a club high on the north shore. Late that night when Lois and I had had a few drinks we went swimming, and it was Sunday night before we saw Chicago again.

Because I couldn't bear to leave Lois I phoned Margaret Ann Sunday night from Chicago Harbor dock and told her not to expect me before Tuesday. "How is Alabam?" I asked.

"Alabam's lovely," Margaret Ann said.

We crossed the outer drive, the four of us walking together, to the parking lot. Lois and I told Murray and Maura good-night — Murray wanted everybody to go somewhere for drinks. He seemed restless, and I felt sorry for him because it was rather obvious that perhaps he was getting a little tired of Maura. Perhaps he didn't want to be alone with her. He couldn't help but notice, besides, that it was just the opposite with me and Lois. It may be he was a little jealous. Anyhow we said good-bye. Lois and I had the whole night then. We had that Sunday night at her place. Monday night I took her out — drinks, dancing, dinner. Back at her place afterward, in the very midst of everything going between us, she cried. That's when it came to me that I was probably going to marry her. It was like a seed dropping, falling into a bed of soft earth. After she had cried a while we came together again. It was very strange and very strangely marvelous because she knew without my telling her that now it was forever.

Which is not to say that anything, really, is

forever; but it is to say that the finest moments of all are the ones when it seems that way and you both believe it; and who knows maybe it was, because how many families can one man support no matter who he is or how hard he works at it?

ANYHOW, it was Tuesday when Murray phoned me at the office. "I broke out the picture window in the front and the picture window in the back," Murray said. "No trouble at all."

"Thanks," I said. "What now?"

"Drop him a very polite letter and ask for the payment," Murray said. "That ought to be all there is to it."

I thanked him and wrote the letter, on blue paper again.

Thursday the mouth called me at the office. I knew who it was when I saw the button on my phone flashing. I answered. My secretary: "It's Mister Calton? Will you speak to him?"

"All right," I said. "Hello?"

"Get this — I don't know who you are and I don't care. But I've got friends in this town . . ."

I let him shoot his wad. Then I called Margaret Ann and told her to take Alabam and move downtown to the hotel. They didn't want to go to all the trouble.

"Look," I said. "You just don't take chances. You know that from your first husband!"

Alabam came on the phone saying she was sorry about all the trouble she was causing. She started crying.

"It's no trouble. The only trouble is if the two of you don't do *exactly* what I tell you. Now move. Pack your things. *Now!* Take the dogs and the cats to the vet. Board them. Then go straight downtown to the hotel. Call me when you get checked in —"

They finally agreed. Maybe it had dawned on them to be slightly scared. I phoned the hotel manager, a friend of mine, and got a nice suite big enough for all of us. Then I phoned Murray.

"OK," Murray said. "When you leave the office this evening go to the hotel. Stay there until I phone you."

I told him I would. Then Lois called, and we talked a long time and I told her about the whole mess. I decided to leave early and go by her place for a drink first, before going to the hotel. "Why not meet me downstairs in the bar?" I said.

"No," she said. "Come up to my place. I don't like to share you."

Of course I was still there, with Lois at her place, when Murray phoned much later and asked me what the hell? I told him I was sorry. I told him the time slipped by me.

"You're sweet on Lois," he said.

"Yes," I said. I had my hand resting on her belly. I could feel her breathing. Her cheek was against my arm.

"Margaret Ann and Alabam are getting slightly worried," Murray said.

"I'll phone and explain that I've been slightly delayed," I said.

"Good idea," Murray said. "You could tell them it's safer that you stay another place instead of coming down there where they are. Tell Margaret Ann you might be followed. Say I said so because that's what I already told them you were probably going to do. I already told them it probably wasn't safe. Alabam is hysterical though. So maybe you should phone her and Margaret Ann, Bill," Murray said.

"I will," I told him. "I'll call them right away."

"Well," Murray said, "I went and called on the Caltons again. This time I opened the garage first and squirted lighter fluid all over the inside of the car —"

"God," I said. "That's wonderful."

"No — let me tell you. Then I cut the back screen and went through the kitchen and right into the hallway by the telephone. I can see Calton sitting in there with his wife watching teevee. I squirted the phone and the walls, a couple of chairs. The carpet. All the time I can see him in there watching the teevee. He was in his undershirt."

"Christ," I said. "This is wonderful."

"No — wait. Then I went back to the kitchen door and dropped a match as I went out. Then I dropped a match in the car and walked right down the driveway to the sidewalk. My car was two blocks away. I didn't get to my car before I heard the engines coming, the sirens."

I feel the blood in my cheeks. "Pal," I tell him. "You got balls."

"I enjoyed it," Murray said. "So you don't get the fifteen hundred anyhow you got fifteen hundred worth of revenge? Somewhere in that neighborhood."

"I appreciate the favor very much, Murray," I said.

"My pleasure," he says. "I'd write Mister Calton another letter now. Nice polite one like the ones before."

"I will," I said.

"But maybe wait a day or two. Another letter may not be needed. You never know."

"Thanks again," I said.

Next I phoned Margaret Ann. I got Alabam calmed down a little. "Maybe sometime this week you can move back up to Wilmette," I told Alabam.

She moaned some more about all the trouble. I told her to forget it, to look out for Margaret Ann for me. "Forget it, pretty girl." Then I put the phone down. Lois took my hand in both of hers and started kissing the tips of my fingers while we talked.

When I tell her about the car and the lighter fluid and the son of a bitch, old Calton, in there watching teevee all this time while Murray squirts the lighter fluid like he's peeing on the walls or something, she gets very amused and laughs. Then she is sad again. I know she's wondering about us, wondering how it will work out if ever it works out at all. I don't say much. But late that night when we neither of us can sleep because it's just too much, just too powerful, I think she begins realizing it is going to last.

As usual I got to the office by eight the next morning. As will sometimes happen, I promised God on high that if Calton paid me the fifteen hundred today then I would marry Lois and tell her the decision before midnight. Maybe I already knew how it would turn out because just before nine o'clock the light on my phone blinks, I answer. The secretary puts on Mister Calton.

"I'll pay! I'll pay! You'll have the goddamn money before noon!" The great mouth is shouting, pleading. "Please! How did I, how could I *know* who you are? Why didn't you *tell* me something!"

"Noon will be fine. Or anytime tomorrow," I said. He was ten more minutes apologizing for any inconvenience he or his son might have caused me and my family.

A messenger brought the money — cash — before noon.

I called Murray and told him. We had a laugh or two. Then Murray got serious. "You going to marry the girl — Lois?" he says, rather sadly.

I told him yes.

"When?" he says.

"Well," I told him. "It can't be right away. I'm taking Margaret Ann and Alabam to Mexico first, in November. Before that the boat has to come out of the water. Then Margaret Ann has to have the baby, my kid. So . . ."

"Yeah," said Murray. "It is going to take a little time, isn't it? But it's definitely Lois?"

"Definitely," I told him. Then I ask him if he wants to sail tomorrow — Saturday. He says yes, but probably he won't be bringing Maura, if I don't mind. Probably he'll bring some other girl, he says.

"Sure," I said. "Anything you want to do will be quite all right."

MANNERS, BEARDS, and the BILL OF RIGHTS

by Louis Kronenberger

FORMALITY is a word that has never had much immediacy or much aura in the history of American living, and seems not just rather alien but a touch absurd against the headlines of today. Yet the at all international-minded reader has only to come upon such a phrase as “the formal French” — in this case, the title of a book — to envisage not only particular objects or occasions, but entire eras and a national culture. French chateaus and gardens, long-ago Versailles, and a much more recent Faubourg Saint Germain at once leap to mind. But along with such French emblems of formality come almost all the marks of prescribed or elegant living that we ourselves have borrowed, whether *comme il faut* or *r.s.v.p.*, *haut monde* or *grand seigneur*, *bal masqué* or *fête champêtre*, *maître d’hôtel* or *sommelier*, *foie gras* or *champagne*, *doyen* or *débutante*, *première* or *vernissage*. How much that is festive, fashionable, ceremonial speaks French the world over. W. L. Wiley in *The Formal French* (Harvard University Press, \$6.75) does not quite satisfy our expectations of his title, being only a little concerned with the amenities of today, and only a little more with those of times past. His chosen scene is France in the great ages of ceremony, his subject matter is predominantly their arts, their courts, their ritualistic culture. Much of such formality is what we — and Professor Wiley — would call formalism: something that in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century France wasn’t even a stone’s throw from pedantry. Even this, however, as Mr. Wiley presents it, can have its mildly amus-

ing side — such as whether, in the theater, the unity of time restricting the action to one day should rule out hours for sleep. Much more familiar to us are the roles and rules of the French Academy, which got its start as “something like a men’s luncheon club,” what with men of letters becoming bored with the pretentious female chatter of the salons. (“I like the melon” was not good enough for such *précieuses*; one said, “I esteem the melon.”) Roughly half a century after the French Academy was founded came the Comédie Française: where the Academy split hairs over words, the Comédie split hairs over how to pronounce and declaim them.

Formality, in life as opposed to art, has largely to do with rank as opposed to rules. There is a sense about it of special or habitual homage, special or habitual privilege, special or habitual festivity. Mr. Wiley most reasonably ascribes to Louis XIV “the ultimate in formalism,” and indeed we associate him with not just great ceremonial occasions, but with such set rituals as his *lever* and *coucher*; with just who might hold the candlestick, or be seen to the foot of the stairs, or see the King getting ready for bed, or talk to him after he got there. In the century before Louis XIV there was actually more extensive ceremonial: Mr. Wiley describes how, after the death of Francis I, an effigy of him fashioned by François Clouet and his assistants was put on a nine-foot-square bed and for eleven days served dinner and supper, course after course along with wine, by a large

staff of functionaries, the napkin being formally presented to him by a grandee, and the blessing pronounced by a cardinal. Only after this did the *pompes funèbres* begin. Even insult used the language of amenity, as when a lady repulsed a Prince of the Blood with "Your Highness has the kindness to be too insolent."

Mr. Wiley offers the French love of elaborate ritual and ceremonial as one reason why the Reformation, with its Calvinist severity, failed in France; as he attributes to the French feeling for order and classical form their rejection of the baroque, which flowered all around them. As against this, Mr. Wiley cites the paradox of the formalistic French welcoming again and again new and avant-garde movements in art and letters, from the *libertins* and *philosophes*, to the Symbolists and Cubists, the surrealists and existentialists. Mr. Wiley might have added that the nation which desires a week's notice for a cup of tea spends much of its life in the voluble informality of the sidewalk café.

AND indeed, though Mr. Wiley's text is almost entirely concerned with the past, his title is still apposite in the present. For the French are still formal: Mr. Wiley himself tells of a very young Boy Scout who, before getting off a bus, bowed formally to his grandmother and then shook her hand. Mr. Wiley reminds us of all those ceremoniously polite warnings in public places not to do this, that, or the other thing, and of all those prosaic processes with polysyllabic names — a permanent wave, for example, being an "*ondulation indéfrisable*." Somehow no fires of revolution or flares of republicanism have quite done away in France with monarchical flourishes and seigniorial traditions. The French seem to have a great *public* sense of occasion, a European sense of position; of rank and caste, of ribbons and orders. Formality is in their awed-peasant or their awesome-patrician bones. It is very much less in ours; as a tenet of American life it has, despite a Philadelphia or a Baltimore or a Charleston, never really prospered. For ours was for a long time, of course, a moving-frontier culture, with the middle-class front parlor so formal it played host largely to coffins. Nor have we ever contrived a truly indigenous formal style. Our splendid eighteenth-century architecture and furniture — even a Bulfinch's or McIntire's or Duncan Phyfe's — were derived from England's. In the nineteenth century we went classically public in an orgy of Greek Revival, and expensively parvenu with Renaissance chateaus and palazzos. Whether or not, in modern architecture, form follows function, formality usually walks the other way. Grand-style formal living in America today,

where not despaired of from a shortage of servants, is disliked for all the time and fuss involved. In any case, the private car has given way to the company plane; the private ballroom to the public hotel; and though women may load up on jewels and spend fortunes on clothes, tiaras are optional and trains are defunct. Moreover, our luxury-class life resists formality if only because formality resists change — which is something America can *never* resist. Change is a fixed star of our way of life. Ours may be the only anchored society in which the brand-new enjoys the highest rank and the right "contact" the widest sway, for if push is the American gospel for getting there, pull is the American proof of having arrived.

Thus, however much given to lavishness, American culture has small taste for established forms. Informality, indeed, might very well be called an American invention. To begin with, it partly springs from our actual inventions, from the telephone replacing the letter, and the typewriter the letter written by hand; from hot dogs banishing forks, and ice cream cones spoons; from electrical gadgets creating a hospitality that does without servants, without dining rooms, and as often as not without chairs. As who does not know, today's formal "black tie" was under its maiden name of tuxedo a triumph for informality. Informality, moreover, has killed off many tiresome genteel customs and proprieties — paying calls, leaving cards, straight-backed chairs, over-long dinners, cumbersome clothes — and has done this so decisively that today even stuffed shirts seldom wear stiff collars.

A fair amount of the informality that has stuck is due to the young. In the twenties and thirties, Ivy League college boys relaxed their dress with the button-down-collar soft shirt and the decline or decease of garters, underwear tops, and hats. A fair amount, too, of benign informality is due to that mingling of people in the arts, of people in the professions, and of the unstuffy well-to-do known as Upper Bohemia. Where genuine, this eclectic, unshowy, unstandoffish world is unmarred by the claims of status. Practiced by the status-minded, it travesties the real thing, with the hostess in her \$1000 peasant smock and the food flown in from places halfway around the world. The status circuit must face endless dilemmas: Cleveland Amory tells of a Hollywood hostess who, ruling out black tie, asked the men to wear "sincere suits."

In general, definitions of formal and informal can only, by now, prove relative and "regional" — informal, excusing you from wearing gloves; for-

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mal, permitting you to wear shoes. And in today's age of sociological upheaval, it can perhaps seem both trivial and pointless to make such distinctions at all. Yet this can be an age in which extremes meet. For in essence hippiedom and "high society" are equally abiding by rules and subscribing to protocol, whether with butlers or bedbugs, Brooks Brothers or the Collier brothers. If the hippies carry us into a problem world, they return us to a world of formulations, to a reversal that can yet be a ritual, a credo that pervades a society. But the significant distinction between the formal and the informal in American life has much less to do today with social habits than with social relations and the motives behind them. From having been a kind of invention in America, informality is becoming a kind of investment. The American taunt of "snooty" on the one hand and of "stuffy" on the other has opened the door wider and wider on "informality" — on something with glib overtones of the good mixer and the regular guy, of the democratic tradition and the American way.

And, fortified by these connotations, informality is an investment that can pay off handsomely. And furthermore, fast. Someone half your age, meeting you for the first time, calls you by your first name. Half an hour later he wonders whether you'd do him a big favor — he hears you're a great friend of, and so on. Next morning his wife may invite you to dinner; if you go, it may turn out not quite a social one. Of such is the informality known as presumption in social circles and as aggression in sociological ones. Permeating a whole bright-young-man, Greater Madison Avenue kind of culture, it has turned business and pleasure into identical twins.

FOR the genuine article no praise is too high. But the genuine article is never sold separately; with informality must go sensibility, tact, a feeling for occasion; dispensing with "rules," one must bring instincts to bear, and antennae. Formality, by its very nature, snubs familiarity and aggression; informality must prohibit them. To be sure, there is always the clement in all this of When in Rome. . . . Habitats vary, and so do generations. To their elders, the informality of the young can seem a blend of strict ritual and total anarchy. But with the young, dissent is the oldest of traditions; that much of it today involves higher stakes and grimmer penalties carries us beyond *mores* into a world whose own headlines have created young people's. At a far less dire level, the young today don't just classically say to hell with this or that: they can convert even a crotchet into a cause, they can make badly needing a shave no mere bohe-

mianism but an adjunct of the Bill of Rights. Yet why not? The young, along with generous sympathies, have always turned their backs on heirloom beliefs, or cut off their noses to spite their fathers.

Yet whatever the undergraduate chaos on the campus, a strong sense of formalism can still operate among the faculty. Here rank can still advertise itself, titles still be waved like flags. Perhaps the most public formalism appears in the prefatory acknowledgments of academic books, not least where the book is some poor wretch's Ph.D. thesis or chief bid for tenure, with the faculty members he is indebted to marching down the page in squads and platoons, each and every name carefully preceded by "Professor." Himself no offender, Mr. Wiley does pay his respects to a colleague who happens to be "Alumni Distinguished Professor of French." Imagine an institution of learning contriving such a botch and bathos of words. Imagine the precedent it creates — Trustees Extremely Popular Professor of Botany; 1966 Drop-outs Unparalleled Adviser of Students.

In life as in art, formality calls for talent. Japanese friends in New York once took my wife and me to the Kabuki, and beyond the stylized art on the stage, we met other Japanese members of the audience whose costume and postures, whose bows and gestures, whose greetings and farewells were marvels of highbred style. Such things are virtually extinct, if they ever existed, in our society. Certainly formality, or a Yeatsian feeling for ceremony, can have great resonance and distinction; to go no further, the marriage or funeral service of the Book of Common Prayer achieves through sentiment something beyond all the powers of showmanship. And, particularly in a homogeneous society, formality can prove very convenient and useful, whether as a time-saver, a thought-saver, or a licensed form of insincerity. "How do you do?" can be a dismissal as well as a greeting; "Thank you very much," a refusal and not an assent.

Informality, too, works best in a homogeneous society, with an agreed-upon sense of freedom and a frowned-upon taking of liberties. It is a kindness, so to speak, for one man to tell another that his fly is open, but not that his wife's dress is cut too low. But what informality, today, is too often being made to stand for is the right to ask indiscreet questions, exploit social situations, put people on the spot, be intrusive from having an "outgoing nature." If today's nearest approach to formality is a worship of chic, of status, of in-ness, of a this-morning's knowledge of What's Done, the great sin of informality is a total indifference to what's not done, or at any rate shouldn't be. Rather be stared at in one's grandfather's green-from-age frock coat than in Hollywood sit above the salt in a sincere suit.

THE DOUBLE HELIX

The Discovery of the Structure of DNA

by James D. Watson

In its impact on biology, the discovery of the DNA structure in 1953 by Watson and Crick is rivaled only by Darwin's and Wallace's ideas on evolution and by Mendel's discovery of the basic laws of heredity. It opened up the possibility of understanding the chemical basis of heredity. Until the dramatic announcement of the double-helical structure of DNA, there was complete ignorance of how a chemical substance could carry out the multifold activities needed for a genetic substance. Particularly mysterious was the problem of the self-duplication of the gene.

Watson and Crick showed that the basic features of DNA were straightforward and led immediately to a highly plausible model for how one DNA molecule could be duplicated to form two identical copies. A revolution in biology was thus set in motion which in many ways parallels the explosive development of atomic physics following Bohr's 1912 analysis of the hydrogen atom and the subsequent elaboration of quantum mechanics, upon which the development of atomic energy depended. The most striking consequence of this biological revolution has been the virtually complete working out of the genetic code.

Directly leading from this work is an increasing understanding of why some genes work

faster than others. In the near future, we should have a real insight into the chemical basis of embryological development and an understanding of the molecular basis of many important diseases. Already most striking is the abrupt change from the pre-war period when viruses were totally mysterious objects. The dramatic news in December that Stanford scientists have used enzymes to duplicate the DNA of a virus is one of the many advances sprouting from the achievement recounted in these pages. It is hoped that this past decade's successful assault on the nature of viruses will soon be followed by the discovery of how viruses can transform normal cells into cancer cells.

In 1951 James D. Watson, now a professor of biochemistry and molecular biology at Harvard, was twenty-three when he went to Cambridge University to do research in the famed Cavendish Laboratory. "DNA was still a mystery, up for grabs," Professor Watson says, "and no one was sure who would get it and whether he would deserve it if it proved as exciting as we believed. Chiefly it was a matter of five people: Maurice Wilkins, Rosalind Franklin, Linus Pauling, Francis Crick, and me."

In the January issue, the Atlantic carried the first half of The Double Helix, which Atheneum is publishing in book form this month. In the

first installment, Watson described his collaboration with Crick, their speculations, experimentations, false triumphs, and absolute conviction that they were on the right track. When the installment ended, the two scientists were still far from their goal, and the prospect loomed that Linus Pauling would, after all, beat them to it.

— *The Editor*

Late in January of 1952 I received the letter from Washington saying that my fellowship had been revoked. The second paragraph, unexpectedly, gave the news that I had been awarded a completely new one. It was, though, not for the customary twelve-month period but explicitly terminated after eight months, in the middle of May. So my real punishment in not following the board's advice and going to Stockholm was a thousand dollars. By this time it was virtually impossible to obtain any support which could begin before the September start of a new school year. I naturally accepted the fellowship. Two thousand dollars was not to be thrown away.

Less than a week later, a new letter came from Washington. It was signed by the same man, but not as head of the fellowship board. The hat he now displayed was that of the chairman of a committee of the National Research Council. A meeting was being arranged for which I was asked to give a lecture on the growth of viruses. The time of the meeting, to be held in Williamstown, was the middle of June, only a month after my fellowship would expire. I, of course, had not the slightest intention of leaving either in June or in September. The only problem was how to frame an answer. My first impulse was to write that I could not come because of an unforeseen financial disaster. But on second thought, I was against giving him the satisfaction of thinking he had affected my affairs. A letter went off saying that I found Cambridge intellectually very exciting and so did not plan to be in the States by June.

By now I had decided to mark time by working on tobacco mosaic virus (TMV). A vital component of TMV was nucleic acid, and so it was the perfect front to mask my continued interest in DNA. Admittedly, the nucleic-acid component was not DNA, but a second form of nucleic acid known as ribonucleic acid (RNA). The difference was an advantage, however, since Maurice Wilkins could lay no claim to RNA. If we solved RNA we might also provide the vital clue to DNA. On the other hand, TMV was thought to have a molecular weight of 40 million and at first glance should be frightfully more difficult to understand than the much smaller myoglobin and hemoglobin molecules that John Kendrew and Max

Perutz had been working on for years without obtaining any biologically interesting answers.

Moreover, TMV had previously been looked at with X rays by J. D. Bernal and I. Fankucken. This in itself was scary, since the scope of Bernal's brain was legendary and I could never hope to have his grasp of crystallographic theory. I was unable to understand large sections of their classic paper published just after the start of the war in the *Journal of General Physiology*. This was an odd place to publish, but Bernal had become absorbed in the war effort, and Fankucken, by then returned to the States, decided to place their data in a journal looked at by people interested in viruses. After the war Fankucken lost interest in viruses, and though Bernal dabbled at protein crystallography, he was more concerned about furthering good relations with the Communist countries.

Though the theoretical basis for many of their conclusions was shaky, the take-home lesson was obvious. TMV was constructed from a large number of identical subunits. How the subunits were arranged they did not know. Moreover, 1939 was too early to come to grips with the fact that the protein and RNA components were likely to be constructed along radically different lines. By now, however, protein subunits were easy to imagine in large numbers. Just the opposite was true of RNA. Division of the RNA component into a large number of subunits would produce polynucleotide chains too small to carry the genetic information that Francis Crick and I believed must reside in the viral RNA. The most plausible hypothesis for the TMV structure was a central RNA core surrounded by a large number of identical small protein subunits.

In fact, there already existed biochemical evidence for protein building blocks. Experiments of the German Gerhard Schramm, first published in 1944, reported that TMV particles in mild alkali fell apart into free RNA and a large number of similar, if not identical, protein molecules. Virtually no one outside Germany, however, thought that Schramm's story was right. This was because of the war. It was inconceivable to most people that the German beasts would have permitted the extensive experiments underlying his claims to be routinely carried out during the last years of a war they were so badly losing. It was all too easy to imagine that the work had direct Nazi support and that his experiments were incorrectly analyzed. Wasting time to disprove Schramm was not to most biochemists' liking. As I read Bernal's paper, however, I suddenly became enthusiastic about Schramm, for if he had misinterpreted his data, by accident he had hit upon the right answer.

Conceivably a few additional X-ray pictures would tell how the protein subunits were arranged. This was particularly true if they were helically stacked. Ex-

citedly I pilfered Bernal's and Fankucken's paper from the Philosophical Library and brought it up to the lab so that Francis could inspect the TMV X-ray picture. When he saw the blank regions that characterize helical patterns he jumped into action, quickly spilling out several possible helical TMV structures. From this moment on, I knew I could no longer avoid actually understanding the helical theory. Waiting until Francis had free time to help me would save me from having to master the mathematics, but only at the penalty of my standing still if Francis was out of the room. Luckily, merely a superficial grasp was needed to see why the TMV X-ray picture suggested a helix with a turn every 23 Å along the helical axis. The rules were, in fact, so simple that Francis considered writing them up under the title "Fourier Transforms for the Birdwatcher."

This time, however, Francis did not carry the ball and on subsequent days maintained that the evidence for a TMV helix was only so-so. My morale automatically went down, until I hit upon a foolproof reason why subunits should be helically arranged. In a moment of aftersupper boredom I had read a Faraday Society Discussion on "The Structure of Metals." It contained an ingenious theory by the theoretician F. C. Frank on how crystals grow. Every time the calculations were properly done, the paradoxical answer emerged that the crystals could not grow at anywhere near the observed rates. Frank saw that the paradox vanished if crystals were not as regular as suspected, but contained dislocations resulting in the perpetual presence of cozy corners into which new molecules could fit.

Several days later when I was on the bus to Oxford, it occurred to me that each TMV particle should be thought of as a tiny crystal growing like other crystals through the possession of cozy corners. Most important, the simplest way to generate cozy corners was to have the subunits helically arranged. The idea was so simple that it had to be right. Every helical staircase I saw that weekend in Oxford made me more confident that other biological structures would also have helical symmetry. For over a week I pored over electron micrographs of muscle and collagen fibers, looking for hints of helices. Francis, however, remained lukewarm, and in the absence of any hard facts, I knew it was futile to try to bring him around.

Hugh Huxley came to my rescue by offering to teach me how to set up the X-ray camera for photographing TMV. The way to reveal a helix was to tilt the oriented TMV sample at several angles to the X-ray beam. Fankucken had not done this, since before the war no one took helices seriously. I thus went to Roy Markham to see if any spare TMV was on hand. Markham then worked in the Molteno



J. D. Watson today

Institute, which, unlike all other Cambridge labs, was well heated. This unusual state came from the asthma of David Keilin, then the "Quick Professor" and director of Molteno. I always welcomed an excuse to exist momentarily at 70°F, even though I was never sure when Markham would start the conversation by saying how bad I looked, implying that if I had been brought up on English beer I would not be in my sorry state. This time he was unexpectedly sympathetic and without hesitation volunteered some virus. The idea of Francis and me dirtying our hands with experiments brought unconcealed amusement.

My first X-ray pictures revealed, not unexpectedly, much less detail than found in the published pictures. Over a month was required before I could get even halfway presentable pictures. They were still a long way, though, from being good enough to spot a helix. The only real fun during February came from a costume party given by Geoffrey Roughton at his parents' home on Adams Road. Surprisingly, Francis did not wish to go, even though Geoffrey knew many pretty girls and was said to write poetry wearing one earring. Odile, however, did not want to miss it, so I went with her after hiring a Restoration soldier's garb. The moment we edged through the door into the crush of half-drunken dancers we knew the evening would be a smashing success, since seem-

ingly half the attractive Cambridge *au pair* girls (foreign girls living with English families) were there.

A week later there was a Tropical Night Ball that Odile was keen to attend, both since she had done the decorations and because it was sponsored by black people. Francis again demurred, this time wisely. The dance floor was half vacant, and even after several long drinks I did not enjoy dancing badly in open view. More to the point was that Linus Pauling was coming to London in May for a meeting organized by the Royal Society on the structure of proteins. One could never be sure where he would strike next. Particularly chilling was the prospect that he would ask to visit King's.

Linus, however, was blocked from descending on London. His trip abruptly terminated at Idlewild through the removal of his passport. The State Department did not want troublemakers like Pauling wandering about the globe saying nasty things about the politics of its onetime investment bankers who held back the hordes of godless Reds. Failure to contain Pauling might result in a London press conference, with Linus expounding peaceful coexistence. Secretary of State Acheson's position was harassed enough without giving Senator McCarthy the opportunity to announce that our government let radicals protected by U.S. passports set back the American way of life.

Francis and I were already in London when the scandal reached the Royal Society. The reaction was one of almost complete disbelief. It was far more reassuring to go on imagining that Linus had taken ill on the plane to New York. The failure to let one of the world's leading scientists attend a completely nonpolitical meeting would have been expected from the Russians. A first-rate Russian might easily abscond to the more affluent West. No danger existed, however, that Linus might want to flee. Complete satisfaction with their Cal Tech existence came from him and his family.

Several members of Cal Tech's governing board, however, would have been delighted with his voluntary departure. Every time they picked up a newspaper and saw Pauling's name among the sponsors of a World Peace Conference they seethed with rage, wishing there were a way to rid Southern California of his pernicious charm. But Linus knew better than to expect more than confused anger from the self-made California millionaires whose knowledge of foreign policy was formed largely by the Los Angeles *Times*.

The debacle was no surprise to several of us who had just been in Oxford for a Society of General Microbiology meeting on "The Nature of Viral Multiplication." One of the main speakers was to have been Salvador Luria. Two weeks prior to his sched-

uled flight to London, he was notified that he would not get a passport. As usual, the State Department would not come clean about what it considered dirt.

Luria's absence thrust upon me the job of describing the recent experiments of the American phage workers. There was no need to put together a speech. Several days before the meeting, Al Hershey had sent me a long letter from Cold Spring Harbor summarizing the recently completed experiments by which he and Martha Chase established that a key feature of the infection of a bacterium by a phage was the injection of the viral DNA into the host bacterium. Most important, very little protein entered the bacterium. Their experiment was thus a powerful new proof that DNA is the primary genetic material.

Nonetheless, almost no one in the audience of over four hundred microbiologists seemed interested as I read long sections of Hershey's letter. Obvious exceptions were André Lwoff, Seymour Benzer, and Gunther Stent, all briefly over from Paris. They knew that Hershey's experiments were not trivial and that from then on everyone was going to place more emphasis on DNA. To most of the spectators, however, Hershey's name carried no weight. Moreover, when it came out that I was an American, my uncut hair provided no assurance that my scientific judgment was not equally bizarre.

If it had not been for the presence of Lwoff, the meeting would have totally flopped. André was very keen about the role of divalent metals in phage multiplication and so was receptive to my belief that ions were decisively important for nucleic-acid structure. Especially intriguing was his hunch that specific ions might be the trick for the exact copying of macromolecules or the attraction between similar chromosomes. There was no way to test our dreams, however, unless Rosy did an about-face from her determination to rely completely on classical X-ray diffraction techniques.

At the Royal Society meeting there was no hint that anyone at King's had mentioned ions since the confrontation with Francis and me in early December. Upon pressing Maurice, I learned that the jigs for the molecular models had not been touched after arriving at his lab. The time had not yet come to press Rosy and Gosling about building models. If anything, the squabbling between Maurice and Rosy was more bitter than before their visit to Cambridge. Now she was insisting her data told her that DNA was *not* a helix. Rather than build helical models at Maurice's command, she might twist the copper-wire models about his neck.

When Maurice asked whether we needed the molds back in Cambridge, we said yes, half implying that more carbon atoms were needed to make models showing how polypeptide chains turned corners. To my relief, Maurice was very open about what was not happening at King's. The fact that I was doing

serious X-ray work with TMV gave him assurance that I should not soon again become preoccupied with the DNA pattern.

Maurice had no suspicion that almost immediately I would get the X-ray pattern needed to prove that TMV was helical. My unexpected success came from using a powerful rotating anode X-ray tube, which had just been assembled in the Cavendish. This supertube permitted me to take pictures twenty times faster than with conventional equipment. Within a week I more than doubled the number of my TMV photographs.

Custom then locked the doors of the Cavendish at 10:00 P.M. Though the porter had a flat next to the gate, no one disturbed him after the closing hour. Rutherford had believed in discouraging students from night work, since the summer evenings were more suitable for tennis. Even fifteen years after his death there was only one key available for late workers. This was now pre-empted by Hugh Huxley, who argued that muscle fibers were living and hence not subject to rules for physicists. When necessary, he lent me the key or walked down the stair to unlock the heavy doors that led out onto Free School Lane.

Hugh was not in the lab when late on a midsummer June night I went back to shut down the X-ray tube and to develop the photograph of a new TMV sample. It was tilted at about 25 degrees, so that if I were lucky I'd find the helical reflections. The moment I held the still-wet negative against the light box, I knew we had it. The telltale helical markings were unmistakable. Now there should be no problem in persuading Luria and Delbrück that my staying in Cambridge made sense. Despite the midnight hour, I had no desire to go back to my room on Tennis Court Road, and happily I walked along the backs for over an hour.

The following morning I anxiously awaited Francis' arrival to confirm the helical diagnosis. When he needed less than ten seconds to spot the crucial reflection, all my lingering doubts vanished. In fun I went on to trap Francis into believing that I did not think my X-ray picture was in fact very critical. Instead, I argued that the really important step was the cozy-corner insight. These flippant words were hardly out of my mouth before Francis was off on the dangers of uncritical teleology. Francis always said what he meant and assumed that I acted the same way. Though success in Cambridge conversation frequently came from saying something preposterous, hoping that someone would take you seriously, there was no need for Francis to adopt this gambit. A discourse of only one or two minutes on the emotional problems of foreign girls was always sufficient tonic for even the most staid Cambridge evening.

It was, of course, clear what we should next conquer. No more dividends could come quickly from TMV. Further unraveling of its detailed structure needed a more professional attack than I could muster. Moreover, it was not obvious that even the most backbreaking effort would give within several years the structure of the RNA component. The way to DNA was not through TMV.

The moment was thus appropriate to think seriously about some curious regularities in DNA chemistry first observed at Columbia by the Austrian-born biochemist Erwin Chargaff. Since the war, Chargaff and his students had been painstakingly analyzing various DNA samples for the relative proportions of their purine and pyrimidine bases. In all their DNA preparations the number of adenine (A) molecules was very similar to the number of thymine (T) molecules, while the number of guanine (G) molecules was very close to the number of cytosine (C) molecules. Moreover, the proportion of adenine and thymine groups varied with their biological origin. The DNA of some organisms had an excess of A and T, while in other forms of life there was an excess of G and C. No explanation for his striking results was offered by Chargaff, though he obviously thought they were significant. When I first reported them to Francis they did not ring a bell, and he went on thinking about other matters.

Soon afterward, however, the suspicion that the regularities were important clicked inside his head as the result of several conversations with the young theoretical chemist John Griffith. One occurred while they were drinking beer after an evening talk by the astronomer Tommy Gold on "the perfect cosmological principle." Tommy's facility for making a far-out idea seem plausible set Francis to wondering whether an argument could be made for a "perfect biological principle." Knowing that Griffith was interested in theoretical schemes for gene replication, he popped out with the idea that the perfect biological principle was the self-replication of the gene — that is, the ability of a gene to be exactly copied when the chromosome number doubles during cell division. Griffith, however, did not go along, since for some months he had preferred a scheme where gene copying was based upon the alternative formation of complementary surfaces.

This was not an original hypothesis. It had been floating about for almost thirty years in the circle of theoretically inclined geneticists intrigued by gene duplication. The argument went that gene duplication required the formation of a complementary (negative) image where shape was related to the original (positive) surface like a lock to a key. The complementary negative image would then function as the mold (template) for the synthesis of a new positive image. A smaller number of geneticists, however, balked at complementary replication.

Prominent among them was H. J. Muller, who was impressed that several well-known theoretical physicists, especially Pascual Jordan, thought forces existed by which like attracted like. But Linus Pauling abhorred this direct mechanism and was especially irritated by the suggestion that it was supported by quantum mechanics. Just before the war he asked Delbrück (who had drawn his attention to Jordan's papers) to co-author a note to *Science* firmly stating that quantum mechanics favored a gene-duplicating mechanism involving the synthesis of complementary replicas.

Neither Francis nor Griffith was long satisfied that evening by restatements of well-worn hypotheses. Both knew that the important task was now to pinpoint the attractive forces. Here Francis forcefully argued that specific hydrogen bonds were not the answer. They could not provide the necessary exact specificity, since our chemist friends repeatedly told us that the hydrogen atoms in the purine and pyrimidine bases did not have fixed locations but randomly moved from one spot to another. Instead, Francis had the feeling that DNA replication involved specific attractive forces between the flat surfaces of the bases.



Francis Crick

Luckily, this was the sort of force that Griffith might just be able to calculate. If the complementary scheme was right, he might find attractive forces between bases with different structures. On the other hand, if direct copying existed, his calculations might reveal attraction between identical bases. Thus, at the closing hour they parted with the understanding that Griffith would see if the calculations were feasible. Several days later, when they bumped into each other in the Cavendish tea queue, Francis learned that a semirigorous argument hinted that adenine and thymine should stick to each other by their flat surfaces. A similar argument could be put forward for attractive forces between guanine and cytosine.

Francis immediately jumped at the answer. If his memory served him right, these were the pairs of bases that Chargaff had shown to occur in equal amounts. Excitedly he told Griffith that I had recently muttered to him some odd results of Chargaff's. At the moment, though, he wasn't sure that the same base pairs were involved. But as soon as the data were checked he would drop by Griffith's rooms to set him straight.

At lunch I confirmed that Francis had got Chargaff's results right. But by then he was only routinely enthusiastic as he went over Griffith's quantum-

mechanical arguments. For one thing, Griffith, when pressed, did not want to defend his exact reasoning too strongly. Too many variables had been ignored to make the calculations possible in a reasonable time. Moreover, though each base has two flat sides, no explanation existed for why only one side would be chosen. And there was no reason for ruling out the idea that Chargaff's regularities had their origin in the genetic code. In some way specific groups of nucleotides must code for specific amino acids. Conceivably, adenine equaled thymine because of a yet undiscovered role in the ordering of the bases. There was in addition Roy Markham's assurance that, if Chargaff said that guanine equaled cytosine, he was equally certain it did not. In Markham's eyes, Chargaff's experimental methods inevitably underestimated the true amount of cytosine.

Nonetheless, Francis was not yet ready to dump Griffith's scheme when, early in July, John Kendrew walked into our newly acquired office to tell us that Chargaff himself would soon be in Cambridge for an evening. John had arranged for him to have dinner at Peterhouse, and Francis and I were invited to join them later for drinks in John's room. At High Table John kept the conversation away from serious matters, letting loose only the possibility that Francis and I were going to solve the DNA structure by model building. Chargaff, as one of the world's experts on DNA, was at first not amused by dark horses trying to win the race. Only when John reassured him by mentioning that I was not a typical American did he realize that he was about to listen to a nut. Seeing me quickly reinforced his intuition. Immediately he derided my hair and accent, for since I came from Chicago I had no right to act otherwise. Blandly telling him that I kept my hair long to avoid confusion with American Air Force personnel proved my mental instability.

The high point in Chargaff's scorn came when he led Francis into admitting that he did not remember the chemical differences among the four bases. The faux pas slipped out when Francis mentioned Griffith's calculations. Not remembering which of the bases had amino groups, he could not qualitatively describe the quantum-mechanical argument until he asked Chargaff to write out their formulas. Francis' subsequent retort that he could always look them up got nowhere in persuading Chargaff that we knew where we were going or how to get there.

But regardless of what went through Chargaff's sarcastic mind, someone had to explain his results. Thus the next afternoon Francis buzzed over to Griffith's rooms in Trinity to set himself straight about the base-pair data. Hearing "Come in," he opened the door to see Griffith and a girl. Realizing that this was not the moment for science he slowly retreated, asking Griffith to tell him again the pairs

produced by his calculations. After scribbling them down on the back of an envelope, he left. Since I had departed that morning for the Continent, Crick's next stop was the Philosophical Library, where he could remove his lingering doubts about Chargaff's data. Then with both sets of information firmly in hand, he considered returning the next day to Griffith's rooms. But on second thought he realized that Griffith's interests were elsewhere. It was all too clear that the presence of popsies does not inevitably lead to a scientific future.

Two weeks later Chargaff and I glanced at each other in Paris. Both of us were there for the International Biochemical Congress. A trace of a sardonic smile was all the recognition I got when we passed in the courtyard outside the massive Salle Richelieu of the Sorbonne. That day I was tracking down Max Delbrück. Before I had left Copenhagen for Cambridge, he had offered me a research position in the biology division of Cal Tech and arranged a Polio Foundation fellowship to start in September, 1952. This March, however, I had written Delbrück that I wanted another Cambridge year. Without any hesitation he saw to it that my forthcoming fellowship was transferred to the Cavendish. Delbrück's speedy approval pleased me, for he had ambivalent feelings about the ultimate value to biology of Pauling-like structural studies.

With the helical TMV picture now in my pocket, I felt more confident that Delbrück would at last wholeheartedly approve my liking for Cambridge. A few minutes' conversation, nonetheless, revealed no basic change in his outlook. Almost no comments emerged from Delbrück as I outlined how TMV was put together. The same indifferent response accompanied my hurriedly delivered summary of our attempts to get DNA by model building. Delbrück was drawn out only by my remark that Francis was exceedingly bright. Unfortunately, I went on to liken Francis' way of thinking to Pauling's. But in Delbrück's world no chemical thought matched the power of a genetic cross.

The sensation of the meeting was the unexpected appearance of Linus. Possibly because there had been considerable newspaper play on the withdrawal of his passport, the State Department reversed itself and allowed Linus to show off the α -helix. Despite the short notice for the lecture, an overflow crowd was on hand, hoping that they would be the first to learn of a new inspiration. Pauling's talk, however, was only a humorous rehash of published ideas. It nonetheless satisfied everybody, except the few of us who knew his recent papers backwards and forwards. No new fireworks went off, nor was there any indication given about what now occupied his mind. After his lecture, swarms of admirers sur-

rounded him, and I didn't have the courage to break in before he and his wife, Ava Helen, went back to the nearby Trianon Hotel.

Maurice Wilkins was about, looking somewhat sour. He had stopped over on his way to Brazil, where he was to lecture for a month on biophysics. His presence surprised me, since it was against his character to seek the trauma of watching two thousand bread-and-butter biochemists pile in and out of badly lighted baroque lecture halls. Speaking down to the cobblestones, he asked me whether I found the talks as tedious as he did. A few academics like Jacques Monod and Sol Spiegelman were enthusiastic speakers, but generally there was so much droning that he found it hard to stay alert.

I tried to rescue Maurice's morale by bringing him out to the Abbaye at Royaumont for the week-long meeting on phage following the biochemical congress. Though his departure for Rio would limit him to only a night's stay, he liked the idea of meeting the people who did clever biological experiments about DNA. In the train going to Royaumont, however, he looked off-color, giving no indication of either wanting to read *The Times* or listening to me gossip about the phage group. After we were fixed with beds in the high-ceilinged rooms of the partially restored Cistercian monastery, I began talking with some friends I had not seen since leaving the States. Later I kept expecting Maurice to search me out, and when he missed dinner I went up to his room. There I found him lying flat on his stomach, hiding his face from the dim light I had turned on. Something eaten in Paris had not gone down properly, but he told me not to be bothered. The following morning I was given a note saying that he had recovered, but had to catch the early train to Paris, and apologizing for the trouble he had given me.

Later that morning Lwoff mentioned that Pauling was coming out for a few hours the next day. Immediately I began to think of ways that would allow me to sit next to him at lunch. His visit, however, bore no relation to science. Jeffries Wyman, our scientific attaché in Paris and an acquaintance of Pauling's, thought that Linus and Ava Helen would enjoy the austere charm of the thirteenth-century buildings. During a break in the morning session I caught sight of Wyman's bony, aristocratic face in search of André Lwoff. The Paulings were here and soon began talking to the Delbrücks. Briefly I had Linus to myself after Delbrück mentioned that twelve months hence I was coming to Cal Tech. Our conversation centered on the possibility that at Pasadena I might continue X-ray work with viruses. Virtually no words went to DNA. When I brought up the X-ray pictures at King's, Linus gave the opinion that very accurate X-ray work of the type done by his associates on amino acids was vital to our eventual understanding of the nucleic acids.

I got much further with Ava Helen. Learning that I would be in Cambridge next year, she talked about her son Peter. Already I knew that Peter had been accepted by Bragg to work toward a Ph.D. with John Kendrew. This was despite the fact that his Cal Tech grades left much to be desired, even considering his long bout with mononucleosis. John, however, did not want to challenge Linus' desire to place Peter with him, especially knowing that he and his beautiful blond sister gave smashing parties. Peter and Linda, if she were to visit him, would undoubtedly live up the Cambridge scene. Then the dream of virtually every Cal Tech chemistry student was that Linda would make his reputation by marrying him. The scuttlebutt about Peter centered on girls and was confused. But now Ava Helen gave me the dope that Peter was an exceptionally fine boy, whom everybody would enjoy having around as much as she did. When Linus beckoned that they must go, I told Ava Helen that I would help her son adjust to the restricted life of the Cambridge research student.

A garden party at Sans Souci, the country home of the Baroness Edmond de Rothschild, effectively brought the meeting to its end. Dressing was no easy matter for me. Just before the biochemical congress my belongings were snatched from my train compartment as I was sleeping. Except for a few items picked up at an army PX, the clothes I still possessed had been chosen for a subsequent visit to the Italian Alps. While I felt at ease giving my talk on TMV in shorts, the French contingent feared that I would go one step further by arriving at Sans Souci in the same outfit. A borrowed jacket and tie, however, made me superficially presentable as our bus driver let us out in front of the huge country house.

Sol Spiegelman and I went straight for a butler carrying smoked salmon and champagne, and after a few minutes sensed the value of a cultivated aristocracy. Just before we were to reboard the bus, I wandered into the large drawing room dominated by a Hals and a Rubens. The baroness was telling several visitors how pleased she was to have such distinguished guests. She did regret, however, that the mad Englishman from Cambridge had decided not to come and enliven the mood. For an instant I was puzzled, until I realized that Lwoff had thought it prudent to warn the baroness about an unclothed guest who might prove eccentric. The message of my first meeting with the aristocracy was clear. I would not be invited back if I acted like everyone else.

To Francis' dismay, I showed little tendency to concentrate on DNA when my summer holiday ended. I was preoccupied with sex, but not of a type that needed encouragement. The mating habits of

bacteria were admittedly a unique conversation piece—absolutely no one in his and Odile's social circle would guess bacteria had sex lives. On the other hand, working out how they did it was best left to minor minds. Rumors of male and female bacteria were floating about at Royaumont, but not until early in September, when I attended a small meeting on microbial genetics at Pallanza, did I get the facts from the horse's mouth. There, Cavalli-Sforza and Bill Hayes talked about the experiments by which they and Joshua Lederberg had just established the existence of two discrete bacterial sexes.

Bill's appearance was the sleeper of the three-day gathering: before his talk no one except Cavalli-Sforza knew he existed. As soon as he had finished his unassuming report, however, everyone in the audience knew that a bombshell had exploded in the world of Joshua Lederberg. In 1946 Joshua, then only twenty, burst upon the biological world by announcing that bacteria mated and showed genetic recombination. Since then he had carried out such a prodigious number of pretty experiments that virtually no one except Cavalli dared to work in the same field. Hearing Joshua give Rabelaisian nonstop talks of three to five hours made it all too clear that he was an *enfant terrible*. Moreover, there was his godlike quality of each year expanding in size, perhaps eventually to fill the universe.

Despite Joshua's fabulous cranium, the genetics of bacteria became messier each year. Only Joshua took any enjoyment from the rabbinical complexity shrouding his recent papers. Occasionally I would try to plow through one, but inevitably I'd get stuck and put it aside for another day. No high-power thoughts, however, were required to understand that the discovery of the two sexes might soon make the genetic analysis of bacteria straightforward. Conversations with Cavalli, nonetheless, hinted that Joshua was not yet prepared to think simply. He liked the classical genetic assumption that male and female cells contribute equal amounts of genetic material, even though the resulting analysis was perversely complex. In contrast, Bill's reasoning started from the seemingly arbitrary hypothesis that only a fraction of the male chromosomal material enters the female cell. Given this assumption, further reasoning was infinitely simpler.

As soon as I returned to Cambridge, I beelined out to the library containing the journals to which Joshua had sent his recent work. To my delight I made sense of almost all the previously bewildering genetic crosses. A few matings still were inexplicable, but even so, the vast masses of data now falling into place made me certain that we were on the right track. Particularly pleasing was the possibility that Joshua might be so stuck on his classical way of thinking that I would accomplish the unbelievable

feat of beating him to the correct interpretation of his own experiments.

My desire to clean up skeletons in Joshua's closet left Francis almost cold. The discovery that bacteria were divided into male and female sexes amused but did not arouse him. Almost all his summer had been spent collecting pedantic data for his thesis, and now he was in a mood to think about important facts. Frivolously worrying whether bacteria had one, two, or three chromosomes would not help us win the DNA structure. As long as I kept watch on the DNA literature, there was a chance that something might pop out of lunch- or tea-time conversations. But if I went back to pure biology, the advantage of our small head start over Linus might suddenly vanish.

At this time there was still a nagging feeling in Francis' mind that Chargaff's rules were a real key. In fact, when I was away in the Alps he had spent a week trying to prove experimentally that in water solutions there were attractive forces between adenine and thymine, and between guanine and cytosine. But his efforts had yielded nothing. In addition, he was really never at ease talking with Griffith. Somehow their brains didn't jibe well, and there would be long awkward pauses after Francis had thrashed through the merits of a given hypothesis. This was no reason, however, not to tell Maurice that conceivably adenine was attracted to thymine and guanine to cytosine. Since he had to be in London late in October for another reason, he dropped a line to Maurice saying he could come by King's. The reply, inviting him to lunch, was unexpectedly cheerful, and so Francis looked forward to a realistic discussion of DNA.

However, he made the mistake of tactfully appearing not too interested in DNA by starting to talk about proteins. Over half the lunch was thus wasted when Maurice changed the topic to Rosy and droned on and on about her lack of cooperation. Meantime, Francis' mind fastened on a more amusing topic until, the meal over, he remembered that he had to rush to a two-thirty appointment. Hurriedly he left the building and was out on the street before realizing that he had not brought up the agreement between Griffith's calculations and Chargaff's data. Since it would look too silly to rush back in, he went on, returning that evening to Cambridge. The following morning, after I was told about the futility of the lunch, Francis tried to generate enthusiasm for our having a second go at the structure.

Another zeroing in on DNA, however, did not make sense to me. No fresh facts had come in to chase away the stale taste of last winter's debacle. The only new result we were likely to pick up before Christmas was the divalent metal content of the DNA-containing phage T4. A high value, if found, would strongly suggest binding of Mg^{++} to DNA. With such evidence I might at last force the King's

groups to analyze their DNA samples. But the prospects for immediate hard results were not good. First, Maaløe's colleague, Nils Jerne, must send the phage from Copenhagen. Then I would need to arrange for accurate measurement of both the divalent metals and the DNA content. Finally, Rosy would have to budge.

Fortunately, Linus did not look like an immediate threat on the DNA front. Peter Pauling arrived with the inside news that his father was preoccupied with schemes for the supercoiling of α -helices in the hair protein, keratin. This was not especially good news to Francis. For almost a year he had been in and out of euphoric moods about how α -helices packed together in coiled coils. The trouble was that his mathematics never gelled tightly. When pressed he admitted that his argument had a woolly component. Now he faced the possibility that Linus' solution would be no better and yet he would get all the credit for the coiled coils.

Experimental work for his thesis was broken off so that the coiled-coil equations could be taken up with redoubled effort. This time the correct equations fell out, thanks partly to the help of Kreisel, who had come over to Cambridge to spend a weekend with Francis. A letter to *Nature* was quickly drafted and given to Bragg to send on to the editors, with a note asking for speedy publication. If the editors were told that a British article was of above-average interest, they would publish the manuscript almost immediately. With luck, Francis' coiled coils would get into print as soon as, if not before, Pauling's.

Thus there was growing acceptance both in and outside Cambridge that Francis Crick's brain was a genuine asset. Though a few dissidents still thought he was a laughing talking-machine, he nonetheless saw problems through to the finish line. A reflection of his increasing stature was an offer received early in the fall to join David Harker in Brooklyn for a year. Harker, having collected a million dollars to solve the structure of the enzyme ribonuclease, was in search of talent, and the offer of six thousand for one year seemed to Odile wonderfully generous. As expected, Francis had mixed feelings. There must be reasons why there were so many jokes about Brooklyn. On the other hand, he had never been in the States, and even Brooklyn would provide a base from which he could visit more agreeable regions. Also, if Bragg knew that Crick would be away for a year, he might view more favorably a request from Max and John that Francis be reappointed for another three years after his thesis was submitted. The best course seemed tentatively to accept the offer, and in mid-October he wrote Harker that he would come to Brooklyn in the fall of the following year.

As the fall progressed, I remained ensnared by bacterial matings, often going up to London to talk with Bill Hayes at his Hammersmith Hospital lab.

My mind snapped back to DNA on the evenings when I managed to catch Maurice for dinner on my way home to Cambridge. Some afternoons, however, he would quietly slip away, and his lab group had it that a special girlfriend existed. Finally it came out that *everything was aboveboard*. His afternoons were spent at a gymnasium learning how to fence.

The situation with Rosy remained as sticky as ever. Upon his return from Brazil, the unmistakable impression was given that she considered collaboration even more impossible than before. Thus, for relief, Maurice had taken up interference microscopy to find a trick for weighing chromosomes. The question of finding Rosy a job elsewhere had been brought to his boss, Randall, but the best to be hoped for would be a new position starting a year hence. Sacking her immediately on the basis of her acid smile just couldn't be done. Moreover, her X-ray pictures were getting prettier and prettier. She gave no sign, however, of liking helices any better. In addition, she thought there was evidence that the sugar-phosphate backbone was on the outside of the molecule. There was no easy way to judge whether this assertion had any scientific basis. As long as Francis and I remained closed out from the experimental data, the best course was to maintain an open mind. So I returned to my thoughts about sex.

I was by now living in Clare College. Soon after my arrival at the Cavendish, Max had slipped me into Clare as a research student. Working for another Ph.D. was nonsense, but only by using this dodge would I have the possibility of college rooms. Clare was an unexpectedly happy choice. Not only was it on the Cam, with a perfect garden, but as I was to learn later, it was especially considerate toward Americans.

During my first Cambridge year, when I lived on Tennis Court Road with the Kendrews, I saw virtually nothing of college life. After matriculation I went into hall for several meals until I discovered that I was unlikely to meet anyone during the ten-to-twelve-minute interval needed to slop down the brown soup, stringy meat, and heavy pudding provided on most evenings. Even during my second Cambridge year, when I moved into rooms on the R staircase of Clare's Memorial Court, my boycott of college food continued. Breakfast at the Whim could occur much later than if I went to hall. For 3/6 the Whim gave a half-warm site to read *The Times*, while flatcapped Trinity types turned the pages of the *Telegraph* or *News Chronicle*. Finding suitable evening food on the town was trickier. Eating at the Arts or the Bath Hotel was reserved for special occasions, so when Odile Crick or Elizabeth Kendrew did not invite me to supper I took in the poison put out by the local Indian and Cypriote establishments.

My stomach lasted only until early November before violent pains hit me almost every evening. Alternative treatments with baking soda and milk did not help, and so despite Elizabeth's assurance that nothing was wrong I showed up at the ice-cold Trinity Street surgery of a local doctor. After I was allowed to appreciate the oars on his walls, I was expelled with a prescription for a large bottle of white fluid to be taken after meals. This kept me going for almost two weeks when, with the bottle empty, I returned to the surgery with the fear that I had an ulcer. The news that an alien's dyspeptic pains were persisting did not, however, evoke any sympathetic words, and again I retreated into Trinity Street with a prescription for more white stuff.

That evening I stopped by at the Cricks' newly bought house, hoping that gossip with Odile would make me forget my stomach. The Green Door recently had been abandoned for larger quarters on nearby Portugal Place. Already the dreary wallpaper on the lower floors was gone, and Odile was busy making curtains appropriate for a house large enough to have a bathroom. After I was given a glass of warm milk we began discussing Peter Pauling's discovery of Nina, Max's young Danish *au pair* girl. Then the problem was taken up of how I might establish a connection with the high-class boarding-house run by Camille ("Pop") Prior at 8 Scroope Terrace. The food at Pop's would offer no improvement over hall, but the French girls who came to Cambridge to improve their English were another matter. A seat at Pop's dinner table, however, could not be asked for directly. Instead, both Odile and Francis thought the best tactic for getting a foot in the door was to commence French lessons with Pop, whose deceased husband had been the Professor of French before the war. If I suited Pop's fancy I might be invited to one of her sherry parties and meet her current crop of foreign girls. Odile promised to ring Pop to see if lessons could be arranged, and I cycled back to college with the hope that soon my stomach pains would have reason to vanish.

Back in my rooms I lit the coal fire, knowing there was no chance that the sight of my breath would disappear before I was ready for bed. With my fingers too cold to write legibly, I huddled next to the fireplace, daydreaming about how several DNA chains could fold together in a pretty and hopefully scientific way. Soon, however, I abandoned thinking at the molecular level and turned to the much easier job of reading biochemical papers on the interrelations of DNA, RNA, and protein synthesis.

Virtually all the evidence then available made me believe that DNA was the template upon which RNA chains were made. In turn, RNA chains were the likely candidates for the templates for protein synthesis. There were some fuzzy data using sea urchins, interpreted as a transformation of DNA into RNA,

THE ESCAPE GAME

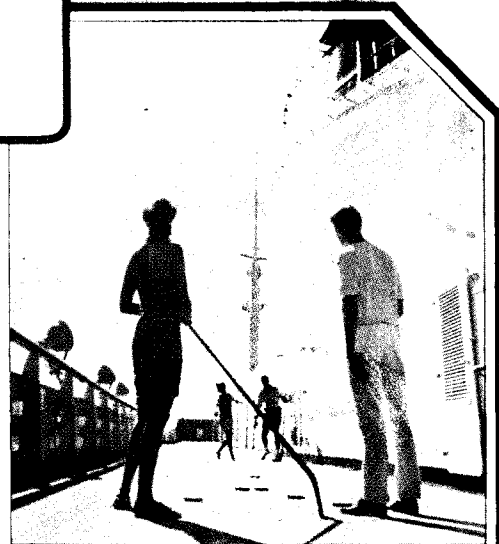
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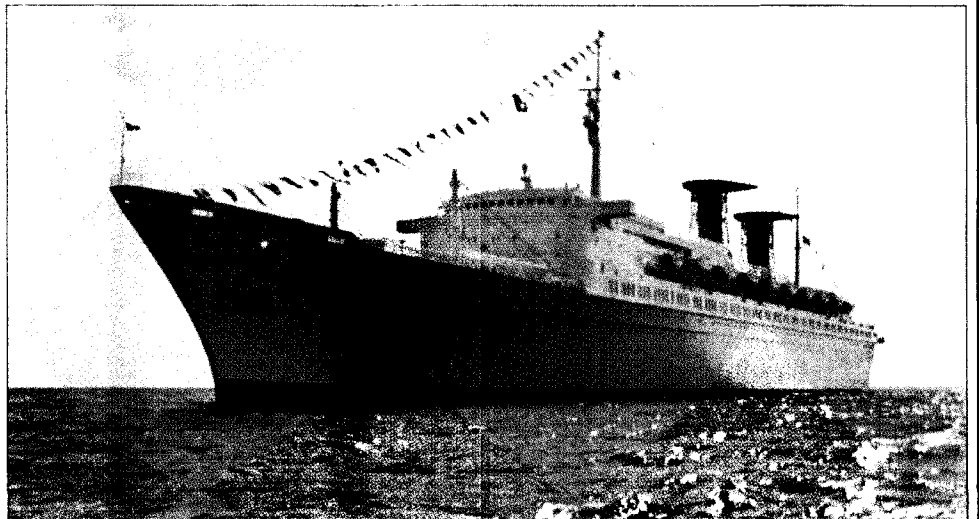
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but I preferred to trust other experiments showing that DNA molecules, once synthesized, are very, very stable. The idea of the genes being immortal smelled right, and so on the wall above my desk I taped up a paper sheet saying DNA $\rightarrow$ RNA $\rightarrow$ protein. The arrows did not signify chemical transformations, but instead expressed the transfer of genetic information from the sequences of nucleotides in DNA molecules to the sequences of amino acids in proteins.

Though I fell asleep contented with the thought that I understood the relationship between nucleic acids and protein synthesis, the chill of dressing in an ice-cold bedroom brought me back to the knowing truth that a slogan was no substitute for the DNA structure. Without it, the only impact that Francis and I were likely to have was to convince the biochemists we met in a nearby pub that we would never appreciate the fundamental significance of complexity in biology. What was worse, even when Francis stopped thinking about coiled coils or I about bacterial genetics, we still remained stuck at the same place we were twelve months before. Lunches at the Eagle frequently went by without a mention of DNA, though usually somewhere on our after-lunch walk along the backs genes would creep in for a moment.

On a few walks our enthusiasm would build up to the point that we fiddled with the models when we got back to our office. But almost immediately Francis saw that the reasoning which had momentarily given us hope led nowhere. Then he would go back to the examination of the hemoglobin X-ray photographs out of which his thesis must emerge. Several times I carried on alone for a half hour or so, but without Francis' reassuring chatter, my inability to think in three dimensions became all too apparent.

I was thus not at all displeased that we were sharing our office with Peter Pauling, then living in the Peterhouse hostel as a research student of John Kendrew's. Peter's presence meant that whenever more science was pointless, the conversation could dwell on the comparative virtues of girls from England, the Continent, and California. A fetching face, however, had nothing to do with the broad grin on Peter's face when he sauntered into the office one afternoon in the middle of December and put his feet up on his desk. In his hand was a letter from the States that he had picked up on his return to Peterhouse for lunch.

It was from his father. In addition to routine family gossip was the long-feared news that Linus now had a structure for DNA. No details were given of what he was up to, and so each time the letter passed between Francis and me the greater was our frustration. Francis then began pacing up and down the room thinking aloud, hoping that in a great intellectual fervor he could reconstruct what Linus might have

done. As long as Linus had not told us the answer, we should get equal credit if we announced it at the same time.

Nothing worthwhile had emerged, though, by the time we walked upstairs to tea and told Max and John of the letter. Bragg was in for a moment, but neither of us wanted the perverse joy of informing him that the English labs were again about to be humiliated by the Americans. As we munched chocolate biscuits, John tried to cheer us up with the possibility of Linus' being wrong. After all, he had never seen Maurice's and Rosy's pictures. Our hearts, however, told us otherwise.

No further news emerged from Pasadena before Christmas. Our spirits slowly went up, for if Pauling had found a really exciting answer the secret could not be kept long. One of his graduate students must certainly know what his model looked like, and if there were obvious biological implications, the rumor would have quickly reached us. Even if Linus were somewhere near the right structure, the odds seemed against his getting near the secret of gene replication. Also, the more we thought about DNA chemistry, the more unlikely seemed the possibility that even Linus could pick off the structure in total ignorance of the work at King's.

Maurice was told that Pauling was in his pasture when I passed through London on my way to Switzerland for a Christmas skiing holiday. I was hoping that the urgency created by Linus' assault on DNA might make him ask Francis and me for help. However, if Maurice thought that Linus had a chance to steal the prize, he didn't let on. Much more important was the news that Rosy's days at King's were numbered. She had told Maurice that she wanted soon to transfer to Bernal's lab at Birkbeck



Woodcut by John F. Greenwood

College. Moreover, to Maurice's surprise and relief, she would not take the DNA problem with her. In the next several months she was to conclude her stay by writing up her work for publication. Then, with Rosy at last out of his life, he would commence an all-out search for the structure.

Upon my return to Cambridge in mid-January, I sought out Peter to learn what was in his recent letters from home. Except for one brief reference to DNA, all the news was family gossip. The one pertinent item, however, was not reassuring. A manuscript on DNA had been written, a copy of which would soon be sent to Peter. Again there was not a hint of what the model looked like. While waiting for the manuscript to arrive, I kept my nerves in check by writing up my ideas on bacterial sexuality. A quick visit to Cavalli in Milan, which occurred just after my skiing holiday in Zermatt, had convinced me that my speculations about how bacteria mated were likely to be right. Since I was afraid that Lederberg might soon see the same light, I was anxious to publish quickly a joint article with Bill Hayes. But this manuscript was not in final form when, in the first week of February, the Pauling paper crossed the Atlantic.

Two copies, in fact, were dispatched to Cambridge—one to Sir Lawrence Bragg, the other to Peter. Bragg's response upon receiving it was to put it aside. Not knowing that Peter would also get a copy, he hesitated to take the manuscript down to Max's office. There Francis would see it and set off on another wild-goose chase. Under the present timetable there were only eight months more of Francis' laugh to bear. That is, if his thesis was finished on schedule. Then for a year, if not more, with Crick in exile in Brooklyn, peace and serenity would prevail.

While Sir Lawrence was pondering whether to chance taking Crick's mind off his thesis, Francis and I were poring over the copy that Peter brought in after lunch. *Peter's face betrayed something important* as he entered the door, and my stomach sank in apprehension at learning that all was lost. Seeing that neither Francis nor I could bear any further suspense, he quickly told us that the model was a three-chain helix with the sugar-phosphate backbone in the center. This sounded so suspiciously like our aborted effort of last year that immediately I wondered whether we already might have had the credit and glory of a great discovery if Bragg had not held us back. Giving Francis no chance to ask for the manuscript I pulled it out of Peter's outside coat pocket and began reading. By spending less than a minute with the summary and the introduction, I was soon at the figures showing the locations of the essential atoms.

At once I felt something was not right. I could not pinpoint the mistake, however, until I looked at the

illustrations for several minutes. Then I realized that the phosphate groups in Linus' model were not ionized, but that each group contained a bound hydrogen atom and so had no net charge. Pauling's nucleic acid in a sense was not an acid at all. Moreover, the uncharged phosphate groups were not incidental features. The hydrogens were part of the hydrogen bonds that held together the three intertwined chains. Without the hydrogen atoms, the chains would immediately fly apart and the structure vanish.

Everything I knew about nucleic-acid chemistry indicated that phosphate groups never contained bound hydrogen atoms. No one had ever questioned that DNA was a moderately strong acid. Thus, under physiological conditions, there would always be positively charged ions like sodium or magnesium lying nearby to neutralize the negatively charged phosphate groups. All our speculations about whether divalent ions held the chains together would have made no sense if there were hydrogen atoms firmly bound to the phosphates. Yet somehow Linus, unquestionably the world's most astute chemist, had come to the opposite conclusion.

When Francis was amazed equally by Pauling's unorthodox chemistry, I began to breathe slower. By then I knew we were still in the game. Neither of us, however, had the slightest clue to the steps that had led Linus to his blunder. If a student had made a similar mistake, he would be thought unfit to benefit from Cal Tech's chemistry faculty. Thus we could not but initially worry whether Linus' model followed from a revolutionary re-evaluation of the acid-base properties of very large molecules. The tone of the manuscript, however, argued against any such advance in chemical theory. No reason existed to keep secret a first-rate theoretical breakthrough. Rather, if that had occurred Linus would have written two papers, the first describing his new theory, the second showing how it was used to solve the DNA structure.

The blooper was too unbelievable to keep secret for more than a few minutes. I dashed over to Roy Markham's lab to spurt out the news and to receive further reassurance that Linus' chemistry was screwy. Markham predictably expressed pleasure that a giant had forgotten elementary college chemistry. He then could not refrain from revealing how one of Cambridge's great men had on occasion also forgotten his chemistry. Next I hopped over to the organic chemists', where again I heard the soothing words that DNA was an acid.

By teatime I was back in the Cavendish, where Francis was explaining to John and Max that no further time must be lost on this side of the Atlantic. When his mistake became known, Linus would not stop until he had captured the right structure. Now our immediate hope was that his chemical colleagues

would be more than ever awed by his intellect and not probe the details of his model. But since the manuscript had already been dispatched to the *Proceedings of the National Academy*, by mid-March at the latest Linus' paper would be spread around the world. Then it would be only a matter of days before the error would be discovered. We had anywhere up to six weeks before Linus again was in full-time pursuit of DNA.

Though Maurice had to be warned, we did not immediately ring him. The pace of Francis' words might cause Maurice to find a reason for terminating the conversation before all the implications of Pauling's folly could be hammered home. Since in several days I was to go up to London to see Bill Hayes, the sensible course was to bring the manuscript with me for Maurice's and Rosy's inspection.

Then, as the stimulation of the last several hours had made further work that day impossible, Francis and I went over to the Eagle. The moment its doors opened for the evening we were there to drink a toast to the Pauling failure. Instead of sherry, I let Francis buy me a whiskey. Though the odds still appeared against us, Linus had not yet won his Nobel.

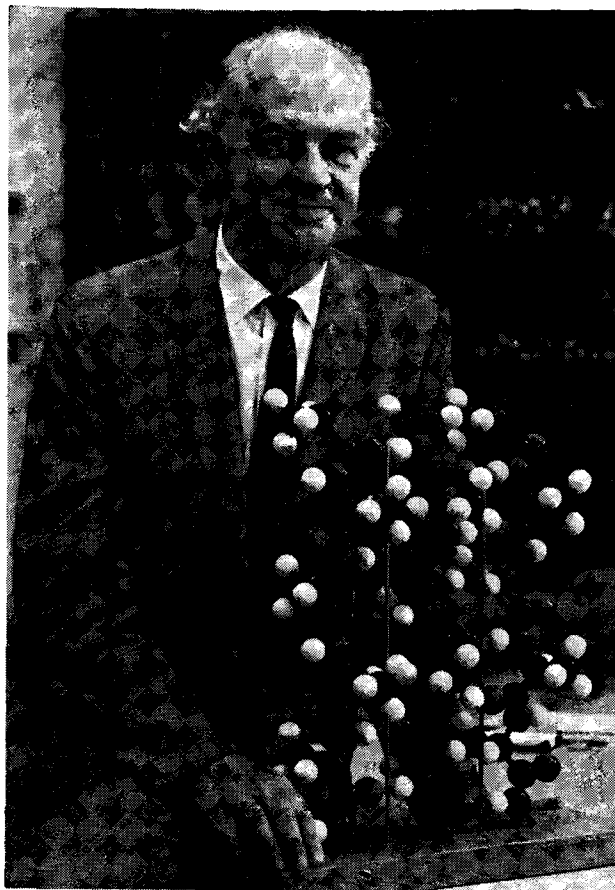
Maurice was busy when, just before four, I walked in with the news that the Pauling model was far off base. So I went down the corridor to Rosy's lab hoping she would be about. Since the door was already ajar, I pushed it open to see her bending over a lighted box upon which lay an X-ray photograph she was measuring. Momentarily startled by my entry, she quickly regained her composure and, looking straight at my face, let her eyes tell me that uninvited guests should have the courtesy to knock.

I started to say that Maurice was busy, but before the insult was out I asked her whether she wanted to look at Peter's copy of his father's manuscript. Though I was curious how long she would take to spot the error, Rosy was not about to play games with me. I immediately explained where Linus had gone astray. In doing so, I could not refrain from pointing out the superficial resemblance between Pauling's three-chain helix and the model that Francis and I had shown her fifteen months earlier. The fact that Pauling's deductions about symmetry were no more inspired than our awkward efforts of the year before would, I thought, amuse her. The result was just the opposite. Instead, she became increasingly annoyed with my recurring references to helical structures. Coolly she pointed out that not a shred of evidence permitted Linus, or anyone else, to postulate a helical structure for DNA. Most of my words to her were superfluous, for she knew that Pauling was wrong the moment I mentioned a helix.

Interrupting her harangue, I asserted that the simplest form for any regular polymeric molecule was a

helix. Knowing that she might counter with the fact that the sequence of bases was unlikely to be regular, I went on with the argument that since DNA molecules form crystals, the nucleotide order must not affect the general structure. Rosy by then was hardly able to control her temper, and her voice rose as she told me that the stupidity of my remarks would be obvious if I would stop blubbering and look at her X-ray evidence.

I was more aware of her data than she realized. Several months earlier Maurice had told me the



Linus Pauling

nature of her so-called antihelical results. Since Francis had assured me that they were a red herring, I decided to risk a full explosion. Without further hesitation I implied that she was incompetent in interpreting X-ray pictures. If only she would learn some theory, she would understand how her supposed antihelical features arose from the minor distortions needed to pack regular helices into a crystalline lattice.

Suddenly Rosy came from behind the lab bench that separated us and began moving toward me. Fearing that in her hot anger she might strike me, I grabbed up the Pauling manuscript and hastily retreated to the open door. My escape was blocked

Photograph by M. Opalenik, California Institute of Technology

by Maurice, who, searching for me, had just then stuck his head through. While Maurice and Rosy looked at each other over my slouching figure, I lamely told Maurice that the conversation between Rosy and me was over and that I had been about to look for him in the tea room. Simultaneously I was inching my body from between them, leaving Maurice face to face with Rosy. Then, when Maurice failed to disengage himself immediately, I feared that out of politeness he would ask Rosy to join us for tea. Rosy, however, removed Maurice from his uncertainty by turning around and firmly shutting the door.

Walking down the passage, I told Maurice how his unexpected appearance may have prevented Rosy from assaulting me. Slowly he assured me that this very well might have happened. Some months earlier she had made a similar lunge toward him. They had almost come to blows following an argument in his room. When he wanted to escape, Rosy blocked the door and had only moved out of the way at the last moment. But, then, no third person was on hand.

My encounter with Rosy opened up Maurice to a degree that I had not seen before. Now that I need no longer merely imagine the emotional hell he had faced during the past two years, he could treat me almost as a fellow collaborator rather than as a distant acquaintance with whom close confidences inevitably led to painful misunderstandings. To my surprise he revealed that with the help of his assistant, Wilson, he had quietly been duplicating some of Rosy's and Gosling's X-ray work. Thus there need not be a large time gap before Maurice's research efforts were in full swing. Then the even more important cat was let out of the bag: since the middle of the summer Rosy had had evidence for a new three-dimensional form of DNA. It occurred when the DNA molecules were surrounded by a large amount of water. When I asked what the pattern was like, Maurice went into the adjacent room to pick up a print of the new form they called the "B" structure.

The instant I saw the picture my mouth fell open and my pulse began to race. The pattern was unbelievably simpler than those obtained previously ("A" form). Moreover, the black cross of reflections which dominated the picture could only arise from a helical structure. With the A form, the argument for a helix was never straightforward, and considerable ambiguity existed as to exactly which type of helical symmetry was present. With the B form, however, mere inspection of its X-ray picture gave several of the vital helical parameters. Conceivably, after only a few minutes' calculations, the number of chains in the molecule could be fixed. Pressing Maurice for what they had done using the B photo, I learned that his colleague R. D. B. Fraser earlier had been doing some serious playing with three-chain models but that so far nothing exciting had come up. Though

Maurice conceded that the evidence for a helix was now overwhelming—the Stokes-Cochran-Crick theory clearly indicated that a helix must exist—this was not to him of major significance. After all, he had previously thought a helix would emerge. The real problem was the absence of any structural hypothesis which would allow them to pack the bases regularly in the inside of the helix. Of course this presumed that Rosy had hit it right in wanting the bases in the center and the backbone outside. Though Maurice told me he was now quite convinced she was correct, I remained skeptical, for her evidence was still out of the reach of Francis and me.

On our way to Soho for supper I returned to the problem of Linus, emphasizing that smiling too long over his mistake might be fatal. The position would be far safer if Pauling had been merely wrong instead of looking like a fool. Soon, if not already, he would be at it day and night. There was the further danger that if he put one of his assistants to taking DNA photographs, the B structure would also be discovered in Pasadena. Then, in a week at most, Linus would have the structure.

Maurice refused to get excited. My repeated refrain that DNA could fall at any moment sounded too suspiciously like Francis in one of his overwrought periods. For years Francis had been trying to tell him what was important, but the more dispassionately he considered his life, the more he knew he had been wise to follow up his own hunches. As the waiter peered over his shoulder hoping we would finally order, Maurice made sure I understood that if we could all agree where science was going, everything would be solved and we would have no recourse but to be engineers or doctors.

With the food on the table I tried to fix our thoughts on the chain number, arguing that measuring the location of the innermost reflection on the first and second layer lines might immediately set us on the right track. But since Maurice's long-drawn-out reply never came to the point, I could not decide whether he was saying that no one at King's had measured the pertinent reflections or whether he wanted to eat his meal before it got cold. Reluctantly I ate, hoping that after coffee I might get more details if I walked him back to his flat. Our bottle of Chablis, however, diminished my desire for hard facts, and as we walked out of Soho and across Oxford Street, Maurice spoke only of his plans to get a less gloomy apartment in a quieter area.

Afterward, in the cold, almost unheated, train compartment, I sketched on the blank edge of my newspaper what I remembered of the B pattern. Then as the train jerked toward Cambridge, I tried to decide between two- and three-chain models. As far as I could tell, the reason the King's group did not like two chains was not foolproof. It depended upon the water content of the DNA samples, a value

they admitted might be in great error. Thus by the time I had cycled back to college and climbed over the back gate, I had decided to build two-chain models. Francis would have to agree. Even though he was a physicist, he knew that important biological objects come in pairs.

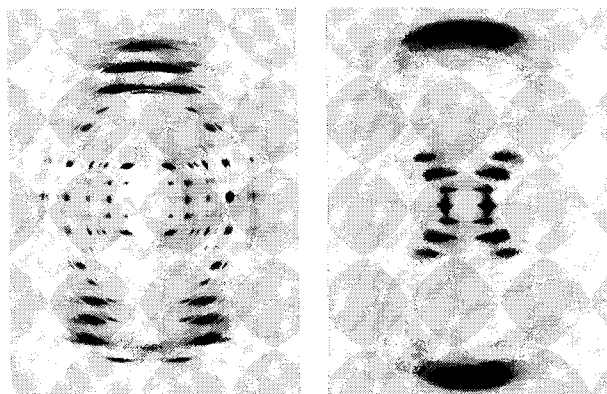
Bragg was in Max's office when I rushed in the next day to blurt out what I had learned. Francis was not yet in, for it was a Saturday morning and he was still home in bed glancing at the *Nature* that came in the morning mail. Quickly I started to run through the details of the B form, making a rough sketch to show the evidence that DNA was a helix which repeated its pattern every 34 Å along the helical axis. Bragg soon interrupted me with a question, and I knew my argument had got across. I thus wasted no time in bringing up the problem of Linus, giving the opinion that he was far too dangerous to be allowed a second crack at DNA while the people on this side of the Atlantic sat on their hands. After saying that I was going to ask a Cavendish machinist to make models of the purines and pyrimidines, I was silent, waiting for Bragg's thoughts to congeal.

To my relief, Sir Lawrence not only made no objection but encouraged me to get on with the job of building models. He clearly was not in sympathy with the internal squabbling at King's, especially when it might allow Linus, of all people, to get the thrill of discovering the structure of still another important molecule. Also aiding our cause was my work on tobacco mosaic virus. It had given Bragg the impression that I was on my own. Thus he could fall asleep that night untroubled by the nightmare that he had given Crick carte blanche for another foray into frenzied inconsiderateness. I then dashed down the stairs to the machine shop to warn them that I was about to draw up plans for models wanted within a week.

Shortly after I was back in our office, Francis strolled in to report that their last night's dinner party was a smashing success. Odile was positively enchanted with the French boy that my sister had brought along. A month previously Elizabeth had arrived for an indefinite stay on her way back to the States. Luckily I could both install her in Camille Prior's boardinghouse and arrange to take my evening meals there with Pop and her foreign girls. Thus in one blow Elizabeth had been saved from typical English digs, while I looked forward to a lessening of my stomach pains.

Also living at Pop's was Bertrand Fourcade, the most beautiful male, if not person, in Cambridge. Bertrand, then visiting for a few months to perfect his English, was not unconscious of his unusual beauty and so welcomed the companionship of a girl whose dress was not in shocking contrast with his

well-cut clothes. As soon as I had mentioned that we knew the handsome foreigner, Odile expressed delight. She, like many Cambridge women, could not take her eyes off Bertrand whenever she spotted him walking down King's Parade or standing about looking very well favored during the intermissions of plays at the Amateur Dramatic Club. Elizabeth was thus given the task of seeing whether Bertrand would be free to join us for a meal with the Cricks at Portugal



X-ray photographs of DNA. On the left is the "A" form, the pattern first studied by Maurice Wilkins and Rosalind Franklin. Their much more easily interpretable "B" pattern is shown on the right.

Place. The time finally arranged, however, had overlapped my visit to London. When I was watching Maurice meticulously finish all the food on his plate Odile was admiring Bertrand's perfectly proportioned face as he spoke of his problems choosing among potential social engagements during his forthcoming summer on the Riviera.

This morning Francis saw that I did not have my usual interest in the French moneyed gentry. Instead, for a moment he feared that I was going to be unusually tiresome. Reporting that even a former bird watcher could now solve DNA was not the way to greet a friend bearing a slight hangover. However, as soon as I revealed the B-pattern details, he knew I was not pulling his leg. Especially important was my insistence that the meridional reflection at 3.4 Å was much stronger than any other reflection. This could only mean that the 3.4 Å-thick purine and pyrimidine bases were stacked on top of each other in a direction perpendicular to the helical axis. In addition we could feel sure from both electron-microscope and X-ray evidence that the helix diameter was about 20 Å.

Francis, however, drew the line against accepting my assertion that the repeated finding of twoness in biological systems told us to build two-chain models. The way to get on, in his opinion, was to reject any argument which did not arise from the chemistry of nucleic-acid chains. Since the experimental evidence known to us could not yet dis-

tinguish between two- and three-chain models, he wanted to pay equal attention to both alternatives. Though I remained totally skeptical, I saw no reason to contest his words. I would of course start playing with two-chain models.

No serious models were built, however, for several days. Not only did we lack the purine and pyrimidine components, but we had never had the shop put together any phosphorus atoms. Since our machinist needed at least three days merely to turn out the more simple phosphorus atoms, I went back to Clare after lunch to hammer out the final draft of my genetics manuscript. Later, when I cycled over to Pop's for dinner, I found Bertrand and my sister talking to Peter Pauling, who the week before had charmed Pop into giving him dining rights. In contrast to Peter, who was complaining that the Perutzes had no right to keep Nina home on a Saturday night, Bertrand and Elizabeth looked pleased with themselves. They had just returned from motoring over in a friend's Rolls to a celebrated country house near Bedford. Their host, an antiquarian architect, had never truckled under to modern civilization and kept his house free of gas and electricity. In all ways possible he maintained the life of an eighteenth-century squire, even to providing special walking sticks for his guests as they accompanied him around his grounds.

Dinner was hardly over before Bertrand whisked Elizabeth on to another party, leaving Peter and me at a loss for something to do. After first deciding to work on his hi-fi set, Peter came along with me to a film. This kept us in check until, as midnight approached, Peter held forth on how Lord Rothschild was avoiding his responsibility as a father by not inviting him to dinner with his daughter Sarah. I could not disagree, for if Peter moved into the fashionable world I might have a chance to escape acquiring a faculty-type wife.

Three days later the phosphorus atoms were ready, and I quickly strung together several short sections of the sugar-phosphate backbone. Then for a day and a half I tried to find a suitable two-chain model with the backbone in the center. All the possible models compatible with the B-form X-ray data, however, looked stereochemically even more unsatisfactory than our three-chained models of fifteen months before. So, seeing Francis absorbed by his thesis, I took off the afternoon to play tennis with Bertrand. After tea I returned to point out that it was lucky I found tennis more pleasing than model building. Francis, totally indifferent to the perfect spring day, immediately put down his pencil to point out that not only was DNA very important, but he could assure me that someday I would discover the unsatisfactory nature of outdoor games.

During dinner at Portugal Place I was back in a mood to worry about what was wrong. Though

I kept insisting that we should keep the backbone in the center, I knew none of my reasons held water. Finally over coffee I admitted that my reluctance to place the bases inside partially arose from the suspicion that it would be possible to build an almost infinite number of models of this type. Then we would have the impossible task of deciding whether one was right. But the real stumbling block was the bases. As long as they were outside, we did not have to consider them. If they were pushed inside, the frightful problem existed of how to pack together two or more chains with irregular sequences of bases. Here Francis had to admit that he saw not the slightest ray of light. So when I walked up out of their basement dining room into the street, I left Francis with the impression that he would have to provide at least a semiplausible argument before I would seriously play about with base-centered models.

The next morning, however, as I took apart a particularly repulsive backbone-centered molecule, I decided that no harm could come from spending a few days building backbone-out models. This meant temporarily ignoring the bases, but in any case this had to happen since now another week was required before the shop could hand over the flat tin plates cut in the shapes of purines and pyrimidines.

There was no difficulty in twisting an externally situated backbone into a shape compatible with the X-ray evidence. In fact, both Francis and I had the impression that the most satisfactory angle of rotation between two adjacent bases was between 30 and 40 degrees. In contrast, an angle either twice as large or twice as small looked incompatible with the relevant bond angles. So if the backbone was on the outside, the crystallographic repeat of 34 Å had to represent the distance along the helical axis required for a complete rotation. At this stage Francis' interest began to perk up, and at increasing frequencies he would look up from his calculations to glance at the model. Nonetheless, neither of us had any hesitation in breaking off work for the weekend. There was a party at Trinity on Saturday night, and on Sunday Maurice was coming up to the Cricks' for a social visit arranged weeks before the arrival of the Pauling manuscript.

Maurice, however, was not allowed to forget DNA. Almost as soon as he arrived from the station, Francis started to probe him for fuller details of the B pattern. But by the end of lunch Francis knew no more than I had picked up the week before. Even the presence of Peter, saying that he felt sure his father would soon spring into action, failed to ruffle Maurice's plans. Again he emphasized that he wanted to put off more model building until Rosy was gone, six weeks from then. Francis seized the occasion to ask Maurice whether he would mind if we started to play about with DNA models. When Maurice's slow answer emerged as no, he wouldn't mind, my pulse rate

returned to normal. For even if the answer had been yes, our model building would have gone ahead.

The next few days saw Francis becoming increasingly agitated by my failure to stick close to the molecular models. It did not matter that before his tenish entrance I was usually in the lab. Almost every afternoon, knowing that I was on the tennis court, he would fretfully twist his head away from his work to see the polynucleotide backbone unattended. Moreover, after tea I would show up for only a few minutes of minor fiddling before dashing away to have sherry with the girls at Pop's. Francis' grumbles did not disturb me, however, because further refining of our latest backbone without a solution to the bases would not represent a real step forward.

I went ahead spending most evenings at the films, vaguely dreaming that any moment the answer would suddenly hit me. Occasionally my wild pursuit of the celluloid backfired, the worst occasion being an evening set aside for *Ecstasy*. Peter and I had both been too young to observe original showings of Hedy Lamarr's romps in the nude, and so on the long-awaited night we collected Elizabeth and went up to the Rex. However, the only swimming scene left intact by the English censor was an inverted reflection from a pool of water. Before the film was half over we joined the violent booing of the disgusted undergraduates, as the dubbed voices uttered words of uncontrolled passion.

The fact that we had at last produced a stereochemically reasonable configuration for the backbone was always in the back of my head. Moreover, there was no longer any fear that it would be incompatible with the experimental data. By then it had been checked out with Rosy's precise measurements. Rosy, of course, did not directly give us her data. For that matter, no one at King's realized they were in our hands. We came upon them because of Max's membership on a committee appointed by the Medical Research Council to look into the research activities of Randall's lab. Since Randall wished to convince the outside committee that he had a productive research group, he had instructed his people to draw up a comprehensive summary of their accomplishments. In due time this was prepared in mimeograph form and sent routinely to all the committee members. As soon as Max saw the sections by Rosy and Maurice, he took the report in to Francis and me. Quickly scanning its contents, Francis sensed with relief that following my return from King's I had correctly reported to him the essential features of the B pattern. Thus only minor modifications were necessary in our backbone configuration.

Generally, late in the evening after I got back to my rooms, I tried to puzzle out the mystery of the bases. Their formulas were written out in J. N.

Davidson's little book *The Biochemistry of Nucleic Acids*, a copy of which I kept in Clare, so I could be sure that I had the correct structures when I drew tiny pictures of the bases on sheets of Cavendish notepaper. My aim was somehow to arrange the centrally located bases in such a way that the backbones on the outside were completely regular—that is, giving the sugar-phosphate groups of each nucleotide identical three-dimensional configurations. But each time I tried to come up with a solution I ran into the obstacle that the four bases each had a quite different shape. Moreover, there were many reasons to believe that the sequences of the bases of a given polynucleotide chain were very irregular. Thus, unless some very special trick existed, randomly twisting two polynucleotide chains around one another should result in a mess. In some places the bigger bases must touch each other, while in other regions, where the smaller bases would lie opposite each other, there must exist a gap or else their backbone regions must buckle in.

There was also the vexing problem of how the intertwined chains might be held together by hydrogen bonds between the bases. Though for over a year Francis and I had dismissed the possibility that bases formed regular hydrogen bonds, it was now obvious to me that we had done so incorrectly. The observation that one or more hydrogen atoms on each of the bases could move from one location to another (a tautomeric shift) had initially led us to conclude that all the possible tautomeric forms of a given base occurred in equal frequencies. But a recent rereading of J. M. Gulland's and D. O. Jordan's papers on the acid and base titrations of DNA made me finally appreciate the strength of their conclusion that a large fraction, if not all, of the bases formed hydrogen bonds to other bases. Even more important, these hydrogen bonds were present at very low DNA concentrations, strongly hinting that the bonds linked together bases in the same molecule. There was in addition the X-ray crystallographic result that each pure base so far examined formed as many irregular hydrogen bonds as stereochemically possible. Thus, conceivably the crux of the matter was a rule governing hydrogen bonding between bases.

My doodling of the bases on paper at first got nowhere, regardless of whether or not I had been to a film. Even the necessity to expunge *Ecstasy* from my mind did not lead to passable hydrogen bonds, and I fell asleep hoping that an undergraduate party the next afternoon at Downing would be full of pretty girls. But my expectations were dashed as soon as I arrived to spot a group of healthy hockey players and several pallid debutantes. Bertrand also instantly perceived he was out of place, and as we passed a polite interval before scooting out, I explained how I was racing Peter's father for the Nobel Prize.

Not until the middle of the next week did a non-trivial idea emerge. It came while I was drawing the fused rings of adenine on paper. Suddenly I realized the potentially profound implications of a DNA structure in which the adenine residue formed hydrogen bonds similar to those found in crystals of pure adenine. If DNA was like this, each adenine residue would form two hydrogen bonds to an adenine residue related to it by a 180-degree rotation. Most important, two symmetrical hydrogen bonds could also hold together pairs of guanine, cytosine, or thymine.

Therefore I started wondering whether each DNA molecule consisted of two chains with identical base sequences held together by hydrogen bonds between pairs of identical bases. There was the complication, however, that such a structure could not have a regular backbone, since the purines (adenine and guanine) and the pyrimidines (thymine and cytosine) have different shapes. The resulting backbone would have to show minor in-and-out buckles depending upon whether pairs of purines or pyrimidines were in the center.

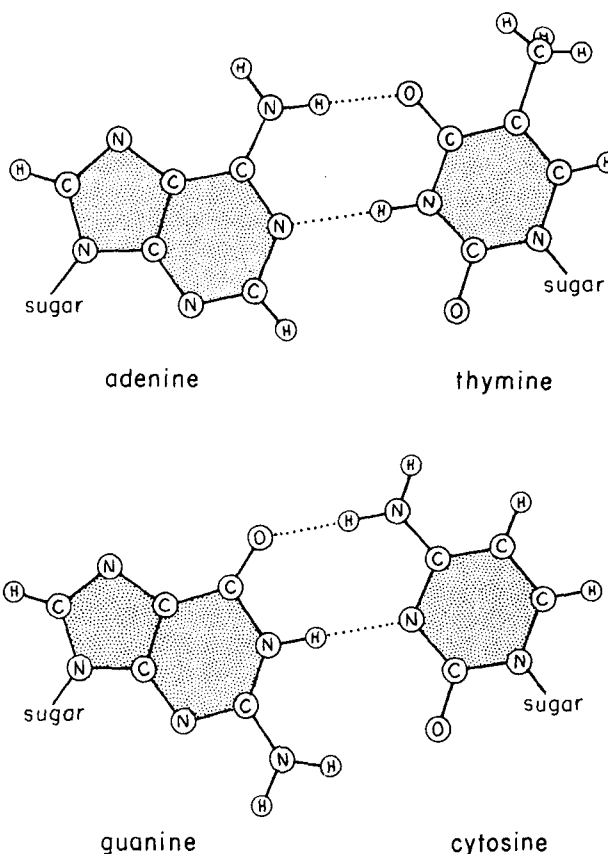
Despite the messy backbone, my pulse began to race. If this was DNA I should create a bombshell by announcing its discovery. The existence of two intertwined chains with identical base sequences could not be a chance matter. Instead it would strongly suggest that one chain in each molecule had at some earlier stage served as the template for the synthesis of the other chain. Under this scheme, gene replication starts with the separation of its two identical chains. Then two new daughter strands are made on the two parental templates, thereby forming two DNA molecules identical to the original molecule. Thus, the essential trick of gene replication could come from the requirement that each base in the newly synthesized chain always hydrogen-bond to an identical base. That night, however, I could not see why the common tautomeric form of guanine would not hydrogen-bond to adenine. Likewise, several other pairing mistakes should also occur. But since there was no reason to rule out the participation of specific enzymes, I saw no need to be unduly disturbed. For example, there might exist an enzyme specific for adenine that caused adenine always to be inserted opposite an adenine residue on the template strands.

As the clock went past midnight I was becoming more and more pleased. There had been far too many days when Francis and I worried that the DNA structure might turn out to be superficially very dull, suggesting nothing about either its replication or its function in controlling cell biochemistry. But now, to my delight and amazement, the answer was turning out to be profoundly interesting. For over two hours I happily lay awake with pairs of adenine residues whirling in front of my closed eyes. Only

for brief moments did the fear shoot through me that an idea this good could be wrong.

My scheme was torn to shreds by the following noon. Against me was the awkward chemical fact that I had chosen the wrong tautomeric forms of guanine and thymine. Before the disturbing truth came out, I had eaten a hurried breakfast at the *Whim*, then momentarily gone back to Clare to reply to a letter from Max Delbrück which reported that my manuscript on bacterial genetics looked unsound to the Cal Tech geneticists. Nevertheless, he would accede to my request that he send it to the *Proceedings of the National Academy*. In this way, I would still be young when I committed the folly of publishing a silly idea. Then I could sober up before my career was permanently fixed on a reckless course.

At first this message had its desired unsettling effect. But now, with my spirits soaring on the possibility that I had the self-duplicating structure, I reiterated my faith that I knew what happened when



The adenine-thymine and guanine-cytosine base pairs used to construct the double helix (hydrogen bonds are dotted). The formation of a third hydrogen bond between guanine and cytosine was considered, but rejected because a crystallographic study of guanine hinted that it would be very weak. Now this conjecture is known to be wrong. Three strong hydrogen bonds can be drawn between guanine and cytosine.

bacteria mated. Moreover, I could not refrain from adding a sentence saying that I had just devised a beautiful DNA structure which was completely different from Pauling's. For a few seconds I considered giving some details of what I was up to, but since I was in a rush I decided not to, quickly dropped the letter in the box, and dashed off to the lab.

The letter was not in the post for more than an hour before I knew that my claim was nonsense. I no sooner got to the office and began explaining my scheme than the American crystallographer Jerry Donohue protested that the idea would not work. The tautomeric forms I had copied out of Davidson's book were, in Jerry's opinion, incorrectly assigned. My immediate retort that several other texts also pictured guanine and thymine in the enol form cut no ice with Jerry. Happily he let out that for years organic chemists had been arbitrarily favoring particular tautomeric forms over their alternatives on only the flimsiest of grounds. In fact, organic-chemistry textbooks were littered with pictures of highly improbable tautomeric forms. The guanine picture I was thrusting toward his face was almost certainly bogus. All his chemical intuition told him that it would occur in the keto form. He was just as sure that thymine was also wrongly assigned an enol configuration. Again he strongly favored the keto alternative.

Jerry, however, did not give a foolproof reason for preferring the keto forms. He admitted that only one crystal structure bore on the problem. This was diketopiperazine, whose three-dimensional configuration had been carefully worked out in Pauling's lab several years before. Here there was no doubt that the keto form, not the enol, was present. Moreover, he felt sure that the quantum-mechanical arguments which showed why diketopiperazine has the keto form should also hold for guanine and thymine. I was thus firmly urged not to waste more time with my harebrained scheme.

Though my immediate reaction was to hope that Jerry was blowing hot air, I did not dismiss his criticism. Next to Linus himself, Jerry knew more about hydrogen bonds than anyone else in the world. Since for many years he had worked at Cal Tech on the crystal structures of small organic molecules, I couldn't kid myself that he did not grasp our problem. During the six months that he occupied a desk in our office, I had never heard him shooting off his mouth on subjects about which he knew nothing.

Thoroughly worried, I went back to my desk hoping that some gimmick might emerge to salvage the like-with-like idea. But it was obvious that the new assignments were its deathblow. Shifting the hydrogen atoms to their keto locations made the size differences between the purines and pyrimidines even more important than would be the case if the enol forms existed. Only by the most special pleading

could I imagine the polynucleotide backbone bending enough to accommodate irregular base sequences. Even this possibility vanished when Francis came in. He immediately realized that a like-with-like structure would give a 34 Å crystallographic repeat only if each chain had a complete rotation every 68 Å. But this would mean that the rotation angle between successive bases would be only 18 degrees, a value Francis believed was absolutely ruled out by his recent fiddling with the models. Also Francis did not like the fact that the structure gave no explanation for the Chargaff rules (adenine equals thymine, guanine equals cytosine). I, however, maintained my lukewarm response to Chargaff's data. So I welcomed the arrival of lunchtime, when Francis' cheerful prattle temporarily shifted my thoughts to why undergraduates could not satisfy *au pair* girls.

After lunch I was not anxious to return to work, for I was afraid that in trying to fit the keto forms into some new scheme I would run into a stone wall and have to face the fact that no regular hydrogen-bonding scheme was compatible with the X-ray evidence. As long as I remained outside gazing at the crocuses, hope could be maintained that some pretty base arrangement would fall out. Fortunately, when we walked upstairs, I found that I had an excuse to put off the crucial model-building step for at least several more hours. The metal purine and pyrimidine models, needed for systematically checking all the conceivable hydrogen-bonding possibilities, had not been finished on time. At least two more days were needed before they would be in our hands. This was much too long even for me to remain in limbo, so I spent the rest of the afternoon cutting accurate representations of the bases out of stiff cardboard. But by the time they were ready I realized that the answer must be put off till the next day. After dinner I was to join a group from Pop's at the theater.

When I got to our still empty office the following morning, I quickly cleared away the papers from my desk top so that I would have a large, flat surface on which to form pairs of bases held together by hydrogen bonds. Though I initially went back to my like-with-like prejudices, I saw all too well that they led nowhere. When Jerry came in I looked up, saw that it was not Francis, and began shifting the bases in and out of various other pairing possibilities. Suddenly I became aware that an adenine-thymine pair held together by two hydrogen bonds was identical in shape to a guanine-cytosine pair held together by at least two hydrogen bonds. All the hydrogen bonds seemed to form naturally; no fudging was required to make the two types of base pairs identical in shape. Quickly I called Jerry over to ask him whether this time he had any objection to my new base pairs.

When he said no, my morale skyrocketed, for I

suspected that we now had the answer to the riddle of why the number of purine residues exactly equaled the number of pyrimidine residues. Two irregular sequences of bases could be regularly packed in the center of a helix if a purine always hydrogen-bonded to a pyrimidine. Furthermore, the hydrogen-bonding requirement meant that adenine would always pair with thymine, while guanine could pair only with cytosine. Chargaff's rules then suddenly stood out as a consequence of a double-helical structure for DNA. Even more exciting, this type of double helix suggested a replication scheme much more satisfactory than my briefly considered like-with-like pairing. Always pairing adenine with thymine and guanine with cytosine meant that the base sequences of the two intertwined chains were complementary to each other. Given the base sequence of one chain, that of its partner was automatically determined. Conceptually, it was thus very easy to visualize how a single chain could be the template for the synthesis of a chain with the complementary sequence.

Upon his arrival Francis did not get more than halfway through the door before I let loose that the answer to everything was in our hands. Though as a matter of principle he maintained skepticism for a few moments, the similarly shaped A-T and G-C pairs had their expected impact. His quickly pushing the bases together in a number of different ways did not reveal any other way to satisfy Chargaff's rules. A few minutes later he spotted the fact that the two glycosidic (joining base and sugar) bonds of each base pair were systematically related by a diad axis perpendicular to the helical axis. Thus, both pairs could be flip-flopped over and still have their glycosidic bonds facing in the same direction. This had the important consequence that a given chain could contain both purines and pyrimidines. At the same time, it strongly suggested that the backbones of the two chains must run in opposite directions.

The question then became whether the A-T and G-C base pairs would easily fit the backbone configuration devised during the previous two weeks. At first glance this looked like a good bet, since I had left free in the center a large vacant area for the bases. However, we both knew that we would not be home until a complete model was built in which all the stereochemical contacts were satisfactory. There was also the obvious fact that the implications of its existence were far too important to risk crying wolf. Thus I felt slightly queasy when at lunch Francis winged into the Eagle to tell everyone within hearing distance that we had found the secret of life.

Francis' preoccupation with DNA quickly became full-time. The first afternoon following the discovery that A-T and G-C base pairs had similar shapes, he went back to his thesis measurements,

but his effort was ineffectual. Constantly he would pop up from his chair, worriedly look at the cardboard models, fiddle with other combinations, and then, the period of momentary uncertainty over, look satisfied and tell me how important our work was. I enjoyed Francis' words, even though they lacked the casual sense of understatement known to be the correct way to behave in Cambridge. It seemed almost unbelievable that the DNA structure was solved, that the answer was incredibly exciting, and that our names would be associated with the double helix as Pauling's was with the alpha-helix.

When the Eagle opened at six, I went over with Francis to talk about what must be done in the next few days. Francis wanted no time lost in seeing whether a satisfactory three-dimensional model could be built, since the geneticists and nucleic-acid biochemists should not misuse their time and facilities any longer than necessary. They must be told the answer quickly, so that they could reorient their research upon our work. Though I was equally anxious to build the complete model, I thought more about Linus and the possibility that he might stumble upon the base pairs before we told him the answer.

That night, however, we could not firmly establish the double helix. Until the metal bases were on hand, any model building would be too sloppy to be convincing. I went back to Pop's to tell Elizabeth and Bertrand that Francis and I had probably beaten Pauling to the gate and that the answer would revolutionize biology. Both were genuinely pleased, Elizabeth with sisterly pride, Bertrand with the idea that he could report back to International Society that he had a friend who would win a Nobel Prize. Peter's reaction was equally enthusiastic and gave no indication that he minded the possibility of his father's first real scientific defeat.

The following morning I felt marvelously alive when I awoke. On my way to the Whim I slowly walked toward the Clare Bridge, staring up at the gothic pinnacles of the King's College Chapel that stood out sharply against the spring sky. I briefly stopped and looked over at the perfect Georgian features of the recently cleaned Gibbs Building, thinking that much of our success was due to the long uneventful periods when we walked among the colleges or unobtrusively read the new books that came into Heffer's Bookstore. After contentedly poring over *The Times*, I wandered into the lab to see Francis, unquestionably early, flipping the cardboard base pairs about an imaginary line. As far as a compass and ruler could tell him, both sets of base pairs neatly fit into the backbone configuration. As the morning wore on, Max and John successively came by to see if we still thought we had it. Each got a quick, concise lecture from Francis, during the second of which I wandered down to see if the shop

could be speeded up to produce the purines and pyrimidines later that afternoon.

Only a little encouragement was needed to get the final soldering accomplished in the next couple of hours. The brightly shining metal plates were then immediately used to make a model in which for the first time all the 'DNA components were present. In about an hour I had arranged the atoms in positions which satisfied both the X-ray data and the laws of stereochemistry. The resulting helix was right-handed with the two chains running in opposite directions. Only one person can easily play with a model, and so Francis did not try to check my work until I backed away and said that I thought everything fitted. While one interatomic contact was slightly shorter than optimal, it was not out of line with several published values, and I was not disturbed. Another fifteen minutes' fiddling by Francis failed to find anything wrong, though for brief intervals my stomach felt uneasy when I saw him frowning. In each case he became satisfied and moved on to verify that another interatomic contact was reasonable. Everything thus looked very good when we went back to have supper with Odile.

Our dinner words fixed on how to let the big news out. Maurice, especially, must soon be told. But remembering the fiasco of sixteen months before, keeping King's in the dark made sense until exact coordinates had been obtained for all the atoms. It was all too easy to fudge a successful series of atomic contacts so that, while each looked almost acceptable, the whole collection was energetically impossible. We suspected that we had not made this error, but our judgment conceivably might be biased by the biological advantages of complementary DNA molecules. Thus the next several days were to be spent using a plumb line and a measuring stick to obtain the relative positions of all atoms in a single nucleotide. Because of the helical symmetry, the locations of the atoms in one nucleotide would automatically generate the other positions.

After coffee Odile wanted to know whether they would still have to go into exile in Brooklyn if our work was as sensational as everyone told her. Perhaps we should stay on in Cambridge to solve other problems of equal importance. I tried to reassure her, emphasizing that not all American men cut all their hair off and that there were scores of American women who did not wear short white socks on the streets.

The next morning I again found that Francis had beaten me to the lab. He was already at work tightening the model on its support stands so that he could read off the atomic coordinates. While he moved the atoms back and forth, I sat on the top of my desk thinking about the form of the letters that I soon could write, saying that we had found something interesting. Occasionally, Francis would look dis-

gusted when my daydreams kept me from observing that he needed my help to keep the model from collapsing as he rearranged the supporting ring stands.

By then we knew that all my previous fuss about the importance of Mg^{++} ions was misdirected. Most likely Maurice and Rosy were right in insisting that they were looking at the Na^+ salt of DNA. But with the sugar-phosphate backbone on the outside, it did not matter which salt was present. Either would fit perfectly well into the double helix.

Bragg had his first look late that morning. For several days he had been home with the flu and was in bed when he heard that Crick and I had thought up an ingenious DNA structure which might be important to biology. During his first free moment back in the Cavendish he slipped away from his office for a direct view. Immediately he caught on to the complementary relation between the two chains and saw how an equivalence of adenine with thymine and guanine with cytosine was a logical consequence of the regular repeating shape of the sugar-phosphate backbone. As he was not aware of Chargaff's rules, I went over the experimental evidence on the relative proportions of the various bases, noticing that he was becoming increasingly excited by its potential implications for gene replication. When the question of the X-ray evidence came up, he saw why we had not yet called up the King's group. He was bothered, however, that we had not yet asked Todd's opinion. Telling Bragg that we had got the organic chemistry straight did not put him completely at ease. The chance that we were using the wrong chemical formula admittedly was small, but since Crick talked so fast, Bragg could never be sure that he would ever slow down long enough to get the right facts. So it was arranged that as soon as we had a set of atomic coordinates, we would have Todd come over.

The final refinements of the coordinates were finished the following evening. Lacking the exact X-ray evidence, we were not confident that the configuration chosen was precisely correct. But this did not bother us, for we only wished to establish that at least one specific two-chain complementary helix was stereochemically possible. Until this was clear, the objection could be raised that, although our idea was aesthetically elegant, the shape of the sugar-phosphate backbone might not permit its existence. Happily now we knew that this was not true, and so we had lunch, telling each other that a structure this pretty just had to exist.

With the tension now off, I went to play tennis with Bertrand, telling Francis that later in the afternoon I would write Luria and Delbrück about the double helix. It was also arranged that John Kendrew would call up Maurice to say that he should come out to see what Francis and I had just devised. Neither Francis nor I wanted the task. Earlier in the day the post had brought a note from Maurice to Francis, mentioning

that he was now about to go full steam ahead on DNA and intended to place emphasis on model building.

Maurice needed only a minute's look at the model to like it. He had been forewarned by John that it was a two-chain affair, held together by the A-T and G-C base pairs, and so immediately upon entering our office he studied its detailed features. That it had two, not three, chains did not bother him since he knew the evidence never seemed clear-cut. While Maurice silently stared at the metal object, Francis stood by, sometimes talking very fast about what sort of X-ray diagram the structure should produce, then becoming strangely noiseless when he perceived that Maurice's wish was to look at the double helix, not to receive a lecture in crystallographic theory which he could work out by himself. There was no questioning of the decision to put guanine and thymine in the keto form. Doing otherwise would destroy the base pairs, and he accepted Jerry Donohue's spoken argument as if it were a commonplace.

The unforeseen dividend of having Jerry share an office with Francis, Peter, and me, though obvious to all, was not spoken about. If he had not been with us in Cambridge, I might still have been plumping for a like-with-like structure. Maurice, in a lab devoid of structural chemists, did not have anyone about to tell him that all the textbook pictures were wrong. But for Jerry, only Pauling would have been likely to make the right choice and stick by its consequences.

The next scientific step was to compare seriously the experimental X-ray data with the diffraction pattern predicted by our model. Maurice went back to London, saying that he would soon measure the critical reflections. There was not a hint of bitterness in his voice, and I felt quite relieved. Until the visit I had remained apprehensive that he would look gloomy, being unhappy that we had seized part of the glory that should have gone in full to him and his younger colleagues. But there was no trace of resentment on his face, and in his subdued way he was thoroughly excited that the structure would prove of great benefit to biology.

He was back in London only two days before he rang up to say that both he and Rosy found that their X-ray data strongly supported the double helix. They

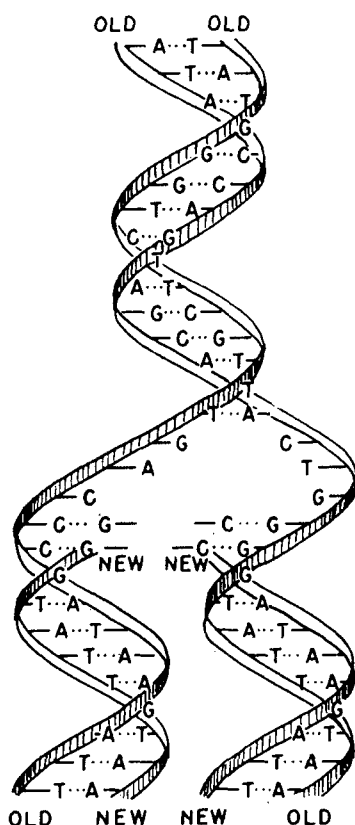
were quickly writing up their results and wanted to publish simultaneously with our announcement of the base pairs. *Nature* was the place for rapid publication, since if both Bragg and Randall strongly supported the manuscripts they might be published within a month of their receipt. However, there would not be only one paper from King's. Rosy and Gosling would report their results separately from Maurice and his collaborators.

Rosy's instant acceptance of our model at first amazed me. I had feared that her sharp, stubborn mind, caught in her self-made antihelical trap, might dig up irrelevant results that would foster uncertainty about the correctness of the double helix. Nonetheless, like almost everyone else, she saw the appeal of the base pairs and accepted the fact that the structure was too pretty not to be true. Moreover, even before she learned of our proposal, the X-ray evidence had been forcing her more than she cared to admit toward a helical structure. The positioning of the backbone on the outside of the molecule was demanded by her evidence, and, given the necessity to hydrogen-bond the bases together, the uniqueness of the A-T and G-C pairs was a fact she saw no reason to argue about.

At the same time, her fierce annoyance with Francis and me collapsed. Initially we were hesitant to discuss the double helix with her, fearing the testiness of our previous encounters. But Francis noticed her changed attitude when he was in London to talk with Maurice about details of the X-ray pictures. Thinking that Rosy wanted nothing to do with him, he spoke largely to Maurice, until he slowly perceived that Rosy wanted his crystallographic advice and was prepared to exchange unconcealed hostility for conversation between equals. With obvious pleasure Rosy showed Francis her data,

and for the first time he was able to see how foolproof was her assertion that the sugar-phosphate backbone was on the outside of the molecule. Her past uncompromising statements on this matter thus reflected first-rate science, not the outpourings of a misguided feminist.

Obviously affecting Rosy's transformation was her appreciation that our past hooting about model building represented a serious approach to science, not the easy resort of slackers who wanted to avoid the hard work necessitated by an honest scientific



The manner envisaged for DNA replication, given the complementary nature of the base sequences in the two chains.

career. It also became apparent to us that Rosy's difficulties with Maurice and Randall were connected with her understandable need for being equal to the people she worked with. Soon after her entry into the King's lab, she had rebelled against its hierarchical character, taking offense because her first-rate crystallographic ability was not given formal recognition.

Two letters from Pasadena that week brought the news that Pauling was still way off base. The first came from Delbrück, saying that Linus had just given a seminar during which he described a modification of his DNA structure. Most uncharacteristically, the manuscript he had sent to Cambridge had been published before his collaborator, R. B. Corey, could accurately measure the interatomic distances. When this was finally done, they found several unacceptable contacts that could not be overcome by minor jiggling. Pauling's model was thus also impossible on straightforward stereochemical grounds. He hoped, however, to save the situation by a modification suggested by his colleague Verner Schomaker. In the revised form the phosphate atoms were twisted 45 degrees, thereby allowing a different group of oxygen atoms to form a hydrogen bond. After Linus' talk, Delbrück told Schomaker he was not convinced that Linus was right, for he had just received my note saying that I had a new idea for the DNA structure.

Delbrück's comments were passed on immediately to Pauling, who quickly wrote off a letter to me. The first part betrayed nervousness — it did not come to the point but conveyed an invitation to participate in a meeting on proteins to which he had decided to add a section on nucleic acids. Then he came out and asked for the details of the beautiful new structure I had written Delbrück about. Reading his letter, I drew a deep breath, for I realized that Delbrück did not know of the complementary double helix at the time of Linus' talk. Instead, he was referring to the like-with-like idea. Fortunately, by the time my letter reached Cal Tech the base pairs had fallen out. If they had not, I would have been in the dreadful position of having to inform Delbrück and Pauling that I had impetuously written of an idea which was only twelve hours old and lived only twenty-four before it was dead.

Todd made his official visit late in the week, coming over from the chemical laboratory with several younger colleagues. Francis' quick verbal tour through the structure and its implications lost none of its zest for having been given several times each day for the past week. The pitch of his excitement was rising each day, and generally, whenever Jerry or I heard the voice of Francis shepherding in some new faces, we left our office until the new converts were let out and some traces of orderly work could resume. Todd was a different matter, for I wanted

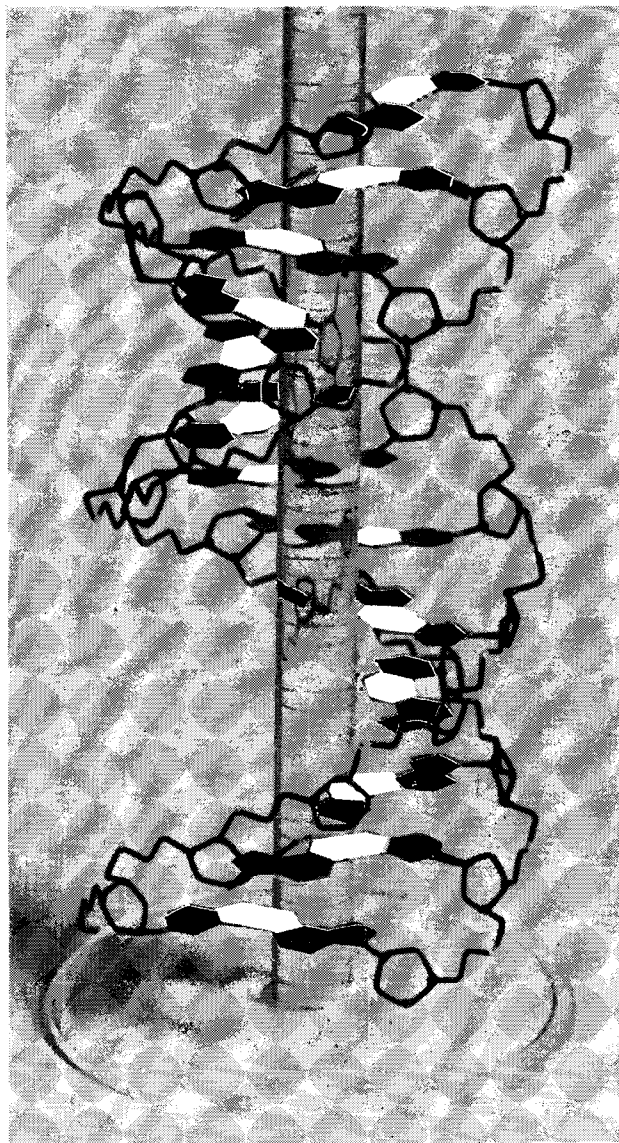
to hear him tell Bragg that we had correctly followed his advice on the chemistry of the sugar-phosphate backbone. Todd also went along with the keto configurations, saying that his organic-chemist friends had drawn enol groups for purely arbitrary reasons. Then he went off, after congratulating me and Francis for our excellent chemical work.

Soon I left Cambridge to spend a week in Paris. A trip to Paris to be with Boris and Harriett Ephrussi had been arranged some weeks earlier. Since the main part of our work seemed finished, I saw no reason to postpone a visit which now had the bonus of letting me be the first to tell Ephrussi's and Lwoff's labs about the double helix. Francis, however, was not happy, telling me that a week was far too long to abandon work of such extreme significance. A call for seriousness, however, was not to my liking, especially when John had just shown Francis and me a letter from Chargaff in which we were mentioned. A postscript asked for information on what his scientific clowns were up to.

Pauling first heard about the double helix from Delbrück. At the bottom of the letter that broke the news of the complementary chains, I had asked that he not tell Linus. I was still slightly afraid something would go wrong and did not want Pauling to think about hydrogen-bonded base pairs until we had a few more days to digest our position. My request, however, was ignored. Delbrück wanted to tell everyone in his lab and knew that within hours the gossip would travel from his lab in biology to their friends working under Linus. Also, Pauling had made him promise to let him know the minute he heard from me. Then there was the even more important consideration that Delbrück hated any form of secrecy in scientific matters and did not want to keep Pauling in suspense any longer.

Pauling's reaction was one of genuine thrill, as was Delbrück's. In almost any other situation Pauling would have fought for the good points of his idea. The overwhelming biological merits of a self-complementary DNA molecule made him effectively concede the race. He did want, however, to see the evidence from King's before he considered the matter a closed book. This he hoped would be possible three weeks hence, when he would come to Brussels for a Solvay meeting on proteins in the second week of April.

That Pauling was in the know came out in a letter from Delbrück arriving just after I returned from Paris on March 18. By then we didn't mind, for the evidence favoring the base pairs was steadily mounting. A key piece of information was picked up at the Institut Pasteur. There I ran into Gerry Wyatt, a Canadian biochemist who knew much about the base ratios of DNA. He had just analyzed the DNA



The Watson-Crick model

from the T2, T4, and T6 group of phages. For the past two years this DNA was said to have the strange property of lacking cytosine, a feature obviously impossible for our model. But Wyatt now said that he, together with Seymour Cohen and Hershey, had evidence that these phages contained a modified type of cytosine called 5-hydroxy-methyl cytosine. Most important, its amount equaled the amount of guanine. This beautifully supported the double helix, since 5-hydroxy-methyl cytosine should hydrogen-bond like cytosine. Also pleasing was the great accuracy of the data, which illustrated better than any previous analytical work the equality of adenine with thymine and guanine with cytosine.

While I was away Francis had taken up the structure of the DNA molecule in the A form. Previous work in Maurice's lab had shown that crystalline A-form

DNA fibers increase in length when they take up water and go over into the B form. Francis guessed that the more compact A form was achieved by tilting the base pairs, thereby decreasing the translational distance of a base pair along the fiber axis to about 2.6 Å. He thus set about building a model with tilted bases. Though this proved more difficult to fit together than the more open B structure, a satisfactory A model awaited me upon my return.

In the next week the first drafts of our *Nature* paper got handed out, and two were sent down to London for comments from Maurice and Rosy. They had no real objections except for wanting us to mention that Fraser in their lab had considered hydrogen-bonded bases prior to our work. His schemes, until then unknown to us in detail, always dealt with groups of three bases, hydrogen-bonded in the middle, many of which we now knew to be in the wrong tautomeric forms. Thus his idea did not seem worth resurrecting only to be quickly buried. However, when Maurice sounded upset at our objection, we added the necessary reference. Both Rosy's and Maurice's papers covered roughly the same ground and in each case interpreted their results in terms of the base pairs. For a while Francis wanted to expand our note to write at length about the biological implications. But finally he saw the point to a short remark and composed the sentence: "It has not escaped our notice that the specific pairing we have postulated immediately suggests a possible copying mechanism for the genetic material."

Sir Lawrence was shown the paper in its nearly final form. After suggesting a minor stylistic alteration, he enthusiastically expressed his willingness to post it to *Nature* with a strong covering letter. The solution to the structure was bringing genuine happiness to Bragg. That the result came out of the Cavendish and not Pasadena was obviously a factor. More important was the unexpectedly marvelous nature of the answer, and the fact that the X-ray method he had developed forty years before was at the heart of a profound insight into the nature of life itself.

The final version was ready to be typed on the last weekend of March. Our Cavendish typist was not on hand, and the brief job was given to my sister. There was no problem persuading her to spend a Saturday afternoon this way, for we told her that she was participating in perhaps the most famous event in biology since Darwin's book. Francis and I stood over her as she typed the nine-hundred-word article that began, "We wish to suggest a structure for the salt of deoxyribose nucleic acid (DNA). This structure has novel features which are of considerable biological interest." On Tuesday the manuscript was sent up to Bragg's office and on Wednesday, April 2, went off to the editors of *Nature*.

Linus arrived in Cambridge on Friday night. On

his way to Brussels for the Solvay meeting, he stopped off both to see Peter and to look at the model. Unthinkingly Peter arranged for him to stay at Pop's. Soon we found that he would have preferred a hotel. The presence of foreign girls at breakfast did not compensate for the lack of hot water in his room. Saturday morning Peter brought him into the office, where, after greeting Jerry with Cal Tech news, he set about examining the model. Though he still wanted to see the quantitative measurements of the King's lab, we supported our argument by showing him a copy of Rosy's original B photograph. All the right cards were in our hands, and so, gracefully, he gave his opinion that we had the answer.

Bragg then came in to get Linus so that he could take him and Peter to his house for lunch. That night both Paulings, together with Elizabeth and me, had dinner with the Cricks at Portugal Place. Francis, perhaps because of Linus' presence, was mildly muted and let Linus be charming to my sister and Odile. Though we drank a fair amount of Burgundy, the conversation never got animated, and I felt that Pauling would rather talk to me, clearly an unfinished member of the younger generation, than to Francis. The talk did not last long since Linus, still on California time, was becoming tired, and the party was over at midnight.

Elizabeth and I flew off the following afternoon to Paris, where Peter would join us the next day. Ten days hence she was sailing to the States on her way to Japan to marry an American she had known in college. These were to be our last days together, at least in the carefree spirit that had marked our escape from the Middle West and the American culture it was so easy to be ambivalent about. Monday morning we went over to the Faubourg St. Honoré for our last look at its elegance. There, peering in at a shop full of sleek umbrellas, I realized one should be her wedding present and we quickly had it. Afterward she searched out a friend for tea while I walked back across the Seine to our hotel near the Palais de Luxembourg. Later that night with Peter we would celebrate my birthday. But now I was alone, looking at the long-haired girls near St. Germain des Prés and knowing they were not for me. I was twenty-five and too old to be unusual.

EPILOGUE

Virtually everybody mentioned in this book is alive and intellectually active. Herman Kalckar has come to this country as professor of biochemistry at Harvard Medical School, while John Kendrew and Max Perutz both have remained in Cambridge, where they continue their X-ray work on proteins, for which they received the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1962.

Sir Lawrence Bragg retained his enthusiastic interest in protein structure when he moved in 1954 to London to become director of the Royal Institution. Hugh Huxley, after spending several years in London, is back in Cambridge doing work on the mechanism of muscle contraction. Francis Crick, after a year in Brooklyn, returned to Cambridge to work on the nature and operation of the genetic code, a field of which he has been the acknowledged world leader for the past decade. Maurice Wilkins' work remained centered on DNA for some years until he and his collaborators established beyond any doubt that the essential features of the double helix were correct. After then making an important contribution to the structure of ribonucleic acid, he has changed the direction of his research to the organization and operation of nervous systems. Peter Pauling now lives in London, teaching chemistry at University College. His father, recently retired from active teaching at Cal Tech, at present concentrates his scientific activity both on the structure of the atomic nucleus and on theoretical structural chemistry. My sister, after being many years in the Orient, lives with her publisher husband and three children in Washington.

All of these people, should they desire, can indicate events and details they remember differently. But there is one unfortunate exception. In 1958, Rosalind Franklin died at the early age of thirty-seven. Since my initial impressions of her, both scientific and personal, were often wrong, I want to say something here about her achievements. The X-ray work she did at King's is increasingly regarded as superb. The sorting out of the A and B forms, by itself, would have made her reputation; even better was her 1952 demonstration using Patterson superposition methods that the phosphate groups must be on the outside of the DNA molecule. Later, when she moved to Bernal's lab, she took up work on tobacco mosaic virus and quickly extended our qualitative ideas about helical construction into a precise quantitative picture, definitely establishing the essential helical parameters *and* locating the ribonucleic chain halfway out from the central axis.

Because I was then teaching in the States, I did not see her as often as did Francis, to whom she frequently came for advice or when she had done something very pretty, to be sure he agreed with her reasoning. By then all traces of our early bickering were forgotten, and we both came to appreciate greatly her personal honesty and generosity, realizing years too late the struggles that the intelligent woman faces to be accepted by a scientific world which often regards women as mere diversions from serious thinking. Rosalind's exemplary courage and integrity were apparent to all when, knowing she was mortally ill, she did not complain but continued working on a high level until a few weeks before her death.

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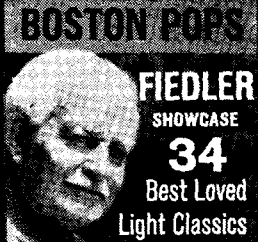
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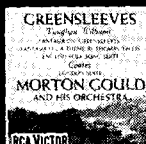
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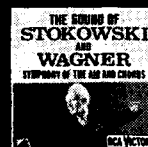
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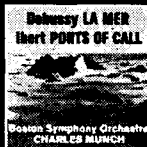
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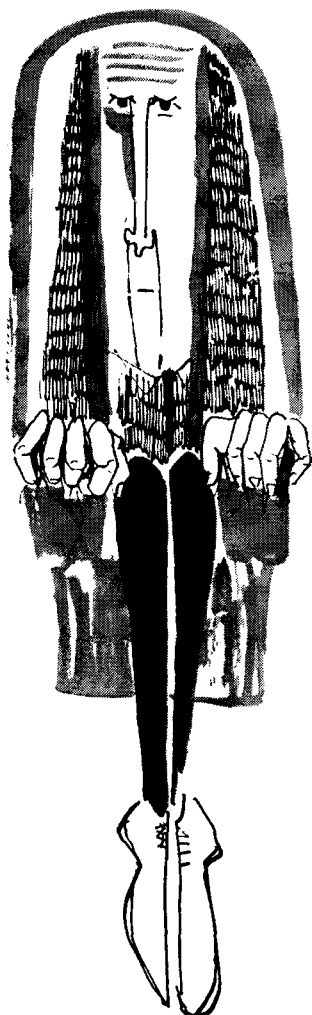
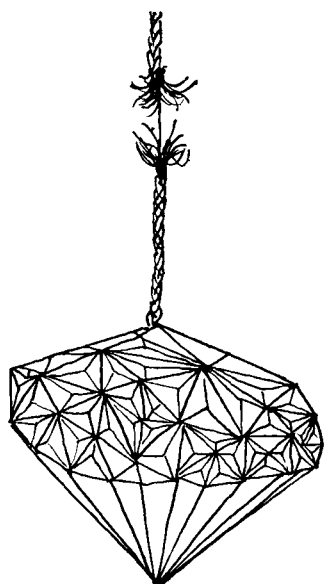


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A Plane Flight

by Chaim Raphael



If owning the Hope Diamond, with its supposed tradition of disaster for everyone connected with it, isn't always fun, it is also not always entirely *without* fun, as Mr. Harry Winston, its latest owner, continues to discover. Strictly speaking, Mr. Winston, who bought the diamond in 1949, isn't its latest owner, since he presented it in 1958 to the Smithsonian Institution. But as a legend of the Hope Diamond type attaches itself more readily to an individual than to an institution, Mr. Winston remains the owner for the purpose of popular mythology, as a recent incident seems to indicate.

Everything about Mr. Winston is, of course, legendary, including a visit he made with his wife some time ago to Portugal for talks with President Salazar about concessions for the flow of diamonds from the Portuguese colony of Angola in West Africa. One would like to know how discussions of this kind are conducted. One has perhaps read authentic accounts in Ian Fleming or E. Phillips Oppenheim; but there are subtleties that one would like documented. Are talks about concessions of this magnitude held in great state, with the principals flanked by diplomats and gunmen, and agreements embodied in ancient massive parchment; or do the two men perhaps meet privately for a walk in a walled garden where a word, or a nod, is exchanged, and the course of diamond history flows in a new direction? One would like to have been there. One would like to know. One never will.

What one *is* permitted to know is that the day came when Mr. and Mrs. Winston set out to return to New York. For reasons that will be readily understood by many thousands of parents who have never owned the Hope Diamond, Mr. and Mrs. Winston always fly in separate planes. On this occasion Mrs. Winston was to leave Lisbon on a morning plane, and Mr. Winston in the evening. Mrs. Winston duly left, and as has happened to some people on other occasions, the plane ran into trouble. Smoke was seen coming from one of the engines. The stewardess doubtless told passengers that there was no cause for alarm, and passengers doubtless froze in their seats while a quiet voice from the cockpit told them that they would be making an unscheduled stop in the Azores. As the plane

landed and all proved to be well, the passengers doubtless unfroze with slightly overdone bravado. By the time, an hour later, the airport loudspeaker told them that all was now in order and that they would be taking off in fifteen minutes, the passengers were looking back with a certain pride to their little adventure and were ready to go on, except for one, a well-set-up businessman who had happened to overhear the stewardess address Mrs. Winston by name. In the airport he sought out the stewardess to ask if this was *the* Mrs. Winston, owner of the you-know-what Diamond. Having got his information, he made a rapid decision — to wait for the evening plane, which made a scheduled stop in the Azores.

Fate, as is well known, has a sense of humor; and when the plane from Lisbon that evening, carrying Mr. Winston, landed in the Azores, a well-set-up businessman came aboard and took the vacant seat next to him. Ignoring the fact that Mr. Winston had a novel open on his lap and was clearly trying to read it, the man began, with little delay and enormous self-satisfaction, to tell Mr. Winston about his adventure and its obvious connection with the Hope Diamond. Mr. Winston felt the delicacy of his situation. No one knew better than he the mysterious history of the Hope Diamond. If this man had chosen to embroil himself without need, providence would no doubt see to it that such presumption brought a response; and providence promptly did. As the man droned on, congratulating himself on having outwitted the fates, the stewardess came up to them. "Oh, Mr. Winston," she said, "the captain has had a message for you from Mrs. Winston. The plane got in, in good time. She had a nice journey." Mr. Winston thanked her and turned back to his book. Out of the corner of his eye he saw that the man next to him had frozen into absolute rigidity. His hands gripped the arms of the seat and he stared fixedly ahead, his mouth open in terror. He stayed that way until the plane landed in New York; and Mr. Winston greatly enjoyed his novel.

A chapter in the further adventures of the Hope Diamond, as related by a British civil servant (Treasury), whose book THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM will shortly be published by Knopf.

Author to Editor

Extracts from the Letters of a Young Writer

Paul Tyner was a twenty-seven-year-old technical writer for IBM in Poughkeepsie, and a weekend hippie, when he began his first book and the consequent stream of correspondence with his editor. The book, SHOOT IT, will be published in March by Atlantic-Little, Brown. What follows are some of the delights, concerns, and whimsicalities of self-discovery that came in the writing of it.

One of the few books I have read and re-read, perhaps to the point of utter self-destruction, is *The Ginger Man*. Tried to call Donleavy once in New York. Sitting at a bar called Googie's just off Washington Square at 3d & Sullivan (oh come on, get on with it) and, yes, tried to call the man, wanted to say Hello there, loved your book, what's new. No luck, probably good thing to keep the heroes at bay until I've made it big, then we'll all have drinks and cashews on me at the Round Table. Wouldn't want them all walking around saying I knew him when he wrote neurotic letters. I for Integrity.

Dreamed that someone poured a jug of DNA in the computer and it crapped out.

Once had a trigonometry teacher in high school, who confided in us that she could not so much as look at the walls and ceiling without being assaulted by theorems.

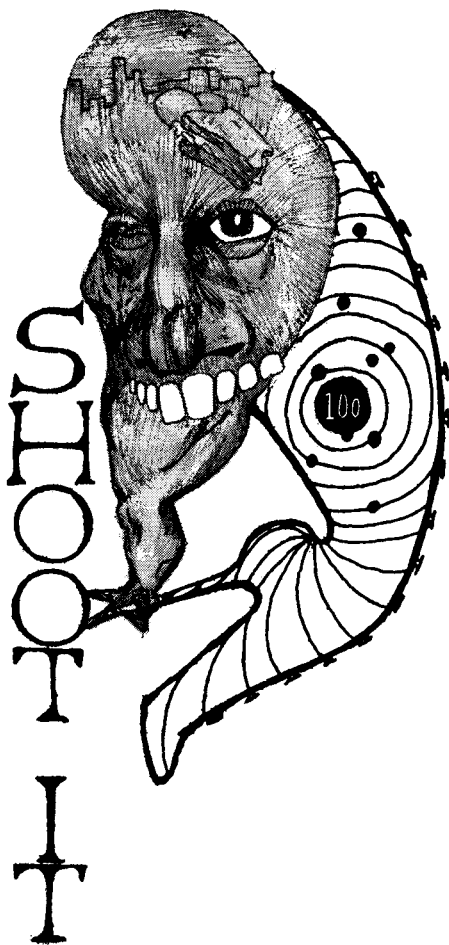
The entire peninsula of Florida is an algae-covered coral. Dead. Bleached-out houses and streets and everywhere the palms. Unkempt telephone poles. Rented a bicycle and toured the area, sniffing for a clue. Astonishing supermarket full of senior citizens who all look stoned out of their minds. Wiggling out on the gherkins.

And on the walls are the Country Corn Flakes and Pepperidge Farm ads which feature old folks, intended of course for the young moderns. The ocean, too, looked as though it might gather its breath for one last piddling little wave and then crap out forever. Writing letters on the sand bars. Also zeros and ones. Dear God: 000101011111100101-0010100011000001, Paul.

Met a mad person last night. An inkeeper, attempted to strike me

in the face. The utter gall. I ducked. By then a hero stopped him. I said, "I feel it is necessary for me to explain to you that I am a lawyer." From then on, free drinks. If only I could always be wearing the appropriate garb. Three piece suit, dark brown herringbone. Let them know you mean business.

Emphasis today is on pictures. Action, not words. Absolutely brutish. The Model 91 processes up to seventeen bizz-buzzes concurrently. If you had one, think of what you could do. For myself, I'd like to



get my novel on tape for easy updating. Feed in a few parameters. PARAM/LAFF-RIOT.

I'm thinking of coming up with my own theory of communication, as the prevalent ones (Shannon et al) are grossly insufficient. They attack communication as being source, sender, receiver, etc., which all seems to be a lot of garbage — communication just *is*; it doesn't *do* anything. There isn't any *action* to describe in such mechanistic terms as linkages, filters, etc. Maybe McLuhan has beat me to it. But he's not talking about communication. He's talking about Milton Berle.

I'm thinking of taking an acid trip Christmas day. Because of Huxley. Because it's there.

Speaking of drivel, I went through my boxes of old stuff I've been typing since I was 20 or so and sorted it all out. Like looking at old fingernail clippings. Three unfinished novels, a musical comedy, tons of terrible short stories, and many many bad poems and fragments of even worse things. Those were the good old days, when I sent the *New Yorker* about two stories a week. I'm sorry, but this just isn't for us. Wanted to crack it so bad I could taste it. Hemingway used to weep when he got his back.

I sent a copy of *CATCHER IN THE RYE* to the boy in Florida. . . . I could barely start it myself, at age 17, but read it through amazed, scared, wondering — "Is this all there is to writing?" I thought I could've dashed it off in a week. Now I know better. It would take me a month.

Heloise and Abelard certainly had their difficulties. . . . I think we can squarely place the blame for Hang-ups of Antiquity on the respective lovers all going steady too early. They should've played the field, and then, later on, when they were *sure*, they could've worked out something more realistic. Love and sorrow, sorrow and love — and what can be said for a love that is without pining, humiliation, and wrench-you-inside-out-and-eat-the-empty-universe hopelessness? This, then, is what we hope future generations will solve. Both of them.

You have to be strong to have a nervous breakdown, and very serious. I'm neither. You have to talk yourself into it for weeks, perhaps months — I can't stay with anything that long. Finally, you have to go ahead and *do it* — no more talking about it and just *thinking* you're crazy, BE THERE.

I like to work. A typesetter told me that one of the greatest pleasures in his job was, at the beginning of the day, seeing all the sand and mortar in a big pile, and seeing all the tile stacked up in a corner, and seeing all the tools laid out in front of him, and knowing that at the end of the day the tools would all be

packed away in the truck and the rest would be in a new floor. Isn't that magnificent? He said it right.

Do you like Frank Gallo's sculpture? Woman in sling chair, for instance. I helped buff the legs of that one. I'm beginning to understand the industry I saw in him, working his ass off, not giving a shit what anybody else was doing. That's the whole bag.

■ ■

Seriously: during my last reading I was sure that the book was describing *itself*. I was flabbergasted. Does this happen?

■ ■

There is a man named Albert who has a forty-pound greatcoat and an old hat and a beard and heavy glasses and an automatic shuffle, who walks up and down Main Street all day. He deplores the state of writing today. "I'd much rather read SNOW WHITE," he says, glancing up at the traffic light. . . . I promised him my next work would not be about crime, but would be about a hole growing in the City of Poughkeepsie. He seemed interested. Then we stopped at the Bargain Mart and I went in to get trenchmouth. Albert stayed outside, pressing his cloaca against the glass and moaning, moaning . . .

■ ■

I took LSD twice, one small dose a week before Christmas and a huge dose Christmas day at noon. The first time was great — easy, relaxed, Relaxo. Christmas day was black, dead, even worse, I am reminded now of Kurz' death in HEART OF DARKNESS because the horror was there as though it had been there all along. . . . Suddenly the secret was out. . . . Scared shitless, just couldn't move or talk for an eternity which I knew would be an eternity. . . . No room at the Out.

■ ■

Herby is a totally impotent psyche, numbed by the city and his own background, whatever it was. . . . It seems the tightrope I have to walk is somewhat circular, in that no matter how the externals of a situation change, Herby really doesn't. . . . He really doesn't believe the things he does have any effect on himself or his surroundings.

■ ■

What are all these fractions doing on the keyboard. $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, hello there, and you too, @. Agh.

There's a cry of metaphysical despair. "@," he screamed. "€!" That one seems to be smiling, or trying to. Did you ever notice the little faces in numbers and letters? And the way different people make them. Sometimes a 5 can be sinister. This one is bland. "5," he said, looking sharply at me through his so-what grin.

I sound like I'm scratching myself, yawning and thinking up new high-voltage insights. Saw a review the other day speaking of amperage. Wonder what Eliot Fremont-Smith or the other guy, the one who does the very short reviews, will say. Officially speaking, it's no damn good. Lousy little book. Depressing. Takes the lid off the can of life. Pandora's blocks. Reminiscent of some of Harold Robbins' earlier stuff. Can't imagine why some authors never read reviews. Maybe I will I can see, it might not be very important what a reviewer would say, but the curiosity would kill me. If I had the money I'd hire the reviewer to read his own review to me, soddenly, as I sat in my bay sipping something or other, nothing really sounds good, maybe hot tea.

■ ■

How about another IN COLD BLOOD? Ronnie has a story for me about a friend of his who was murdered for no apparent reason. Wants to go 60-40 on the profits. He said after his friend was murdered (they were both 13) he didn't give a — — — about the world or anybody in it. Ronnie is delightful, actually of course does give a — — —. Every time he relays me something I "might be able to use sometime" his voice takes on a Shakespearean air and his head tilts back, as if the proscenium were advancing.

As you can tell I'm mustering around for another book, but can't hold still. I suppose I'll just start one sometime and write it fast and dirty and then try to see what I did, that's what happened before.

■ ■

Newburgh, N. Y. . . . a youth of nineteen or so sidles up to me: "Goin' to the Armory for the driver thing?" I nod and say I don't really know where it is. He's taken the bus down from Kingston and wants to know if Poughkeepsie has any discotheques. Saddened by my reply. He worked in a warehouse and expects to be drafted. The sooner the better. Kingston is dead. The cops

won't let you stand around on the sidewalk. Partly raised in Newburgh, says there are "about a million niggers." Millions like him in all the Kingstons, flipping away their cigarettes into the gutter and shifting their weight, spitting between their teeth to put up a show of getting older, refusing to take it seriously even though you know the credibility is creeping in, working in the warehouse and wondering who'll be at the disco tonight, looking forward to the Army for some reassurance that there are plenty of guys who don't give a damn . . .

■ ■

. . . what you said in an earlier letter about SHOOT IT saying something different about causation as it really is. Causation is the chance outside of "outside," the acknowledgment that systems are artificial and that man is a part of nature. What really flipped me about probability theory was its basic tenet . . . that a random card from a deck will just as likely be an ace as a deuce. . . . This way of thinking is so commonplace that the power in that statement slips by.

I remember my freshman year, looking at the catalog of courses, thousands of them, and wanting to know it *all*. Studied myself wan in a year and then pretty nearly gave it up. After nineteen years in school I am finally starting to enjoy reading. And strangely, hardly any of it fiction. Used to love reading science fiction, read one a day in high school. Murray Leinster. Theodore Sturgeon. Robert Heinlein. A. E. Van Vogt. Arthur the C. My heroes. Then no one until Donleavy, picked up THE G-MAN one sophomore afternoon because of the title and the cover. Fantastic. From there to Joyce. I could see the influence everyone had told me about but I liked Donleavy better. My literary history . . . Still rather impatient reading fiction. Want it to click right away, or at least get me interested. FROM HERE TO ETERNITY is a great book as far as I'm concerned. Kept wanting it to go on, on.

My God, if I quit working and wrote every morning, I wonder how much would be any good. Of course I write just about every morning to you, but I'm flying in all directions. But on those Saturdays when I was writing SHOOT IT, the pages came at a fantastic clip, I never knew I

had it in me. Not to say they were perfect or anywhere near it, just the idea of ideas coming in from nowhere onto those blank pages. Then reading them over and over, trying to figure out what I did. Using it next time. Great things are happening in me because of seeing something come out in that book.

• •

Someone told me about the "response syndrome" coming from Mother, how we (editorially?) go for response simply because Mummy wanted it. I find it depressing, true or false. I want and need response and will forever—I am love-starved, or, at the other extreme, afraid of closets.

• •

I want to get high, get stoned, anything to forget about the god damned machine I've built or at least contracted around me. Money . . . I can't believe I'll be dead in a few years, it's completely beyond me. But would I be in such a hurry otherwise. I'm in a terrific hurry. Whether it's wallpapering or writing . . . What was a bad trip may have been the best thing that ever happened to me, brought me down into the muck of people trying to screw each other, constantly going for the extra, the backbreaker . . .

• •

I was with Penny, the girl in the poem, and it was ten at night. We were sitting on a blanket when I noticed about thirty yards away two figures idly shifting about. My instinct and my mouth both said Let's get out of here. But I didn't follow up on it, we started talking again. Then they are standing over us, two young spades about 16 years old, one has a stick about the size of a Louisville slugger poised neatly at full topswing, the other apparently is unarmed. Thank God no knife. "Got a dime" he says. I'm wondering what to do, try and elbow him in the nuts or what, since I'm down, when SOCKO I get the stars and stripes, and Penny screams and the other guy jumps on her and I'm wondering what in the good Christ is going on, socko socko again and I finally moved, got him by the leg and became a maniac for ten seconds. Penny got away, screaming. I'm yelling WHAT IN THE ——— ARE YOU DOING and I remember this kid's face when he saw my head gushing, I think it was the first time he ever saw what he

could do, saw it vividly. I catch up to Penny and she's ready to jump in the water because she doesn't recognize me. Then she does, then we start for the street, yelling our asses for the Fuzz, they were out busting kids for smoking pot, then they came, ten minutes at least. In the meantime, we run into a Puerto Rican gang, about five of them, and I'm really starting to flip, I mean I don't know what I would've done besides bleed to death, but they were friendly after all and wanted to know where the guys were that did it, so I'm pointing and Penny's telling them and off they go. Beautiful. I couldn't have cared less about the ethics of revenge, I would've shot them dead if I'd had a gun.

• •

I get the impression I am all kinds of different things to different people. Strong, weak, a madman, a tender gentleman, conceited, too

hard on myself, too serious, too frivolous, psychotic, neurotic, heterosexual, homosexual, bisexual, asexual. All I can conclude is that I'm here mostly for copy.

• •

I lied to you about taking more acid, I haven't had any and don't want any, either. Just a lot of grass. Also a tranquilizer from time to time just to buff the marble. I'm extremely curious about a drug called dilantin they give to epileptics but someone has shown it has remarkable effects on non-eps as well. Something like eliminating excessive randomness, electrical discharges in the brain like sunspots. Zap! There went one. I'm in the process of sorting out old works, and am wildly alternating from hysteria to simple head-shaking and of course back again. . . . Today my soul brother is William James. . . . I'm not violent but I can bring down all the dark choppy skies.

The Shookjong Shakes

Singapore is just emerging from a 12-day epidemic of fear.

It flashed through the Republic when it was rumoured that meat from pigs vaccinated against swine fever was spreading "Koro," a marked refraction of the penis which Chinese believe will vanish completely into the abdomen if unchecked, killing the victim.

All over the island desperate men, beset by a sudden shrinking feeling, have abruptly exposed and seized their retiring natures, and then held them captive with chopsticks, a loop of wire, a bit of string or their bare hands while anxious bystanders have run for the doctor or dialled 999. At least 600 sufferers have hurried to hospitals and private clinics.

"Koro" was first mentioned in traditional Chinese medical treatises 3,000 years ago and has passed down in warning tones from generation to generation ever since. Senior medical experts here call it the "cultural disease," since it is an inbuilt Chinese phobia. But it has also been found among Malaysian peoples and Sudanese, and both Indians and Malays have been among its victims this week.

Known as "shookjong" by the local Chinese, "Koro" seems to come from the Malay for tortoise and has no scientific Latin name. Western medicine regards it as a purely psychological affliction, an hysterical condition producing a real or imagined contraction of the male organ. But since anxiety can cause this shrinking, and the shrinking in turn causes anxiety, Singapore has been caught on a rising spiral of alarm.

Chinese healers have been curing cases with massage and herbal medicines (in one instance a mixture of pepper and brandy, half to be drunk, half to be rubbed into the affected part). Western-trained doctors have mainly talked the patient out of his panic. . . .

Two successful press conferences by the Ministry of Culture have now cut the flow of "Koro" cases to a trickle. But although the people of Singapore were told that the shrinkage was a harmless phenomenon and that pig vaccine and pork had nothing to do with it, many still clung to their old-fashioned fallacies. Slaughter in the abattoirs fell from about 1,300 pigs a day to 100. The pig trade is now very slowly reviving.

— From the LONDON OBSERVER

places

The Inter-American Highway

by Ellis Briggs

From the Panama Canal to the southern border of Mexico, the Inter-American Highway stretches 1600 miles, through some of the most spectacular scenery in the Western Hemisphere. Since 1930 the American government has underwritten the major cost of this six-nation thoroughfare — an investment approaching \$250 million, or nearly three quarters of the original cost of the Panama Canal. Now transitable for its entire length (the Mexican section of 1500 additional miles was finished several years ago), the Inter-American Highway ought to beckon to American automobile travelers from every state in the Union.

The six governments — those of Panama and the five Central American republics — are all on record as endorsing *turismo*. "Drive to sunny Salvador," they proclaim, "land of eternal spring." Or Nicaragua, or Honduras, or Guatemala, as the case may be. Captivating brochures are distributed throughout the United States, and the six Isthmian ambassadors will desert Washington at the drop of an invitation, to extol before chambers of commerce from Boston to San Francisco the attractions of their respective countries.

The targets of this amiable propaganda are the American people, a nation of nomads, who each year drive millions of miles and spend millions of dollars searching insatiably for new motels to admire, new horizons to conquer, but they are not admiring the horizons of Central America, even though the Inter-American Highway is now in good condition — barring the southern half of the Costa Rican section, which remains to be hard-surfaced.

It is not that the inhabitants are churlish or unfriendly. Far from it — most of them are hospitable and cheerful. Nor are their facilities inadequate: hotels in most capitals are comfortable, and overnight accommodations are improving elsewhere. Gasoline is readily available. Prices are not exorbitant.

How is it then that the highway, insofar as international traffic goes, is almost deserted? For miles in either direction the road is left to burros, oxcarts, and barefoot participants in weddings in the next village. A local bus or an overloaded truck is seen now and then. But there is practically no international travel.

The answer is Central American bureaucracy, a bureaucracy of such stultifying and paralyzing torpor that it is almost as if the Great Wall of China had been dropped in chunks across the frontier crossings, sealing off each country from the next one.

The American Automobile Association reaches the heart of the matter when it grumbles, "Border crossings present a problem. . . ." They do indeed. And American automobile owners are unwilling to put up with the delays, harassments, restrictions, and bureaucratic lunacies practiced by the frontier guardians of Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, El Salvador, and Guatemala.

Counting entry into Panama as the first hurdle, the Inter-American Highway involves thirteen separate border crossings, all of them vexatious and most of them preposterous. To bring an automobile into Panama, arriving by vessel and proposing to depart ten days later via the land frontier with Costa Rica, the owner of the car can be involved in from four to seven days of painful and repetitious negotiations, in as many separate Panamanian government offices as there are copies of the ship's bill of lading, an archaic document that has done as much to retard international *turismo* as the inspector's glue pot or the impression seal.

After one is admitted as a tourist, the business of obtaining permission to depart from a country and to enter the next involves from six to ten separate operations, effected by as many different inspectors and agencies. These may include a special office in the capital, miles away from the border itself, where an exit permit must be obtained in advance of departure. That document is then displayed at the border to representatives of emigration, police, and customs of the country through which one has just traveled. Fifty yards and two flagpoles farther on, a new set of inspectors in a different set of uniforms from the next country is encountered.

Nor is this Central American scrutiny of the stranger either casual or *pro forma*. It is accomplished with dignity and persistence, and at a snail's pace. It frequently involves copying, in longhand or on a rachitic typewriter, much of the data appearing on the visitor's passport, which is thereby lengthened further by



notations under the heading *salida* or *entrada*, as the case may be.

The automobile and its contents are then inspected, along with the owner's registration and driving permit, and much of this information is again laboriously transferred to official documentation. Furthermore, the requirements vary from country to country: Nicaragua, for no ascertainable reason, demands five photographs — possibly they send one to J. Edgar Hoover.

Again, Central American border stations are not permanently open for business, or else they are not simultaneously or concurrently open. The far one is likely to close for luncheon, or a siesta, or because in that country it is a local saint's day, while the traveler next door is still negotiating his exit. In such cases special arrangements can often be made, for a modest additional fee, but involving a further delay.

Of the twelve border stations between Panama and Mexico, all but two (at the Nicaragua-Honduras mountain frontier) are inland and at sea level, and hence among the hottest places in the hemisphere. An automobile joining a line of stalled trucks and buses awaiting inspection quickly becomes an inferno of metal too hot for the ungloved hand to touch.

In order to clear one border and to enter the next requires, on the average, ninety minutes, even with special accreditation accelerating passage. Without that, the delays could extend toward infinity, and probably would. When all of this has finally been accomplished, there is often an additional check, this time by the military of the new country, several miles beyond the border crossing itself. The military require a further stop, further scrutiny of credentials, and a further delay.

There are other obstacles to care-free travel on the Inter-American Highway. Six different currencies are used between the Panama Canal and Mexico. For 1596 miles of highway, that works out to one new country — and a new currency — every 266 miles. Because it is impossible for a traveler to calculate exactly what his cash requirements in a given country may be, he usually has from ten to several hundred dollars' worth of balboas, colones, cordobas, lempiras, quetzals, or pesos left over. With no exchange

facilities at any one of the twelve frontiers, the traveler is often stuck with this currency, which may be rejected within the new borders.

Although the five Central American countries have a customs union (and Panama is an applicant for membership), their skepticism about one another's products remains. Lines of stalled trucks carrying goods awaiting inspection add to border congestion. And if the automobile traveler is so unfortunate as to reach a frontier just behind a busload of local families, complete with children, babies, furniture, live chickens, and household possessions, his woe is compounded.

Another source of harassment is automobile insurance for the Inter-American Highway. This protection is essential for the foreign traveler since otherwise, following an accident, the alien driver is likely to be remanded to jail, there to await the outcome of litigation and the final assessment of damages. But American policies are not recognized in Central America, and Panama-Central American coverage, which in turn is not valid in Mexico, is issued for a full year only, although the insured traveler will usually spend not over two or three months crossing the six countries, and if he is in a hurry, he can accomplish the journey in even a week or ten days. The issuing office will eventually redeem the unused portion, heavily discounted.

Travel by automobile in Central America is thus geared not to the twentieth century but to the days of the oxcart. If passengers by air were subjected to a fraction of the treatment accorded automobile drivers, not a dozen a week would survive to record their impressions. Until the handling of automobile tourists is comparably modernized, it is futile for Central America to advertise the Inter-American Highway; international travelers will simply decline to use it.

The steps that ought to be taken are uncomplicated, and they should be painless to the host countries. The visa requirement should be abolished. The possession of a valid passport, or a readily obtainable tourist card, should suffice to identify the American traveler.

The automobile itself should be covered by a document like the one in use in Europe — a carnet issued by a responsible central authority,

the American Automobile Association, for instance. With as many pages as there are frontiers to be crossed, and with each page completed in advance with the specifications of the automobile, one page could be detached at each border and retained by the authorities.

If Central America insists on maintaining the present fly-scoured border posts, to each should be added a special window, reserved for international automobile travelers. And until such time as the common market is buttressed by a common currency, valid in all six jurisdictions, each border station should include an official exchange office, where spare cordobas can be swapped for balboas, without the tourist being swindled.

The exit permit serves no useful purpose, nor does the submission of photographs, and it would not cost the Good Neighbors an extortionate amount (which they could borrow from the United States anyway) to air-condition their frontier premises.

The steamship companies could cooperate by terminating the practice of charging upwards of 75 percent of round-trip transportation for one-way automobile fare, thus encouraging travelers to go one way by sea, instead of driving twice over the same 3000 miles between the Canal Zone and Texas. While the shipping companies are at it, a baggage check should be substituted for the automobile bill of lading, the way the Canadians handle shipments between Maine and Nova Scotia. Any paper as complex as a bill of lading is an irresistible temptation to bureaucracy.

The American Society of Travel Agents could help the reliable AAA toward simplifying arrangements.

Last, the Department of State in Washington, which for more than a generation has supported the efforts of the Bureau of Public Roads to obtain funds to build the Inter-American Highway, would not only give border simplification its blessing, but instruct American ambassadors in the six Isthmian capitals to collaborate in measures to make such a program effective.

Notwithstanding identity of language, religion, colonial heritage, and bureaucratic nonsense in dealing with tourists-by-automobile, the six countries in other particulars show wide and fascinating divergencies.

Bisected by the Canal Zone, Panama is easily the most Americanized of the six nations. More English is spoken in Panama than in Central America, distances are counted in miles instead of kilometers, American hotels enliven the capital, and familiar billboards plaster Panama City ("*Ponga un tigre en su tanque!*").

Four hundred miles of trackless tropical jungle lie between South America and the Canal, so the Inter-American Highway now starts at Panama City, continuing for 300 miles to the Costa Rican border. (In South America, the international route is called the Pan-American, instead of the Inter-American, Highway.) The route skirts the Pacific littoral, through farming and cattle country, with the ocean on the left and the spine of the continental divide on the east and north. Inland from the town of David, 30 miles from the Costa Rican border, a good road leads off the highway and into the blue-green hills, to one of the most attractive retreats — the village of Boquete, nearly 4000 feet above sea level. Boquete, rather than David, is the place to spend the first night out of Panama City.

There is a catch, however, in Panamanian *turismo*. Ever since Nasser stole the Suez Canal in 1956, the Panamanian politicians have been obsessed by larcenous thoughts, which often take the form of anti-American agitation. To the extent that the American government temporizes, turns the other cheek, or otherwise abets the misbehavior of the local politicians, their prestige is enhanced, and the attraction of Panama for American visitors will be correspondingly reduced.

In Costa Rica the Inter-American Highway is divided into two sections: from the Panama border to Cartago, more than 200 unpaved miles, including an impressive crossing of the continental divide at more than 11,000 feet above the Caribbean and the Pacific, with both oceans visible; and from Cartago via nearby San José to Nicaragua, another 200 paved miles, where lack of maintenance has allowed the surface to deteriorate into potholes and rubble.

Long regarded as the pearl of Caribbean democracy, Costa Rica has dunked its treasures too often in the vinegar of the welfare state. It is today a country of poor whites, perched beside its volcanoes and

babbling of deficit spending. Their roads are the worst between Texas and the Darién jungle.

Costa Rica shares with its Central American neighbors standard traffic signs reading, "*No deje piedras en el camino*," which may be translated, "Don't leave stones on the highway." That refers to the custom of overloading trucks, which often break down on the steep mountain grades; the disabled vehicle is saved from rolling backward by a large rock, manhandled from the ditch into position behind a rear wheel. Ten days and a new transmission later the *camión* is repaired, once again overloaded, and then driven away from the rock, which remains on the right-of-way, an exceptionally hazardous obstacle to automobile navigation. Elsewhere than in Costa Rica the stone is shoved off the road before the truck departs, but no Costa Rican has been known to move one.

Nicaragua is a cheerful place, full of Indians, mestizos, mulattoes, and whites — tough *hombres* with get-up-and-go, who keep their highways in excellent condition, including the famous Rama road toward the Caribbean, built by the United States as a consolation prize from President Franklin Roosevelt to President Somoza for not digging a new isthmian canal across Nicaraguan territory.

Along with its prosperous economy and fine highways, Nicaragua has an unattractive capital on the sizzling margin of Lake Managua, with one of the worst hotels in Latin America. The prudent visitor does well to exchange Managua for the flowers and forests above Matagalpa, where the climate is caressing and the scenery something to remember. That was once the country of the United States Marines, where four decades ago they chased the bandit Sandino, while anti-interventionist orators enlivened successive Pan-American meetings by denouncing American imperialism. But in the flower-bedecked uplands of Nicaragua the marines are remembered with affection: order was restored, crops were not only planted but harvested, and the survivors of Saturday nights in Jinotega still refer with pride to the durability of those spirited fiestas.

Next door, Honduras is one of the most unsophisticated of countries, and one of the most attractive. The

ancient capital of Tegucigalpa is seventy miles off the Inter-American Highway, but now connected with it by a fine and scenic road. The bells of the Tegucigalpa Cathedral are the loudest between there and Saint Peter's in Rome, and since the hotel nestles beside the church, few Tegucigalpa tourists sleep beyond 5 A.M., when the first bong knocks plaster off the green and white presidential palace half a mile down the valley.

Honduras, where the terrain is excessively rugged, also boasts a fine if informal air service. Its center is San Pedro Sula, second metropolis of the country, and the thriving international airport is soon to be connected with Tegucigalpa by a highway underwritten by the World Bank. Honduras is a coming country.

Tiny El Salvador, the only country without a Caribbean coastline, boasts the most beautiful capital in Central America, along with a small but cosmopolitan elite, good hotels, gracious living, and an economy precariously tied to exceptionally fragrant coffee.

Beyond Salvador lies Mayan Guatemala, where *turismo* — by air, not automobile — is already well established. Stupendous volcanoes poke up from the fertile plateau. Reconstructed Antigua, bowing to its viceregal past, does well with modern amenities. Lake Atitlán, home of the vanishing giant grebe, must be seen to be believed. And over the eastern Guatemalan hills, deep in the rain forest, lie the fabulous temples of Tikal, which a decade hence may rival the Sphinx and the Pyramids as tourist attractions.

Thus Central America already has pleasures to set against its tedious border procedures. The Inter-American Highway does not, of course, have to be traveled north from the Canal Zone, although once the frontiers are tidied up, that is probably the preferred way to cover the route, with the sun always at one's back. The highway is also accessible via Mexico to Guatemala, with two paved roads leading south from the isthmus and city of Tehuantepec. From Texas to Guatemala is 1500 miles; add another 500 from California via Tijuana.

For those who prefer to drive northbound, freight but not passenger service exists from New York and gulf ports to Puerto Limón, which is the port for San José in

Costa Rica, avoiding Panama and the unpaved, rock-strewn stretch from the Panama border to the Costa Rican capital; to La Ceiba and Tela, Honduras, in the heart of the banana empire, whence a passable road leads to Tegucigalpa; and to Puerto Barrios in Guatemala, whence a paved highway leads to Guatemala City.

It is feasible today to ship an automobile to any of these four Caribbean ports, and for the owner to join his car on the dock, having himself flown from the United States via the capital city concerned. Getting there may not be half the fun — as transatlantic advertisements used to proclaim — but getting the car out of the clutches of the *aduaneros* and off the Central American pier may turn out to be the most arduous part of the trip. The Inter-American Highway, a link in the long route dreamed of a century and a half ago by Bolívar, could thereupon become an artery of international travel and goodwill — a turnpike worthy of the imagination and statesmanship mobilized for its construction.

Notwithstanding, Nevertheless by Melville Cane

Lady that I've taken to
(Why? — I can't awaken to),
How you hold my fond attention
Circumvents my comprehension.
I might mention, what you give
Out is largely negative.
Yet, you start a tender current
I'd be missing if it weren't.
I can only dimly guess
You've a something, nevertheless,
Yes, a downright nevertheless.

Lady, I'm as flatly baffled
As a whale upon a scaffold.
You are pitifully plain,
Your ensemble's unattractive,
Your apology-for-brain
Is congenitally inactive;
Though you lack and though I miss
All the charms I'm most demanding,
Still you compensate with this:
You've a potent notwithstanding,
Yes, a yet and notwithstanding.

Hear a victim in distress,
Nevertheless and notwithstanding;
Heal a fever that's expanding
Notwithstanding, nevertheless.



Is this any way to treat your highways?

Keep your home beautiful—Keep America beautiful!

You use America's highways to get to work on weekdays —for travel and pleasure on weekends and vacations. You spend a lot of time driving along them—they're part of your home. Why litter your home? Why litter **your** America? Litter is ugly and unhealthy and dangerous. Cleaning it up costs millions in taxes you help pay. Every litter bit hurts you.

Litter doesn't throw itself away; litter doesn't just happen. People cause it—and only people can prevent it. "People" means you.
Keep America Beautiful.



music

Passion From Poland

by Herbert Kupferberg



The trouble with avant-garde composers, as more than one observer has pointed out, is that they seem to write mostly for other avant-garde composers. Within this framework they manage to achieve successes and failures, and to set off some spirited controversies among the initiated. But they remain cut off from the broad mass of the musical public, which either totally ignores their works or walks out when they are confronted with them, as happened a few years ago when Leonard Bernstein undertook an avant-garde series before the regular subscription audiences of the New York Philharmonic.

Now, however, a breakthrough has been achieved by a thirty-four-year-old avant-garde composer from Poland named Krzysztof Penderecki. His *Passion and Death of Our Lord Jesus Christ According to St. Luke* is a work that employs a great many avant-garde techniques — in fact, it is almost an anthology of them — and yet it manages to communicate emotion and meaning with great individuality. Penderecki's eighty-minute *Passion*, which was commissioned by the West German Radio to mark the seven-hundredth anniversary of Münster Cathedral, created a sensation at its world premiere on March 30, 1966, and has since repeated its success throughout Europe and at its American premiere last fall in Minneapolis. It has also appeared simultaneously on two American recordings, from Philips (PHS-2-901, stereo; two records) and from RCA Victor (VICS-6015, stereo; two records). Other music by Penderecki is being programmed by American orchestras this year, including his searing *Threnody to the Victims of Hiroshima*, his most-talked-about work prior to the *St. Luke Passion*.

Penderecki will spend the 1968-1969 season in the United States as composer in residence with the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra at the invitation of its conductor, Lukas Foss. He came here for the first time late last year to attend performances of the *St. Luke Passion* in Minneapolis and, as he thought, New York. Unfortunately, a few days before the eagerly awaited Carnegie Hall premiere Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, the Polish-born conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony, was suddenly hospitalized with a detached retina, and the

concert had to be postponed, until, hopefully, this spring.

Penderecki seemed perfectly tranquil about the cancellation as we sat and talked, with the help of an interpreter, in his Manhattan hotel room on the night the concert was to have been held. He is a medium-sized, trim young man, with a small beard and intense dark eyes behind black-rimmed eyeglasses. Whatever other avant-garde composers may be wearing these days, Penderecki was neatly clad in a white shirt, striped tie, blue blazer, and gray trousers.

The next morning he was flying to Essen, Germany, where he teaches composition, and as he spoke about his works in progress he seemed almost impatient to apply his novel techniques to all sorts of traditional musical forms. His new *Dies Irae*, dedicated to the victims of Auschwitz, is being prepared by Philips for release on records soon; he is currently working on an Orthodox Church Mass to be written in Old Church Slavonic, the ancient Russian liturgical language; and he is planning an opera on John Whiting's hallucinatory play *The Devils*, based on Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of Loudon*, which ought to make a fine subject for his highly original and exploratory techniques.

Penderecki takes his role as a prophet of the avant-garde seriously; he said he had deliberately set out "to enlarge the scale of sounds and to create new sounds" by developing such devices as new types of vibrato for stringed instruments, and even getting percussive effects from violins. Some require new kinds of musical notations, which Penderecki has not been slow to invent.

But he pointed out that in many of his works traditional techniques exist side by side with the innovations, and he almost raised his right hand as he solemnly subscribed to the ancient aphorism that there really are two basic kinds of music — good and bad. He did wish, however, that American audiences were more receptive to avant-garde compositions. He had heard some fine music here, he said, citing specifically works by Elliott Carter, Lukas Foss, and several products of the Columbia University electronic music laboratory, but he had been disappointed to find so little avant-garde music programmed by American conductors. "The public in Europe is much more prepared,"

he said. "Contemporary music is played on the radio and on television, and there are festivals devoted to it, such as the Warsaw Festival."

Penderecki, who was born in the small town of Debica near Cracow and has vivid boyhood memories of the Nazi conquest, said he had no easy explanation of Poland's post-war cultural renaissance. "The question of the political regime has nothing to do with it," he insisted. "Over the centuries every nation seems to have its turn in art: Holland, Italy, France. Perhaps now it is our chance."

A practicing Roman Catholic, Penderecki is well aware of the outpouring of religious music which has become one of the most striking phenomena of the current musical scene, as represented, for example, in the recent but widely different *War Requiems* of Benjamin Britten and Dimitri Kabalevsky. "It is a reaction to the world we see, the world of science and rockets," he said. "It is an escape; people are seeking some deeper human feeling. My own *St. Luke Passion* is not altogether a religious work, you know. It is also symbolic and humanitarian."

"Why did you choose St. Luke instead of one of the other gospels?" I asked. "Why not St. Matthew or St. John?"

Penderecki smiled. "In my view, St. Luke is the most beautiful of all the texts," he said. "Besides, those others had already been set to music by a not-bad composer."

In its broad structure, Penderecki's *Passion* is strikingly similar to those of Johann Sebastian Bach, with its use of an Evangelist narrator (though he speaks rather than sings his lines), its mighty choruses, and its expressive setting for baritone of the words of Jesus. It also pays the homage of using, as many composers through the ages have, the notes B-A-C-H (equivalent to B flat, A, C, and B natural) as a basic melodic and harmonic element.

But Penderecki's individuality is apparent from the very first note, an anguished, twisted cry of "*Crux!*" ("cross") which is wrung from the massed choruses. As the work progresses one becomes aware of some of the avant-garde techniques that help give the music its impact and immediacy: twelve-tone rows, jagged melodies, quarter-tones, and great

tone clusters, which are the kind of sounds you can produce on a piano by smiting the keyboard with the forearm or elbow. Yet dozens of other composers have employed similar devices without producing a like effect. Part of the reason for Penderecki's success is that he has shrewdly combined his advanced approach with some thoroughly traditional modes and methods. Dissonances often resolve in traditional cadences; a *Stabat Mater* section for unaccompanied voices is strikingly reminiscent of medieval plainsong; suggestions of Slavic folk melodies are present; one of the most moving and deeply human moments of all occurs when Jesus intones the words "*Deus meus, Deus meus*" in a rocking musical pattern whose very simplicity carries a poignancy of its own.

Above all, it is the choruses in the *Passion According to St. Luke* which establish the power and individuality of the work. Penderecki dispenses with Bach-style chorales; instead his contemplative passages are drawn from the psalms, the Roman breviary, and the missal. His chorus plays a vital part in the drama, spitting out words and syllables with such precision and intensity that one receives almost a three-dimensional sound picture of a surging, seething crowd mocking Christ on the road to Calvary. Seldom has the eternal mob been depicted in music so vividly and frighteningly.

Both the Philips and RCA Victor recordings are of first quality; indeed, it is difficult to distinguish between them because they were made with almost identical performers — Stefania Woytowicz, soprano; Andrzej Hiolski, baritone; Bernard Ladysz, bass; and Henry Czyz, conductor. But there is one difference: the Philips set emanates from Poland, with the Cracow Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, while the RCA is from Germany, with the Cologne Radio Symphony and Chorus. Furthermore, the Evangelist in the Polish set, Leszek Herdegen, speaks a Latin which seems more authentic, or at least less localized, than the Teutonic-flavored accents of the German speaker, Rudolf Jürgen Bartsch. This last is a small point, but a decisive one, and if I had any doubts, they were dispelled when Penderecki said he preferred the Cracow recording for the same reason.

The Philips album has one other

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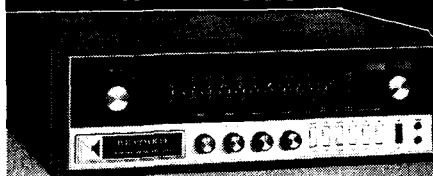
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advantage: it also includes Penderecki's *To the Victims of Hiroshima*, a threnody for fifty-two string instruments. This nine-minute work, which is several years older than the *St. Luke Passion*, is even more startling in its avant-gardism. Scored for twenty-four violins, ten violas, ten cellos, and eight basses, it almost gives the impression of every string player for himself with its vast range of seemingly disjointed sounds and its extraordinary percussive and sliding effects. Penderecki stretches sound to its uttermost limits, particularly in the upper registers; he has his violinists play behind the bridge, saw and rub their bows across the strings, and even strike them against their chairs. The piece, which observes its own structural rules, has the effect of a lacerating lament.

Some European critics have contended that the *St. Luke Passion*, with its admixture of conservative elements, actually marks a regression from the uncompromisingly modern *Hiroshima* threnody. Others complain that *To the Victims of Hiroshima* depends for its impact upon its title. Take away the name of the city, they argue, and the piece would seem a meaningless exercise in sound, although it always will remain possible to thrill to the drama of Beethoven's *Egmont* Overture without knowing who Egmont was.

To all such criticisms Penderecki remains outwardly serene and untroubled. If he knows how to select apt titles for his compositions, or, putting it another way, how to find inspiration in topicality, surely he is no less a modernist for that. As for regressing or progressing, he intends to go his own way, however others may characterize it. "I am not copying anything or anybody," he said. "And I am not the same composer today I was three years ago. I feel I am more individual, that I am developing my own musical language. I am more in the avant-garde than ever."

Record Reviews

Bach: Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue in D Minor; Partita No. 5 in G Major; Partita No. 6 in E Minor

Alexis Weissenberg, pianist; Angel S-36437 (stereo)

The Bulgarian-born, American-educated Weissenberg likes to play

Bach on the piano rather than the harpsichord, and on this record, at least, the results are intriguing. The opening phrase of the *Chromatic Fantasy*, which seems an entity in itself and yet creates a sense of suspense for what is to follow, sets a standard of interest that seldom lessens. Purists very likely will continue to insist on the harpsichord in this music, but Weissenberg makes out a good case for the piano as an at least occasional variant.

Mozart: Don Giovanni

Karl Böhm conducting Prague National Theater Orchestra, with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Alfred Mariotti, baritones; Ezio Flagello and Martti Talvela, basses; Peter Schreier, tenor; Birgit Nilsson, Martina Arroyo, and Reri Grist, sopranos; Deutsche Grammophon 139260/63 (stereo): four records

Despite several strong individual performances, this set is a major disappointment. Most of all it lacks a Don Giovanni; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, in his second try at recording the complete role, still seems uncomfortable. His "Champagne" Aria, to cite one instance, is little more than a succession of barks. Birgit Nilsson's Mozart has always been less impressive than her Wagner. Best of all are Ezio Flagello's Leporello, richly sung if not exactly bubbling with comedy, and Martti Talvela's strong Commendatore. Against so uneven a cast, Karl Böhm's clean and judicious conducting and the always excellent DGG sound fail to achieve their fullest effect.

Shostakovich: Symphony No. 13: Babi Yar; Humor; At the Store; Fears; A Career

Kiril Kondrashin conducting Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra and Male Chorus, with Vitaly Gromadsky, bass; Everest 3181 (stereo)

This is a "pirated" recording — that is, one made from a private tape without authorization and released over the protests of Soviet recording authorities. But its contents are of extraordinary interest, for Shostakovich's Symphony No. 13 has been banned from further performances in Soviet Russia, presumably because it includes a setting of the poem "Babi Yar" along with other works by Yevgeny Yevtushenko. "Babi Yar" set to music is a moving, deeply felt piece expressing an ineffable sadness over the death of

thousands of Jews at the infamous ravine; it helps make the Symphony No. 13 a major work by Shostakovich. The sound of the recording, while adequate enough to establish the beauty of the music, is really less than the work deserves. It's to be hoped that one day an authorized and richer-sounding version will be permitted to appear.

Gottschalk: Piano Music

Amiram Rigai, pianist; Decca DL-710143 (stereo)

Louis Moreau Gottschalk, who lived from 1829 to 1869, was one of the first American pianists and also one of the first American composers. His music was both virtuosic and patriotic, much of it being flavored with Negro, Creole, and Spanish-American folk tunes, reflected in titles like "The Banjo," "Souvenir de Porto Rico," and "Minuit à Séville." It's great fun to hear, with the pleasure of recognizing familiar tunes adding a further zest. Amiram Rigai, an Israeli-American pianist, breezes through this music a bit percussively at times, but with plentiful spirit and sparkle.

The Anthology of Indian Music, Vol. I

Ravi Shankar, Ali Akbar Khan, S. Balachander, and others; World Pacific WDS-26200 (stereo): three records

To its purely auditory virtues, this album adds a sense of organization and cohesiveness unusual in recordings of Indian music. Ravi Shankar not only leads his associates in a demonstration of its various manifestations, but he gives an extended spoken discussion of its legends, styles, and techniques. The combination of his softly accented voice and the musical illustrations makes for a rare sense of immediacy. An elaborate, handsomely printed text contributes to the general enlightenment. All that is missing are English translations of the songs. Surely those exotic, haunting chants mean something.

Benny Goodman & Paris

Benny Goodman conducting Joe Newman, trumpet; Urbie Green, trombone; Bernie Leighton, piano; Attila Zoller, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; and Joe Marshall, drums; Command RS-921-SD (stereo)

It's a pleasure to hear jazz so well recorded; come to think of it, it's a pleasure to hear jazz, period. This may not be the greatest band B.G. ever assembled, but it's a mighty

good one, clean, balanced, and taut. The pervasive French flavor adds another attractive element, and Goodman's clarinet shines forth with elegance in such numbers as "C'est si bon" and "C'est magnifique," both of which happen to be expressions that apply neatly to the quality of sound attained by Command's engineers.

Hair — An American Tribal Love-Rock Musical

Original-cast album directed by Gerald Freedman, with John Morris, musical director; RCA Victor LSO-1143 (stereo)

Hair is real hair — the hippie kind, long and uncut. It's worn that way by most of the participants in this strictly contemporary show, staged in Joseph Papp's new Public Theater on Astor Place, at the edge of New York's East Village. The play itself has confused more than one onlooker, but the musical score pulsates with exuberance, freshness, and originality. The words by Gerome Ragni and James Rado and the music by Galt MacDermot demonstrate that a rock score can have both variety and vitality, and that racial conflicts, anti-war sentiment, and even the generation gap can be mirrored in music. *Hair* comes as close as anything we have had yet to catching a generation in song, and even those who sing a different tune should find this one worth hearing.

The Poems of James Dickey

Read by the poet; directed by Arthur Luce Klein; Spoken Arts SA-984 (monaural)

On this record James Dickey not only reads thirteen of his poems in a clear, direct voice, but prefaces each of them with a brief explanation of its intent. For a poet thus to indicate his thought in advance is highly unusual, but Dickey's purpose has always been to communicate meaning, not conceal it. And to hear the explanation followed by the actual verse is to gain a fascinating insight into the poetic process, the refinement of thought into words. In this way one is made all the more keenly aware of the emotions and the universality of a suburban householder reliving his years as a bomber pilot ("The Firebombing"), a swimmer who has watched a child drown ("The Lifeguard"), and a son saluting his dying father ("The Hospital Window"). This is a poetry record of rare interest.

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books

The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks



In a recent televised interview Walter Lippmann said that this country "is in a mess." He was not speaking of Vietnam but of our domestic condition, and he is absolutely right. The conscientious minority know this to be true; the affluent majority are indifferent so long as their incomes and the market go up; and the politicians, baffled by the enormity of the problems and the power of the vested interests, have thus far compromised with half or quarter measures. Of the problems, what I am essentially concerned with here is the pollution of our air, our streams, and our land, which proliferates with each passing year.

On windless days in Boston, New York, or Los Angeles the smog created by industrial chimneys and engine exhausts is so thick and insidious that one's breath comes short. A freshly painted windowsill in Boston will be coated with cinders in a week. What about one's lungs? The stench from the industrial waste dumped into the Nashua River can be smelled at least a mile before one sees the stream, and the odor of the Charles is little better. There are two elemental facts about such pollution: first, that it is the spoliation of public property for private profit, and second, that it can be most accurately measured at the source. It should of course be subject to a graduated tax, beginning modestly and moving up, but local authorities quail at the thought of driving out industry into a less scrupulous state.

In the control of the air the nation should go to school to Pittsburgh, for what was once the dirtiest city in the country has now become the cleanest, thanks to the Allegheny Conference, that combination of private capital, led by the Mellons and supported by the entire network of industry, capable engineers, and an enlightened mayor. The air was cleansed, slums cleared, the desert on the wrong side of the tracks converted into the Golden Triangle, and a small beginning made in the depollution of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers.

Now what we need is equally bold planning in those states which are renowned for their forward-looking legislation. The cities and towns can set an admirable standard, as they do in Concord, Lincoln, and Dennis in Massachusetts, but the control must be wider than that, for what good does it do to clean your

portion of a poisoned stream only to have the boys at the headwaters keep fouling it up without compunction? Intrastate surveys should be authorized to examine biologically an entire watershed, as is being done today by the New England River Basins Commission, and when their recommendations have been agreed to and given teeth we may have a practical new system worthy of being copied the country over. It will cost money: Roger Revelle, director of the Center for Population Studies at Harvard and an authority on water control, estimates that ten billion dollars should be spent over the next twenty years on stream depollution alone.

California, with its ever increasing population, presents the most critical battleground of all the states. **GEORGE R. STEWART** is a California naturalist who in his earlier books, *Storm, Fire, Earth Abides*, and *Ordeal by Hunger*, has dramatized the great changes which man has to contend with in his environment. Now in **NOT SO RICH AS YOU THINK** (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.00) he confronts us with as difficult and disagreeable a subject as any American can face up to — the devastation which we have lazily, greedily, destructively inflicted on our own country. No more realistic horror story will be published this year.

His reasoning is irrefutable; we worship the twin gods Production and Invention, and our sacrifices for them are hysterical. Everyone needs an automobile, and hopefully a new one every second year. If beer bottles are a nuisance, devise a can — it is so easy to throw out the window. If the land must give a higher yield, drench it with pesticides; if we need more power, look to the atomic energy plants with their fallout. This has been our success story for too many years. Now it is time to pay the bill, because the sewage, the factory effluents which have been poisoning our rivers, the garbage which we have been stuffing into holes, the tin cans and the rusty cars which won't dissolve, the smog, the pesticidal run-offs, and the atomic poisons add up to an enormity of neglect which must be taken seriously. Matter cannot be annihilated; and if we do not begin to control it, it will overwhelm us.

Without wit and a good patient sense of humor. Mr. Stewart's story

would have been too dreary to bear. But he makes it readable and concise; he places us against our vivid, reckless, historical background; he plays on our native pride; and in the three final chapters of this short book he suggests a more responsible alternative than apathy.

In the ten chapters of his main argument he considers what happens to matter which is primarily "committed" to water, or to land, or to air, and what happens in each area *after* the processes of nature take over. He tells us that "riversfull" of water pour into factories, are contaminated, and then released again into the stream with results which have caused Mark Twain's River, the Mississippi, to be termed "the colon of the Middle West." He says that the list of the country's dirty industries, according to Secretary Udall, is headed by a large paper company in Detroit involved in the manufacture of toilet tissue. He has some hopeful things to say about our automobile graveyards and the recycling of metal scrap, but no hope whatever for the exhaust control of the internal-combustion engine. He tells us fifty millions are spent annually to remove litter from our main highways and believes that the beer can should be outlawed. In a brief but fascinating chapter entitled "The Ultimates," he studies the tyranny of power: waterpower is by all odds the neatest, he says, but there can never be enough of it to run civilization. He then goes on to assess the atomic power plants and tells how to dispose of atomic wastes. Man's part in all this devastation has been sardonically delineated in the black and white drawings by Robert Osborn.

Nice is not always safe

I have many reasons for liking *THE NICE AND THE GOOD* (Viking, \$5.75), which I find IRIS MURDOCH's most versatile novel, and chief among them the pleasure which the author takes in her characters.

To Trescombe House, their capacious seaside home in Dorset, Kate and Octavian Gray have attracted an assortment of friends, relatives, and refugees who have every appearance of staying indefinitely and in amity. Octavian, who is head of a department at Whitehall, is well-to-do and fat — his wife calls him a perfect sphere; he and Kate have a

trusting love for each other, and in a casual fashion they radiate a happiness which spills over onto those less fortunate. Willy Kost, who had spent the war in Dachau, is a white-haired bundle of nerves who with his books has taken over the guesthouse. Uncle Theo, who did something unseemly in India — no one quite knows what — is the grumbler who has meals by himself. Mary Clothier and her son, Pierce, have lived for nearly four years at Trescombe House; she is an old school friend of Kate's who came for solace after her husband's death and stayed on to be the housekeeper. Paula, the classicist, who teaches in the nearby school, is the mother of the nine-year-old twins, and she too has turned to Kate for protection after she has been divorced for her one and only infidelity. The maid of all work, Casie, talks to herself, commenting and complaining about the vagaries of the others, as she sets the table and makes up the rooms. The interdependence of these people for an indeterminate stay is very English and constantly amusing.

In this book Miss Murdoch is equally successful in her delineation

of the young. The children are refreshing and a constant surprise. Edward and Henrietta at nine speak their own language, invent their own games, and have a passion for bringing into the house collections of stones which for them hold a special significance. The Grays' only child, Barbara, has returned from a finishing school in Switzerland flirtatious and vain of her French, and Pierce, Mary Clothier's son, in the throes of calf love, finds himself outgrown by Barbara and at odds with her and the world.

Miss Murdoch has a sweet tooth for the macabre, and from the very first page the reader is alerted that there are dark forces working beneath the surface of this seaside serenity. The story begins with a suicide in Octavian's department at Whitehall. The victim, Radeechy, is a dim figure given to strange practices which one might have thought would have disqualified him for civil service long before he shot himself. Ducane, Octavian's friend and assistant, whom the Prime Minister puts in charge of the investigation, has every reason to increase his visits to Trescombe House, and an

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additional one which he does not quite clear with himself: at forty-three, a good-looking bachelor and a Puritan, he has fallen into a semi-Platonic love for Kate, and it amuses them both to go on with it. Radechky's suicide, Ducane's dalliance, Mary's surprising discovery that she loves the German refugee, young Pierce's desperation to do anything that will reinstate his sovereignty over Barbara — these are some but not all of the dangerous involvements which propinquity has forced upon this happy commune. The dialogue is high-spirited and alive with individuality, the pastels of the seaside quite lovely, and the entrapment of Ducane, father confessor and arranger for the group, keeps the suspense rising.

God's spies

Essays are for reflection and for recharging the mind; they flow from one who is observant, ripe in his humors, poetic, or sardonic, as Hazlitt was in his feeling. Essayists are rare in any season; of my English contemporaries I esteem Robert Graves and Cyril Connolly; of American, E. B. White and ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. All of these were watchers — "God's spies," as Keats put it — capable of translating their experience, their loyalties and deepest concern into moments of crystal, intent meaning for us all. In *A CONTINUING JOURNEY* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95) Mr. MacLeish speaks as a passionate believer in the integrity of this country and of those who add to its greatness. His papers range from the mid-forties to the mid-sixties: he is outraged by McCarthyism as he is exalted by Judge Learned Hand; he derides the fear of Communism which hypnotized us for too long, and whether he is dedicating a library or addressing a commencement he urges us not to bother about *discovering* "our national purpose" but to *exercise* it. His polite, patient remonstrance with Messrs. Walter Lippmann and Reinhold Niebuhr over their questioning of the American dream leaves me cold, but I am drawn closer to him in his essays on poetry and on what he learned while teaching at Harvard — his rediscovery of old loves in these is appealing. And how well he blows on the coals of friendship: his memorials of Jane Addams, Felix Frankfurter, Ernest Hemingway,

Robert Frost, and Eleanor Roosevelt are full of warmth and insight. The concluding essay, "Thirteen Candles," is most evocative, bringing me as near to the American Revolution as I am ever likely to be.

VANNEVAR BUSH is God's spy in a cosmos accessible to only a few. An engineer with a panoramic knowledge of science, this quizzical Yankee out of Provincetown directed during World War II the greatest task force of American scientists ever assembled. Swift in his anticipation of our needs, he encouraged the immediate application of abstract research for practical use, and being articulate, he could correct Mr. Churchill or direct field commanders on how and when to use the proximity fuse. In *SCIENCE IS NOT ENOUGH* (Morrow, \$4.50) he is writing of his more peaceful explorations after V-J Day.

When Dr. Bush asks, "Can a man be truly cultured who knows nothing whatever about solid-state physics," I plead guilty, for what little I acquired at Ithaca in my youth has not been remembered or enlarged. He says that "more has been discovered about the universe in the past decade or two than in all previous time," and when some of these discoveries prove to be a maze to me, I do not stop reading, for Van's allusions to the work of his fellow scientists are so often lanterns which guide me back to the path of his argument. His breathtaking descriptions of modern astronomy and of how we can avoid catastrophe, if given time, are as clear as sunlight. I have checked the passages expressing his skepticism about our present concentration on space flight and the fact that he has no confidence in the labors of those who do psychic research.

When Dr. Bush writes that "man has not yet succeeded in creating life, as here defined, but there is little doubt that he soon will," or "science rendered absurd the concept of great war as an implement of national policy," or, in speaking of our contest with Communism, the outcome "*will* depend, in the last analysis, upon the attitude of our people, and especially of our young men — whether they can make even better use of prosperity than their Russian contemporaries are making of adversity" — I come to a full stop, cogitate, and then begin re-reading.

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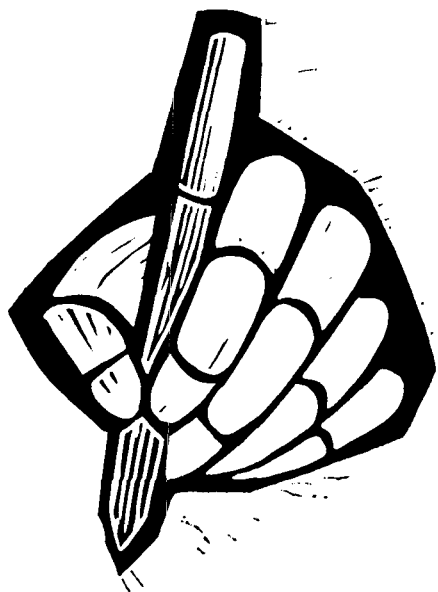
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Reader's Choice

by Oscar Handlin



The twentieth-century expansion of government created formidable problems for American democracy. The time was gone when Jackson could credibly inform Congress that the duties of all public offices were so plain and simple that anyone could qualify for their performance. The growing technical complexity of state functions made it increasingly difficult to assume that any man could do any job. Decisions often depended upon trained intelligence. Yet the civil service, despite the optimism of reformers, never recruited an adequate corps of men capable of making those decisions. It was more likely to produce timid bureaucrats unresponsive to the changing needs of politics. Moreover, the great sprawling departments swelled steadily, and as often impeded as furthered action. Few Presidents or governors could consult intimately with the department heads in the Cabinets. Those officials were either absorbed in the management of their affairs or were political appointees designed to give an Administration the strength it needed in the country.

Hence, the growing inclination to depend upon the advice of kitchen Cabinets, of groups of disinterested advisers without official position and therefore without bureaucratic or political commitments. Most Chief Executives learned to use such consultants frequently.

The hostile critics of the New Deal often ascribed an insidious ad-

visory role to Felix Frankfurter. In the words of *Fortune*, Frankfurter was "the most influential single individual in the United States" in the 1930s. He was accused of having staffed a good part of the government with his tools and of having exerted a sinister influence on the President.

ROOSEVELT AND FRANKFURTER: THEIR CORRESPONDENCE, 1928-1945 edited by MAX FREEDMAN (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$17.50) is a document of first-rate historical importance. It shows that Frankfurter was fully as important as his enemies charged. But it also shows that his role, far from being malign, was constructive and a vital contribution to FDR's ability to meet the problems of depression and war.

The heart of the book is a careful rendition of the intensely interesting and informative letters which passed between the President and his adviser. The editor, who was for many years Washington correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, has provided helpful explanatory notes along with a thoughtful introduction appraising the relationship between Roosevelt and Frankfurter.

The characters of the two men complemented each other. Roosevelt needed Frankfurter's assistance. Not himself an intellectual, the President respected intellect, and was able to take advice because he was also capable of rejecting it. In critical matters, he refused to be oppressed by personal relationships, for he could be utterly ruthless when he deemed it necessary. He liked praise and wished to be admired, but he never allowed flattery to sway him on issues which counted.

Frankfurter was, as Freedman notes, "an artist in adulation; and sometimes, forgetting the artistry, he laid on flattery with a trowel." Read in succession, the notes and telegrams to Roosevelt seem cloying in their sycophancy, as they assure the President that he was "continuing where Jackson and Wilson left off." The messages were intended to create a good impression, but the wish to keep his name before the President rarely distorted the advice Frankfurter gave or qualified the honesty of his opinions.

The two men had in common an understanding of power. Both began their careers under Wilson, and both perceived the implications of extended government authority during

the First World War. Their careers diverged in the 1920s when Frankfurter went to teach at the Harvard Law School and Roosevelt remained in New York State politics. The two men drew together once more when Roosevelt became governor; and the correspondence between them remained active until the death of the President. Its volume declined somewhat after Frankfurter mounted the bench and moved to Washington, for he was then able to deal with the President personally or by telephone.

Frankfurter's function was to make ideas and people known to Roosevelt. The opinions transmitted dealt with every kind of subject, ranging from detailed political maneuvers in New York City to high questions of national economic policy and diplomacy. Frankfurter was widely read and held strong views and, in addition, funneled to the President the opinions of others. Frankfurter did not even scruple to pass on letters given to him in privacy. "The Lord, I hope, will forgive me for breaking the confidence imposed by a trusting young man in letting another than myself see the enclosures and your eyes were the very last for whom they were intended." The frequent comments on his Supreme Court colleagues also violated convention. His first loyalty was to the President.

Frankfurter thus became the intermediary between FDR and an amazingly wide circle of scholars, lawyers, and men of affairs, conservatives as well as liberals. Jean Monnet, Joseph Kennedy, J. M. Keynes, Harold Laski, H. L. Stimson, O. W. Holmes, Louis D. Brandeis, and Harlan Stone were among the names which appeared frequently in this correspondence. There was time and energy to discuss even the candidates for the Harmsworth professorship in American history at Oxford.

Roosevelt often turned to Frankfurter for help in staffing the Administration. The advice that came back to Washington was useful because it was disinterested and because the base in the law school gave Frankfurter a vantage point from which to identify promising young men. In time his people occupied important places in many agencies, and their communications kept him and the President informed about what was going on.

As a result, Frankfurter became directly, though sometimes secretly, involved in many controversies among the cliques that formed and reformed in Washington. He participated in the ill-fated court-packing plan of 1937. In an anonymous editorial in 1935 he attacked the Supreme Court and set the mood for the struggle to come. A barrage of communications thereafter egged the President on. Frankfurter was also influential in urging Roosevelt to run for a third term.

There is evidence that some aspects of this relationship troubled Frankfurter; particularly after he became a judge. He was concerned about the extent to which his duty on the bench conflicted with his role as confidential adviser; and he destroyed 300 intimate notes that had passed between him and FDR. Yet balancing the weight of his various obligations, Frankfurter felt that his largest duty was to the country, which he could serve through the President. He thus played an important part in the transition of American government to modernity.

Since the New Deal

The adaptation of old political forms to new conditions is the theme of LOUIS HEREN'S *THE NEW AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH* (Harper & Row, \$7.95). The book, by the chief Washington correspondent of the *London Times*, is a thoughtful evaluation of American politics in operation. The system of government, Heren shows, has retained the formal constitutional basis of the eighteenth century. But subtle adjustments in practice since the New Deal have permitted the country to sustain its responsibilities in the modern world.

Heren looks beneath the surface of constitutional provisions to examine the way in which institutions actually work. The system still retains the outward form of 1787, in the calculated balances of federalism and of the separation of powers, but the functions of the executive, legislative, and judicial branches are not precisely those envisioned by the Founding Fathers.

The presidency, endowed with enormous powers from the start, has increased its influence immeasurably in the past thirty years. In some ways the President is the

counterpart of the medieval monarch, exercising enormous authority and checked only by the counterpressures of the numerous baronial interests about him.

Congress by contrast has generally been unable to prevent the erosion of its legislative power. The Chief Executive as party leader formulates the measures to be acted on and controls the budget. Seniority and the multiplication of staff in the committees have further altered the House and the Senate. Nevertheless, the congressman has an important job, not as legislator but as intermediary between Washington and the people represented. His ability to balance the demands of his constituents, the national interest, and regional concerns has made democracy work on a continental scale.

The changes in the Supreme Court are most dramatic of all. From a bastion of conservatism in the early decades of the twentieth century, it became a source of revolutionary power which has operated to expand freedom in the United States enormously. Surely it was one of history's little ironies that the liberals of 1937, with Frankfurter, fought to circumscribe the power of the judiciary, which in the next thirty years proved to be their most powerful instrument of social change.

Against the background of this analysis of government, Heren describes the uses of power. His account of the national security policy which unites the functions of diplomacy and defense is particularly enlightening. The deepest impression left by Heren's observations is of the enormous stability maintained by the most sophisticated political system in the world.

Heren writes with lucidity and wit; his book is distinguished by accuracy of observation and also by the understanding that is the product of reflection and comparison.

The reporter who is both perceptive of detail and yet capable of setting what he sees in perspective is rare indeed. American journalism encourages the eyewitness account, although all too often the man on the scene can make out only a fragment of the picture. This limited view is the reason for the failure of PAUL JACOBS' *PRELUDE TO RIOT: A VIEW OF URBAN AMERICA FROM THE BOTTOM* (Random House,

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—WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR.,
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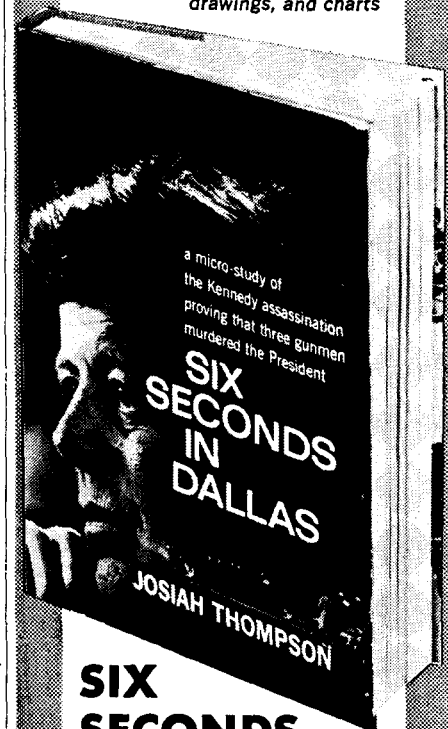
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SIX SECONDS IN DALLAS

By JOSIAH THOMPSON

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BERNARD GEIS ASSOCIATES

\$5.95). The body of the book describes the poor of Los Angeles, and particularly of Watts. The focus is upon contact with government through police, welfare, health, and education, and the emphasis is upon the deficiencies in what has been done to offset the inequalities induced by poverty. In these matters Jacobs is an accurate, if indignant, observer.

His conclusions are that "we are a racist country," that "the minority poor live inside a pen without an exit gate," and that "nearly every official in government is convinced that the urban crisis is beyond any solution." Those judgments reveal the absolute lack of any sense of development. Ten years ago was the year of Little Rock. In the intervening decade the United States has passed through a radical social revolution the extent of which has only begun to be apparent. But the reporter who sees merely the scene before him is in no position to measure change.

Combat

DAVID HALBERSTAM'S *ONE VERY HOT DAY* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95) is a novel about the old war in Vietnam, about the period when the Americans were advisers and the fighting was still the responsibility of the Vietnamese. This is not an ideological tract, but an honest, tightly written story which does not preach but lets its implications sink in through the development of plot and characters.

The action is simple, and the novel is sparsely peopled. A company sets forth on a routine patrol through the Mekong Delta. The men and officers are Vietnamese, but they are accompanied by two American advisers. They run into an ambush. There is a brief fight. Some are killed. The rest return to their base. In the course of the narrative, occasional flashbacks fill in the personal backgrounds of the main participants.

The Vietnamese setting is skillfully portrayed: the oppressive heat hangs over the dreary landscape; the villages, empty of men, are potential traps; and the peasants, weary of war, have lost all hope that there might be any desirable goals to their lives and think only in terms of limited immediate advantages. Captain Dong is the

typical official; well connected in Saigon, he has no interests but self-preservation and advancement. Lieutenant Thuong, on the other hand, is more complex. He has no illusions, and is swayed not by sentiment but by pride and a sense of responsibility. He is able to rise to the crisis of the attack and helps save the company.

The difficulty of communication complicates all dealings with Americans. The failure is not one of language alone but springs from the width of the cultural gap between the two groups. The Vietnamese officers cannot quite understand why the Americans are helping them, any more than their own apathy and disorder are comprehensible to their advisers. The old men and women in the villages are totally bewildered. One of them confuses the patrol with the Vietminh and thinks they are still fighting the French.

The Americans are all officers and professionals. They are there because they have a job to do. Lieutenant Anderson is competent, strong, and dedicated. He has gone to the trouble of learning Vietnamese, yet his knowledge does not really bridge the distance between him and the Vietnamese.

The central figure, Captain Beaupre, expresses the dominant emotions of the Americans. He is always tired and impatient. There are no clear lines on the map, and there is therefore no purposeful advance or retreat, only a repetitive round of wearisome and boring circlings. Beaupre is also afraid, not of death but of the heat and of his lust for water and of the possible collapse that will prove he is all used up.

Beaupre imagines that this war is different from the others in which he has participated — Korea, Germany, and Normandy. Yet in most respects he echoes the familiar complaints of earlier American fighting men. The boredom and the fear, the impatience with the allies, and the fury at breakdowns in the system were always the normal reactions of people forced into combat with values derived from a peaceful society. The difference in this war comes from the need for restraint. Beaupre must be polite to Dong, full power cannot be deployed, there will be no unconditional surrender, and the most desirable out-

come of it all will be not utopian but a choice of the lesser of evils.

Conspiracies

The suspicion of conspiracy, in Europe as in America, arises out of a desire to simplify complex phenomena. Most men find it intolerable to acknowledge that some of the important events of their lives are the results of causes that are not fully known. The unwillingness to concede that evidence may be partial and inconclusive induces even the rationally minded to imagine that hidden connections explain what is otherwise inexplicable. Hence the long, and often tragic, history of efforts to uncover secret plots against the well-being of society.

These fears in France often focused upon the Jews. Anti-Semitism there rose to its apogee after the Dreyfus case and left its mark down into the Vichy regime. *THE JEWS* by ROGER PEYREFITTE (Bobbs-Merrill, \$7.50) is a fictional effort to expose the follies of anti-Semitism. Originally published in 1965, it sold 200,000 copies in France; if wide circulation and extensive discussion were enough to counter a myth, the book should have had a good effect. Unfortunately, the novel may actually have heightened the suspicions it sought to quiet.

The plot is simple. A young Catholic girl intends to convert to Judaism in order to marry Baron de Goldschild. Her bigoted mother wishes to prevent the marriage, and with the aid of a convenient Jesuit rehearses a long roster of anti-Semitic accusations. The narrator, a friend of the family's, is doing research on the subject and becomes an intermediary in the discussion. In the end, the accusation of nefarious Jewish influence is reduced to the absurd by the revelation that all the famous families of the West have Jewish ancestry.

Ridicule is a dangerous technique, and when it is overly subtle, backfires. Thus, much of the argument revolves about plays upon names. Is Jean-Paul Sartre one of them? Well, if his first name were actually Jean-Loup and the Loup were spelled without a "p," it might be the Languedocian form of the definite article. The name would then be le Sartre, meaning tailor (*sartor* in Latin), a common trade among Jews. The logic, in a sense, is

funny, except that it rests upon and confirms a stereotype. The book, whether it is mocking common prejudices, or describing fictional characters, or referring to real people, repeats and gives currency to a variety of erroneous beliefs. It may therefore unintentionally sustain the fears its author hopes to dispel.

The tragedy of the Kennedy assassination has given rise to widespread conspiratorial theories in the United States and in Europe. The effort of the Warren Commission to provide a decisive answer to the doubts about the guilt of Lee Harvey Oswald was doomed to failure. More than a century after Lincoln's assassination there remain unanswered questions about the events in Ford's Theater. Given the nature of the case and of the evidence, no more definitive answer was possible about the crime in Dallas.

Challenges of the accuracy of the Warren Commission Report appeared shortly after its publication, and numerous assassination buffs have been poring over the data ever since. They have been able to find fault with the report. They have not yet come up with a convincing alternative explanation.

Two recent works add to the literature. SYLVIA MEAGHER'S *ACCESSORIES AFTER THE FACT* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$8.50) is an elaborate systematic compilation of the evidence, in which the Commission is criticized for two kinds of failings: there are occasional internal inconsistencies, and the investigators failed to follow up all the lines of inquiry which, in retrospect, might have been significant. These errors of judgment persuade the author to argue for a new disinterested investigation, although she herself propounds no alternative theory.

JOSIAH THOMPSON'S *SIX SECONDS IN DALLAS* (Bernard Geis, \$8.95) is bolder. Thompson argues that there were four shots and three assassins, none of them Oswald. The conclusions rest upon analysis of the photographs as well as the juxtaposition of unreconciled statements by observers. The analysis remains speculative, however. Thompson can score points against the Commission, but his own conjectures are open to similar criticism. The disagreeable prospect is that we may never succeed in allaying all doubt and that these uncertainties will continue to generate conspiratorial theories.

New Poetry: The Generation of the Twenties

by Peter Davison



Poetry seldom makes headlines, and such public notice as has come to the art in the past year has, as usual, accrued mostly either to polemicists or to elder statesmen. Yet it could be argued that the real work of American poetry in 1967 was exhibited in new collections by men and women born in the 1920s whose work shows fully developed craftsmen responding with all their powers to the challenges of their time.

Hardly a man in America today takes poetry more seriously than ROBERT BLY. A pungent critic, an undaunted moralist, a hackled dissenter, he is a sworn enemy of worldliness in the conduct of life and in the conduct of poetry. His views have been voiced with both shrewdness and bias for some years past in his own little magazine, *The Sixties*, published at intervals from his farm in western Minnesota. Bly's first book, *Silence in the Snowy Fields*, contained poems of conscious purity and self-effacement. His second, *THE LIGHT AROUND THE BODY* (Harper & Row, \$3.95), follows the example of Pablo Neruda in combining mysticism with polemics. ("From the Chase National Bank/ An arm of flame has come. . .") The juxtaposition, as in much of Neruda's work, seems often arbitrary and simplistic, perhaps because Bly on principle has persisted in his effort to exclude egotism from his poetry. This is doubtless admirable as a moral position, but for a poet it casts out one devil at the risk of admitting seven more. The true mystics have been absorbed

with self, and even the best lines in Bly's work show how helpless he is, like the rest of us, before the appetite of his own personality. ("I have risen to a body/ Not yet born,/ Existing like a light around the body,/ Through which the body moves like a sliding moon.") Bly's native personality is a powerful one, and his poetry would benefit by a franker exposure to it.

ROBERT CREELEY has a very large following. His earlier poems, though limited in range, displayed subtlety of sound and intricacy of feeling. In *WORDS* (Scribner's, \$4.95) his range has narrowed to the vanishing point, and his energy has subsided almost into catatonia. These poems are so exiguous, so limited in emotion, language, and movement as to be hardly perceptible. ("Patterns/ of sounds, endless/ discretions, whole/ pauses of nouns,/ clusters. . .") Creeley's new work announces the victory of the inarticulate. A battle against glibness has been won, but at a terrible price: almost all the organs of language have been removed. These poems vary neither in tone, in form, in imagery, nor in intention. ("I/ am writing to you,/ wishing to be rid of/ these confusions.") Each poem is muttered between the walls of a room to a single listener; and the recurrent imagery of windows, wetness, empty holes, and trees provides little fertilization for the barren language. Creeley's poetry has reached a dead end of self-limitation, but I hope that this gifted poet will reach out to something fresh and enterprising in his future work.

ALAN DUGAN is one of the most consistent poets of his generation — consistent even in his inconsistencies. He writes in personae, each an extension of himself, the most powerful and productive of which is still that of the army veteran, the conscript, the shanghaied, the scapegoat: "tradition is for the rich/ to love, the clerks/ to ape, the poor/ to suffer. . . ." Though his subjects and situations vary widely, the outcome and the moral are mostly the same. He is a closed-end poet who starts his verses with striking titles and finishes them off with the air of having temporarily delayed an avalanche. His language is strong, his style pungent, and he does what he sets out to do. I mean this as praise. In *POEMS 3* (Yale, \$4.50 and \$1.45) he continues to mine the veins of style and subject he struck in his

first two books, and there is no reason to expect or require that he turn in a different direction in future.

Some of the most beautifully textured contemporary verse outside the work of Richard Wilbur is to be found in **THE HARD HOURS** by **ANTHONY HECHT** (Atheneum, \$5.00), which is also my nominee for the most beautifully designed book of poetry of last year. Hecht, who has published less than he should during the last fifteen years, is an open-ended poet who leaves his poems' meanings to go on echoing in the reader's consciousness; unlike Alan Dugan's, his poems do not sew themselves together by way of conclusion. They are full of literature, of the Bible, of history; Hecht often sets them in a legendary past, though many have keenly contemporary backgrounds. One long poem, "Rites and Ceremonies," is among the finest by an American to wrestle with the implications of Hitler's Final Solution. There are rich musical versions of Baudelaire, Du Bellay, and others. These poems are ornate, brocaded, stately, and beautiful, but they also have the capacity to strike on the nerve: "What the intelligence/ Works out in pure delight/ The body must learn in pain."

Poets like Creeley see through the eyes of a single speaker only, and therefore speak only in one voice. Others, like Dugan, establish a basic tonality on the instruments of numerous speakers. **W. S. MERWIN** in his early work wrote in the second manner with a verse technique as dazzling as that of any poet of his generation. In his last two books, *The Moving Target* (1963), and now, **THE LICE** (Atheneum, \$4.50 and \$1.95), he has adopted an idiosyncratic version of the first manner. He has abandoned formal metrics and punctuation, moving into loose two-stress and three-stress lines which join images together in a steady rhythmical cycle. His new poems, which when gathered together seem like serial fragments of a much longer work, explore the elusiveness of our perceptions ("Everything that does not need us is real"), express the vagueness of our intimations of ourselves ("Where else am I walking even now/ Looking for me"), expose the uncertainty of anything but the search for veracity ("But we were not born to survive/ Only to live"), and achieve all this in a grop-

ing syntax that re-enacts the movements of the mind. Merwin has invaded dangerous and uneasy areas of consciousness, and if his new poetic style sometimes seems forbidding and opaque, it may be the resistance of the reader's perceptions that makes it so.

The poems in **HOWARD NEMEROV's** sixth collection, **THE BLUE SWALLOWS** (Chicago, \$4.50), seem to exhibit their grace under less pressure than is evident in the work of poets like Merwin and Dugan. If so, it may be a tribute to the poet for turning away the charge of events with a flick of the wrist, like a matador. These poems have a calm surface, whether they be witty glosses on the Great Society or somber riddles about man and nature and history. The surpassing virtue of Nemerov's poetry has always been clarity rather than passion. In this latest book he has begun to take on the apparently (but only apparently) easy movement that Robert Frost mastered, and to tackle philosophical problems as Frost did. Much of the most evocative of Nemerov's work has always taken place in the presence of water; for example, a poem which begins "I stand and watch for minutes by the pond/ The snowflakes falling on the open water," which moves on, in dialogue form, to speculate in expanding ripples about the Many and the One, in a manner not unlike Yeats's "Dialogue of Self and Soul." These poems shine with wit, sing out with descriptive certainty (A mud turtle: "His lordly darkness decked in filth/ Bearded with weed like a lady's favor . . ."), and explore the bewilderment of a mature and civilized man surveying the world without animus.

MAY SWENSON, with Marianne Moore and Elizabeth Bishop, is one of the most meticulous poets writing today. In **HALF SUN HALF SLEEP** (Scribner's, \$4.50) she extends even further the formal cunning and sensuous resilience that characterized her selected poems, *To Mix With Time*. Her new work (apart from some expert translations from the Swedish) falls into three categories: observation of natural objects, games played with word transformation, and poems in shapes (always a favorite device of Miss Swenson's). The eye and the hand are as cunning as ever, but the emotional freedom of the poems seems sometimes to have been cramped by the very

elaboration of technique. The reader is too often made aware of being in the presence of the *mot juste*, as in this opening of a poem about a carousel: "Under a round roof the flying/ horses, held by their heels to the disk of the/ floor, move to spurts from a pillar of/ music. . . ." Though the garments are still beautiful, something deliberate and self-conscious has begun to stiffen the joints of Miss Swenson's poems. Too few of them are at liberty to fulfill Robert Frost's famous dictum: "Like a piece of ice on a hot stove the poem must ride on its own melting . . . a meaning that once unfolded by surprise as it went." Let us hope that in her next collection she may recover some of the freedom of her earlier poems, when technique was only the servant of her imagination.

Potpourri

by Phoebe Adams



When John Murray and Thomas Moore poltroonishly burnt Byron's memoirs, the crime affected quite a number of people. The thought of all those indiscreet confessions, outrageous jokes, amorous scandals, and diatribes against Robert Southey dispersing into common London soot has maddened generations of the scholarly, the poetical, and the prurient. Fortunately the madness is usually of an indolent, melancholic sort, but in the case of **FREDERIC PROKOSCH** it has taken a more active turn. Mr. Prokosch, unable to read the memoirs, has consoled himself by reconstructing them under the title of **THE MISSOLONGHI MANUSCRIPT** (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$5.95). Let me be fair about this; Mr. Prokosch provides a prologue to the book, in

which, as one Applebee, he establishes the text as a second, previously unknown memoir which Byron wrote in Greece during the last months of his life. By this device, Mr. Prokosch defends certain un-Byronic "quirks of phrase and oddities of vocabulary" as well as "a visual precision quite at odds with his earlier manner." Mr. Prokosch, in short, has undertaken to impersonate Byron without troubling to imitate Byron's style or way of viewing things, an evasion which from the first page makes suspension of disbelief a difficult task for the reader. It's like seeing Romeo played with a long white beard; one can respect the performer's courage without entirely approving of his judgment. Mr. Prokosch's Byron is a middle-aged hypochondriac, solemnly bothered by his weight, his fading beauty, and his digestion, which is entirely proper except that Byron himself never lost sight of the absurd aspect of the first two concerns, and always underestimated the seriousness of the last. Mr. Prokosch's Byron has a tranquil Wordsworthian eye for dew-drops and frost crystals, things Byron ignored, and no eye at all for female complexion, an item which Byron never tired of reporting with minute precision and a mixture of affection and exasperation. On the other hand, Mr. Prokosch's Byron is persistently preoccupied with normal but unattractive functions of female anatomy, although Byron himself once reflected, "It seems strange; a true voluptuary will never abandon his mind to the grossness of reality. It is by exalting the earthly, the material, the *physique* of our pleasures, by veiling these ideas, by forgetting them altogether, or, at least, never naming them hardly to one's self, that we alone can prevent them from disgusting." This, Mr. Prokosch would argue, is Byron in his "hot youth, when George the third was king"; in Greece he had become a different man, an inconclusive philosopher (Byron always hated, and often denounced, Coleridge's metaphysical speculations for their vagueness), no longer concerned with money, politics, social comedy, or the social injustice which had led him, as in his first speech in the House of Lords, to attack a bill increasing the punishments for "frame-breaking." Frame-breaking was a direct protest, by stocking weavers, against technological unemployment.

In a letter to a political senior, Byron claimed that he had observed not only the condition of these weavers but the product of the new machines, inferior stuff fit only for the very cheapest export trade. Progress, he concluded, was fine and all that, but "we must not allow mankind to be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism." Mr. Prokosch's Byron has forgotten this affair, it would seem, and yet there he is in Greece, fighting (or trying to) for another set of underdogs. It is most awkward for Mr. Prokosch. He simply cannot get rid of the Greek enterprise, but he gets rid of much else, so many things his odd Byron has forgotten — including his frequent boast of a good memory. Now, all England has melted into fog, and his lordship is totally out of touch. His lordship, as a matter of fact, had been scribbling along for several years at *Don Juan*. The first canto, aside from wicked portraits of his ex-wife and the family lawyers, touches on lawyers and bluestockings in general, shorthand specialists (a reference designed to remind readers of all the gaudier society lawsuits of the day), dishonest book reviewing, the bigotry of certain literary critics, the deficiencies of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and the absolute, unmitigated worthlessness of the unfortunate Southey. The last canto tackles the press, doctors, the horrors of a countryhouse weekend, ill-buttered muffins, gout, amateur drawing-room musicians, bluestockings again, lying guidebooks, art dealers catering to rural gentry, architects proposing to restore perfectly sound old houses, the problem of "preserving partridges and pretty wenches," the complications of bucolic politics, candidates' jargon, Sydney Smith, the royal divorce, the whimsies of government financial reports, and the frivolous reasons for which people cast their votes. Byron was growing more, rather than less, specific, and *Don Juan* was not the concoction of a man out of touch with the world or uninterested in the intricate absurdities of daily life. After discarding so much of Byron, what has Mr. Prokosch provided to take its place? Merely a fellow who has never decided whether he prefers men or women as sexual partners, and worries the question for 337 pages. There was a homosexual in Byron (if there hadn't been, he would have tried the game anyway),

but he is of small interest compared to the observant, disrespectful, inventive, sharp-witted, mischievous, quarrelsome, freakishly generous, wildly funny, tactful, boorish, self-pitying, self-mocking, indomitable, self-indulgent, hardworking, lazy old pro of a writer that Mr. Prokosch has chosen to ignore.

THE EDGE (Dial, \$4.95) is an exceptionally interesting first novel by PAGE STEGNER. As a study of inability to cope with adult responsibility, it does not probe much beyond surface manifestations, but it is technically very adroit, the characters interesting, the action coherent, the California settings described vividly and with an evocative touch of lyricism.

WILLIAM STEVENS' THE GUNNER (Atheneum, \$5.95) is another novel about adjustment, in this case, to a position that justifies reluctance by the participant. Deacon, port waist gunner on the *Bawl, Buster*, is the only survivor of a bombing mission over Vienna. The return to the Italian base, with plane and crew nightmarishly flaking away, is so brilliantly written as to be almost unbearable. As a dutiful soldier, Deacon goes to report; the officer does not have the faintest idea who he is. The rest of the book describes Deacon's blundering, grimy, persistent attempts to re-establish himself as a human being instead of a military number. By his personal standards, he succeeds, but since Mr. Stevens' thesis is the unalterable anonymity of war, Deacon must fail on the practical level. The author is forced to resort to an accidental ending, the only weak point in an otherwise admirable book.

According to Richard Ellmann, who supervised its publication, JAMES JOYCE finished GIACOMO JOYCE (Viking, \$10.00) in the summer of 1914. He never published it, but pilfered the piece of phrases and ideas that appear in later works, notably *Ulysses*. It is remarkable that a thing occupying sixteen pages, with much white space, should be worth pilfering. *Giacomo Joyce* genuinely was, for Joyce crammed into this miniscule memoir of his arms-length love affair with a young student a number of ideas that demanded fuller treatment. He also achieved, in a succession of nonepisodes, a tense excitement compounded of desire, frustration, middle-aged chagrin, and irony.

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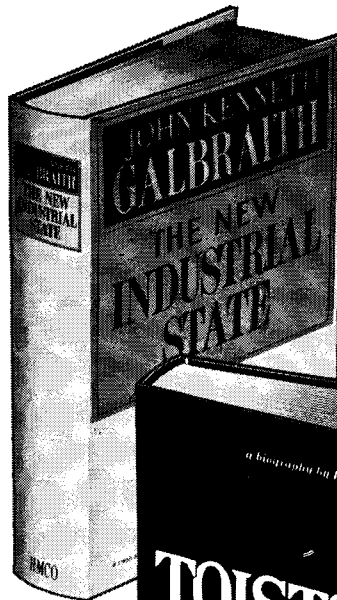
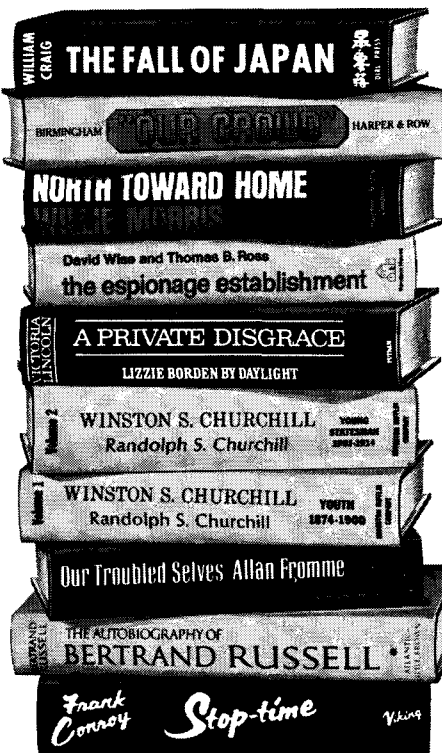
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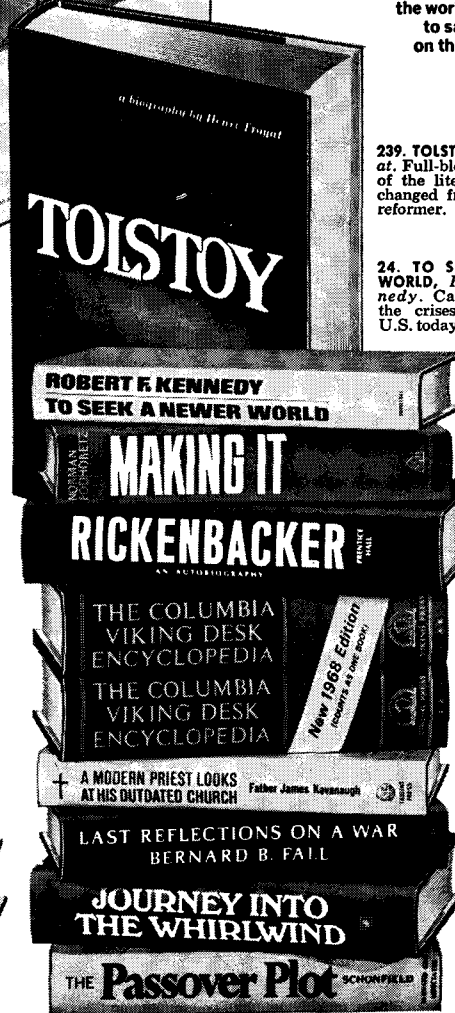
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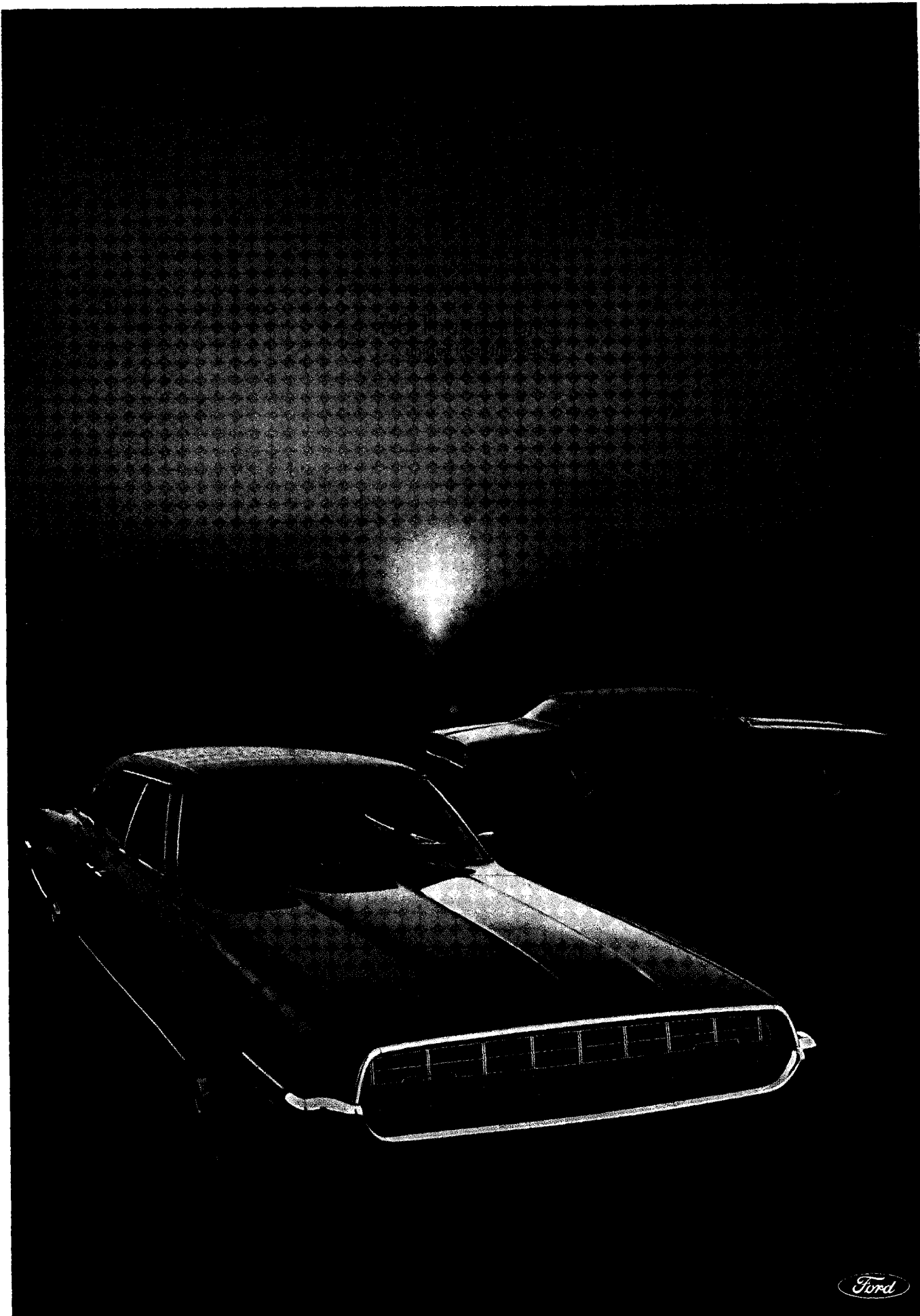
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